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Montagus Letters

The WORKS of LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU:

FROM HER GENUINE PAPERS.

Complete in One Volume

The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How Hero lov'd and how Leander died
Montagu's Letters

London:

ENGRAVED FOR SWIFT'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

Robert McKnight

THE

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,

INCLUDING

HER CORRESPONDENCE, POEMS, AND ESSAYS.

FROM HER GENUINE PAPERS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

BY J. F. DOVE.

1825.

MEMOIRS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

ILLUSTRIOUS ancestors, while they transmit their honours and riches to their descendants, receive a reflected lustre from the eminent and distinguished virtues of posterity. The higher ranks of life thus acquire and preserve veneration and esteem in general opinion, and obtain a valuable influence in society.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of Evelyn earl Kingston, first made marquis of Dorchester, then duke of Kingston, and of Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William earl of Denbigh. She had two sisters, Lady Frances, who married John Erskine, earl of Mar, and Lady Evelyn, the wife of John Leveson lord Gower. She was the mother of the present Marquis of Stafford. The late Duke of Kingston was her nephew. Lady M. Pierrepont was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about 1690, and lost her mother in 1694. The first dawn of her genius opened so favourably, that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a careful attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not then usually given to English ladies of rank. Lady Mary Pierrepont, however, received one of the best. Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages, with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise. Her translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus received his emendations.*

For so complete an improvement of her mind, she was much indebted to uninterrupted leisure and recluse habits of life. The natural vigour of her mind enabled her to im-

* Preserved with her other MSS. Epictetus has been obliged for translation to another classical lady, Mrs. Carter.

prove privacy and retirement. Her time was principally spent at Thoresby, and at Acton, near London, and her society confined to a few friends, among whom the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Anne Wortley, a lady of sense and spirit. She was the daughter* of the honourable Sidney Montagu, second son of the heroic Earl of Sandwich, who died in the arms of victory during the memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles the Second.

In this intimacy originated her connexion with Edward Wortley Montagu, esq. the brother of the lady above-mentioned. After a correspondence of about two years, they were privately married by special licence, which bears date August 12, 1712. He had received a classical education, and had travelled through Germany to Venice in 1703, where he remained about two years. For more than three years after their marriage, as the Duke of Kingston and Mr. Sidney Montagu were both living, their establishment was limited, and Lady Mary resided chiefly at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield, where her son, Edward Wortley Montagu, was born: his father was principally engaged in London, in attending his parliamentary duties, and his political friends. At different periods of his life he represented the cities of Westminster and Peterborough, and the boroughs of Huntingdon and Bossiney. In his cousin, Charles Montagu, Mr. Wortley found an able and zealous patron, who, as he was the universal protector of men of genius, was strictly associated with Addison and Steele. The temper of Addison did not admit of unreserved intimacy, but Mr. Wortley had not to regret that any man was favoured with a greater share of his friendship than himself.

Mr. Wortley was possessed of solid rather than of brilliant talents. The soundness of his judgment, and the gracefulness of his oratory, commanded the attention of the house of commons, where he distinguished himself, by introducing several bills, formed on a truly patriotic principle. On the 5th of February, 1708, he brought in a bill for the naturalization of foreign Protestants. January 25, 1709,

* She was of the age of Lady Mary Pierrepont. At that time young ladies of fashion were called Mistress, not Miss; see *Addison*, and *Addisoniana*.

another, for limiting the number of officers in the house of commons, and for securing the freedom of parliament. On December 21, another for the encouragement of learning, and securing the property of copies of books to the right owners thereof. The second of these bills was debated in five successive years, till 1713, when it was finally lost. Several of his speeches, in which he displayed great knowledge of parliamentary business, are still extant in the register of the house. Of his intimacy and correspondence with Mr. Addison, the following letters, selected from many others, are a sufficient evidence.

'*To Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq.*

'DEAR SIR,

'BEING very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son, I shall be glad to be his Leontine,* as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have, within this twelvemonth, lost a place of 2000*l.* per annum, an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.*, and, what is more than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and the stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would take a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasise is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you. I am, dear sir,

'Yours eternally, &c.

'July 21, 1711.' J. ADDISON.'

'*To Joseph Addison, Esq.*

'Wortley, July 28, 1711.

'NOTWITHSTANDING your disappointments, I had much rather be in your circumstances than my own. The strength of your constitution would make you happier than all who are not equal to you in that, though it contributed nothing towards those other advantages that place you in the first rank of men. Since my fortune fell to me, I had reason to

* Spectator, No. CXXIII. vol. ii.

fancy I should be reduced to a very small income; I immediately retrenched my expenses, and lived for six months on fifty pounds, as pleasantly as ever I did in my life, and could have lived for less than half that sum, and often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus, in the second satire of the second book, and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health; at present I take all the care I can to improve mine. This air is as proper for that as any I know; and we are so remote from all troublesome neighbours and great towns, that a man can think of nothing long but country amusements or his book; and if you would change the course of your thoughts, you will scarce fail of effecting it here. I am in some fear I shall be forced to town for four or five days, and then we may come down together: if I stay, I shall let you know it in a week or ten days, and hope to see you very soon. You were never in possession of any thing you love but your places, and those you could not call your own. After I had read what you say about them, I could not take pleasure in the Spectator you sent, but thought it a very good one. In two months, or a little more, I think I must go to the Newcastle journey. You told me you should like it; if you do not, perhaps we may contrive how you may pass your time here. I am not sure we shall easily have leave to lodge out of this house; but we may eat in the woods every day, if you like it, and nobody here will expect any sort of ceremony. Yours ever,

'EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.'

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Charles Montagu, baron Halifax, who had been sent on an embassy to the Elector of Hanover, with the ensigns of the order of the garter, and had solicited for his son as eat in the house of lords, as Duke of Cambridge, was immediately distinguished by the new sovereign, George the First, and created Earl of Halifax. To the high honour of the order of the garter, was added the important and lucrative appointment of first lord of the treasury. Mr. Wortley was now become a confidential supporter of the administration, and was constituted a commissioner of that board, Oct. 13, 1714. This circumstance introduced him to the court

of George the First, and occasioned Lady Mary to leave her retirement at Warncliffe. Her first appearance at St. James's, was hailed with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, irresistibly claims and receives. Whilst the tribute of praise, so well merited, was willingly paid in public, to the elegance of her form, the charms of her conversation were equally unrivalled in the first private circles of the nobility. She lived in habits of familiar acquaintance with Addison and Pope, who contemplated her uncommon genius, at that time, without envy. How enthusiastic an admirer Mr. Pope was of Lady Mary, their correspondence will abundantly evince, though it reflects indelible disgrace on his subsequent conduct.

In the year 1716, the embassy to the Porte became vacant; and as the war between the Turks and the Imperialists raged with the utmost fury, the other powers of Europe were very desirous of a mediation between them. Mr. Wortley resigned his situation as a lord of the treasury; and his appointment as ambassador, under the great seal, bears date June 5, 1716. Sir Robert Sutton was removed from Constantinople to Vienna, and instructions were given them by the British court, to arrange a plan of pacification. Mr. Stanyan, who succeeded Mr. Wortley in his embassy, was intrusted with a similar commission, and nominated a coadjutor.

It was early in the month of August, that the new ambassador commenced his arduous journey over the continent of Europe to Constantinople, accompanied by Lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers unavoidably to be encountered in traversing the Turkish territory, the native horrors of which were then doubled by the ravages of war. Pope, in his letter, written after she had left England, exclaims, 'May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future.'

It has been said, that Lady Mary was the first Englishwoman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant; but it appears that both Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suit of their lords, during

their several embassies. Whilst on her journey, and residing in the Levant, Lady Mary amused herself, and delighted her friends, by a regular correspondence, chiefly directed to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich,* and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both ladies of the court, and to Mr. Pope.

The accuracy of her local descriptions, and the justness of portrait in which she has delineated European and Turkish manners, have been confirmed by all subsequent accounts. Every intelligent person who has resided in the same place, will readily bear testimony to the accuracy of her representations. As the Oriental nations are not, like the European, liable to the fluctuation of fashion, the traveller into the Levant, a century since, will not have observed a single custom, or peculiarity of dress, which is not equally familiar to modern eyes.†

The embassy to Constantinople was formerly of considerable commercial importance. The treasures of the East were once brought by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolized the merchandise which now finds its way to England by other channels. In addition to his political engagements, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul general to the Levant, which gave great influence and emolument to the British mission. Previously to Lady Mary's arrival at the destined point of her journey, the ambassador and his suite rested about two months at Adrianople, to which city the sultan Achmed the Third had removed his court from the capital of his dominions. It was there that she first became acquainted with the customs of the Turks, and

* Fenton, in his epistle to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, mentions Lady Rich in the following high encomium:

'And like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene,
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd.
That angel form, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May;
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.'

† The permanency and invariable nature of their customs is the more remarkable, when contrasted with the constant vicissitudes of those of other nations, and has sometimes subjected the narrations of travellers to suspicion.

nay in the manner of all things; your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine! 'I am most truly yours,

'A. POPE.'

'P.S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly.

'To the Right Honourable the
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.'

'INDEED, dear madam, it is not possible to tell you whether you give me, every day I see you, more pleasure or more respect; and, upon my word, whenever I see you, after a day or two's absence, it is in just such view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and think I was partial before to your prejudice.

'The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year. I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of her's, as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw your face first, which, he says, can never be set right on your figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he purposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up, at your own house, in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind as to tell me if you care he should do this tomorrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best

like: let every decorum you please be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet and conveniency in any degree.

'I have just received this pamphlet, which may divert you. 'I am sincerely yours,

'A. POPE.'

'To the Right Honourable the
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.'

His satisfaction with the picture, when finished, drew forth the following extemporaneous praise, in couplets, which were immediately written down, and given to Lady Mary, by whom they were preserved.

'The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw (but, Oh! 'tis vain to try;
My narrow genius does the power deny),
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue's join'd.
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
With just description, shew the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.'

From such a reciprocation of kindness, we pass with regret to contemplate the unprovoked and insatiable asperity with which Pope blackened the fame of a genius, who professed no competition but equality of talents, which it appears was a crime not to be forgiven by him.

Public gratitude, if controlled by justice, will not overlook or depreciate, in favour of more recent discoveries, the original obligation to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for introducing the practice of inoculation into this kingdom. Mr. Maitland, who had accompanied the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured to establish the use of it in London, and was encouraged by her patronage.* In 1721, as its expediency had been much agitated by scientific men, an experiment, to be sanctioned by the College of Physicians, was allowed by government. Five persons, under sentence of death, willingly encountered the danger, with the hope of life. Upon four of them the eruption appeared upon the seventh day, the fifth was a woman, on whom it never appeared; but she confessed that

* Mottraye's Travels into the Levant. vol. iii. Account of Inoculation in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxvii. p. 409. Philosophical Transactions, 1757. No. LXXI.

she had it when an infant. With so much ardour did Lady Mary enforce this salutary innovation among mothers of her own rank in life, that, as we find in her Letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and in superintending the success of her plan.*

In the Plain Dealer (No. XXX, July 3, 1724), a periodical paper, published under the direction of Steele, is a panegyric which precludes the necessity of any other.†

'It is an observation of some historian, that England has owed to women the greatest blessings she has been distinguished by.

'In the case we are now upon, this reflection will stand justified. We are indebted to the reason and the courage of a lady for the introduction of this art, which gains such strength in its progress, that the memory of its illustrious foundress will be rendered sacred by it to future ages. This ornament to her sex and country, who ennobles her

* The following calculation is made in the Annual Register, 1762, p. 78. 'If one person in *seven* die of the small-pox in the natural way, and one in *three hundred and twelve* by innoculation, as proved at the Small-pox Hospital, then as 1,000,000, divided by seven, gives 142,857 and a half, 1,000,000, divided by 312, gives 3205 and a half. The lives saved in 1,000,000 by inoculation, must be 139,652 and one seventh. In Lord Petre's family, 18 individuals died of the small-pox in 27 years. The present generation, who have enjoyed all the advantages of inoculation, are inadequate judges of the extremely fatal prevalence of the original disease, and of their consequently great obligations to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.'

† This was the compliment of the day. A modern bard has likewise added his suffrage:

The triumph was reserv'd for female hands,
Thine was the deed, accomplish'd Montagu!
What physic ne'er conjectured, what describ'd
By Pilarini, by Temone sketch'd,
Seem'd to philosophy an idle tale,
Or curious only, *she* by patriot love
Inspir'd, and England rising to her view,
Prov'd as a truth, and prov'd it on *her son*.
A manly mind, whose reason dwelt supreme,
Was hers, the little terrors of her sex
Despising, by maternal fondness sway'd,
Yet bold, where confidence had stable grounds.
How far superior to the turban'd race,
With whom *she* sojourn'd—scrupulous and weak
Yet this is she, whom Pope's illiberal verse,
Hath dar'd to censure with malicious spleen,
And meanly coward soul.
She hath been the cause
Of heartfelt joy to thousands: thousands live
And still shall live through her.

Infancy, a Didactic Poem, by Dr. Downman.

own nobility by her learning, wit, and virtues, accompanying her consort into Turkey, observed the benefit of this practice, with its frequency even amongst these obstinate predestinarians, and brought it over for the service and the safety of her native England, where she consecrated its first effects on the persons of her own fine children, and has already received this glory from it, that the influence of her example has reached as high as the blood-royal, and our noblest and most ancient families, in confirmation of her happy jndgment, add the daily experience of those who are most dear to them. It is a godlike delight that her reflection must be conscious of, when she considers to whom we owe that many thousand British lives will be saved every year to the use and comfort of their country, after a general establishment of this practice. A benefit so lasting and so great, that none of those wide endowments and deep foundations of public charity, which have made most noise in the world, deserve at all to be compared with it.'

'High o'er each sex in double empire sit,
Protecting beauty and inspiring wit.'

The court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth, and gallantry, or at least the reputation of it, was the ambition and employment of both male and female courtiers. Lady Mary had the pre-eminence both in beauty and wit, and few follies passed unmarked by her satirical animadversions. These were detailed in her letters to her sister Lady Mar, and other correspondents, with inimitable raillery. Those however who were delighted with her sarcasms were not always secure from their force, when directed against themselves; and she numbered among her acquaintance more admirers than sincere friends. There were many who, in repeating her bon mots, took much from the delicate poignancy of her wit to aid their own undisguised malevolence. In her letters she frequently betrays her dissappointment in the great world, and declares that her happy hours were dedicated to a few intimate friends. Of these, were the Countess of Oxford, the Duchess of Montagu, and particularly the Countess of Stafford, who was a daughter of the celebrated Count de Grammont, (the agreeable hero* of the historian

* Count de Grammont was not the author of his own Memoirs; they were written by his brother-in-law, Count Antoine Hamilton.

of Charles the Second), and 'La Belle Hamilton,' whose beauty still blooms in the unfading colours of Lely at Windsor. Lady Stafford appears from her letters, originally written in French, to have inherited the sprightliness of her father, and to have been capable of friendship of a much more durable texture than that of many others, with whom Lady Mary was equally conversant. In her retirement at Twickenham she enjoyed the literary society which resorted to Pope's villa; and was received by them with every mark of high respect.

Gay, in his verses in imitation of Spenser, entitled a 'Welcome from Greece to Mr. Pope upon finishing his translation of the Iliad,' (written in 1727,) imagines all his friends assembled to greet his arrival on the English shore, and exclaims (perhaps with sincerity, as far as his own opinion was concerned),

> 'What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
> Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes.
> How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
> For she distinguishes the good and wise.'—Stanza v. i.

Upon the accession of George II. the Countess of Bristol and her son Lord Harvey possessed great influence in the new court, and were the favourites of Queen Caroline. The political sentiments of Lady Mary were conformable with those of Sir Robert Walpole and his administration; and she was much connected with the courtiers of that day. With Lord Harvey she seems to have formed an alliance of genius, as well as politics; and, as both were poets, they were in habits of literary communication, and sometimes assisted each other in joint compositions.

Pope, who had been the original promoter of Lady Mary's residence at Twickenham, now became jealous of her partiality to the Harveys; and wrote many severe criticisms against her verses, which were admired at court. He had now mixed politics with his poetry, and was so firmly attached to Bolingbroke and Swift, that he held the whigs in a detestation which he did not endeavour to conceal. There was still a common friend, Lady Oxford, at whose house they frequently met, but rarely without opening their batteries of repartee, and that with so many personalities, that Pope's petulance, 'willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,' sought to discharge itself by abrupt departure from the company. A seeming reconciliation

soon followed, out of respect to Lord and Lady Oxford, but the wound was rankling at his heart. Lady Mary had long since omitted to consult him upon any new poetical production; and when he had been formerly very free in offering emendations, would say, 'Come, no touching, Pope, for what is good the world will give to you, and leave the bad for me!' and she was well aware that he disingenuously encouraged that idea. She had found too, another inconvenience in these communications, which was, that many poems were indiscriminately imputed to Pope, his confederates, and to herself. Swift, on one of these occasions, sent her 'the Capon's Tale,' published in Sheridan's edition of his works, and concluding *there*,

> 'Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks,
> But since you hatch, pray own your chicks.'—v. 17. p. 424.

In the original copy, four more very abominable lines are added. The apparent cause of that dissension, which was aggravated into implacability, were satires in the form of a pastoral, entitled 'Town Eclogues.' They were certainly some of the earliest of Lady Mary's poetical essays; and it is proved by the following extract from one of Pope's letters, addressed to her at Constantinople, that they had been written previously to the year 1717, when she left England: 'The letters of gold, and the curious illuminating of the Sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your Eclogues; they lie enclosed in a monument of Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the Sybils; like them locked up and concealed from all profane eyes, *none but my own* have beheld these sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them, as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors.'

After her return, the veil of secresy was removed, and they were communicated to a favoured few. Both Pope and Gay suggested many additions and alterations, which were certainly not approved or adopted by Lady Mary; and as copies, including their corrections, have been found among the papers of these poets, the editors have attributed three out of six to them. 'The Basset Table,' and

the 'Drawing Room,' are given to Pope, and the 'Toilet,' to Gay. It is therefore singular, that Pope should himself be subject to his own satire on Philips, and

'The Bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown.'

The Town Eclogues contained that kind of general satire which rendered them universally popular, and as the sagacity of every reader was prompted to discover whom he thought the persons characterized, the manuscript was multiplied by many hands, and was in a short time committed to the press by the all-grasping Curl. Characters thus appropriated soon became well known; Pope and his friends were willing to share the poetical fame, but averse from encountering any of the resentment, which satire upon powerful courtiers necessarily excites. He endeavoured to negotiate with the piratical bookseller, and used threats, which ended in no less than Curl's publishing the whole in his name. Irritated by Pope's ceaseless petulance, and disgusted by his subterfuge, Lady Mary now retired totally from his society, and certainly did not abstain from sarcastic observations, which were always repeated to him. One told him of an epigram,

'Sure Pope and Orpheus were alike inspir'd,
The blocks and beasts flocked round them, and admir'd;'

and another, how Lady Mary had observed, that 'some called Pope little nightingale—all sound, and no sense.'

He was, by the consent of all his biographers, the most irritable of men, and in possession of a weapon which he could wield with matchless dexterity; and from the use of which he was never deterred by power, nor dissuaded by concession.

The Italians have a proverb (which he has himself verified), '*Chi offende perdona mai*,' and as being the aggressor in fact, his stratagem was to excite in the public mind, by horrid imputations, the idea of an injury and a provocation which he had previously received, but which had never existed.

A memorable epoch, in Lady Mary's life, was her avowed quarrel with Pope; and his former partial conduct having been shewn, the frequent invectives he afterwards introduced into his satires, sometimes under the name of 'Sap-

pho,' and as often under that of 'Lady Mary,' deserves to be pointed out.* In the eighty-third line of his imitation of Horace, (Satire I. book ii.) an execrable couplet occurs, too gross to be admitted into any decent poem, in which he likewise stigmatizes Lord Harvey's poetical genius;

> 'The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day,'

This wanton attack could not fail to excite in the noble personages, so openly alluded to, the most just and vehement indignation, and they were jointly concerned in 'Verses addressed to the Translator of the first Satire of the second book of Horace.'† Upon the circulation of this poem in MS. Pope wrote a prose letter to Lord Harvey, in which he exculpates himself with seeming candour.‡

'In regard to the right honourable lady (says he, in the letter to Lord Harvey), your lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private, and I firmly believe not in any letter or conversation. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be their's, I pity still more. God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to join in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern Sapphos as imitate much more the lewdness, than the genius, of the ancient one, and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the name and the qualifications there mentioned.' Dr. Joseph Warton § and Dr. Johnson || concur in condemning the prevarication with which Pope evaded every direct charge of his un-

* Epistle on the Characters of Women, l. 21. 24.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, l. 95.
Epistle to Lord Bathurst, l. 119.
Dr. Donne's second Satire versified, l. 1.
Imitation of the first Epistle of the first book of Horace, l. 161.
Dunciad, b. ii. l. 133.

† Lord Harvey likewise wrote and circulated, 'An Epistle from a Doctor in Divinity to a Nobleman at Hampton Court;' August 28, 1733.

‡ Warton's edition, vol. iii. p. 339.

§ Essay on the genius and writings of Pope, vol. ii. p. 258.

|| Prefaces to the Poets, vol. iv. p. 159.

grateful behaviour to those whose patronage he had once servilely solicited; and even his panegyrical commentator, Dr. Warburton,* confessed that there were allegations against him which 'he was not quite clear of.'

The opinion of Dr. Johnson, from his uniform adherence to truth, in most instances carries an assurance with it. He allows that 'Pope was sometimes wanton in his attacks, and before Chandos,† Lady Mary Wortley, and Hill,‡ was mean in his retreat.' Does not the falsity of the exculpatory declaration, after the wanton attack, constitute the *meanness* imputed to him, since, had his biographer believed Pope innocent of a slanderous intention, he could never have considered his flat denial of any such intention as *mean?* Pope avers, that he was far from designing a lady of Lady Mary's condition by a name so derogatory to her as *Sappho;* yet that very *Sappho* is said 'to wear diamonds.' §And he talks of meaning many *Sapphos;* yet, in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, he has

'Still Sappho'——
and
'Why she and Sappho rose that monstrous sum;'

by which quotation, and several others, the question of unity or plurality is decided. It only, therefore, remains to ascertain the person whom he intended to satirize, and it would not be difficult to select many passages, in which Lady Mary is expressly mentioned by name.

Pope proceeds in his own vindication. 'I wonder yet more (says he) how a lady of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry (between whom and your lordship there is a natural, a just, and a well-grounded esteem), could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me, indeed, might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least

* Life of Pope in the Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 3413, written by Warburton. In his edition of the letters written by Pope to several Ladies, the 10th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, are addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and letter 11, to the Duke of Buckingham, as far as relates to the description of the old house, is exactly the same as one of Pope's to Lady Mary, published in Warton's edition.

† James duke of Chandos, and his house at Cannons, as Timon, in the Epistle on Taste.

‡ Aaron Hill, a dramatic writer, whose Zara still keeps its place upon the stage.

§ See this argument pursued farther in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, p. 420.

misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you, my reason for so doing was merely that you had *both too much wit for me*, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours.'

The explanatory note to the words, *too much wit for me*, in Warburton's edition, consists of the following couplet, from his epistle to Arbuthnot, among the variations.

> 'Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
> And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit.'*

Pope's avowed reason for discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance was, therefore, that she had outwitted him, and the truth by the corrected lines,

> 'Yet soft by virtue, more a dupe than wit,
> Sappho can tell you how this man was bit,†

is most fairly proved. For if he were outwitted by a female wit, and by Sappho, and yet outwitted but once, Sappho and Lady Mary must of course be the same identical person; still he did not hesitate to assert, in the same letter, 'I can truly affirm, that ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of, or to, either of you; never hitched your names into a verse, or trifled with your good names in company.'

But more attention is not due to the investigation of this controversy, which may now be dispassionately viewed. Time has annihilated animosities, and the liberality of the present age will allow how much any character may suffer, or may command, under the authority of a great name. The magic of Pope's numbers makes us unwilling to know, that they were not always the vehicle of truth.

John Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy-seal to George II. and well known by his duel with Mr. Pulteney, his writings, and his eloquence in the senate. After he became obnoxious to Pope, both as a politician and a poet, he was satirized under the name of Sporus. It is said, that in his person he was effeminate, and he appears to have been of the sect of modern philosophers, who first called

* Epistle to Arbuthnot, 1, 368.
† And in the variations.

themselves 'Free-thinkers:' but he was a man of talents, and all his literary remains are much above 'florid impotence.' The subjoined original letters are a specimen of his wit, and the airy style of his epistolary compositions.

'Bath, October 8, 1728.

'I HAD too much pleasure in receiving your ladyship's commands to have any merit in obeying them, and should be very insincere if I pretended that my inclination to converse with you could ever be a second motive to my doing it: I came to this place but yesterday, from which you may imagine I am not yet sufficiently qualified to execute the commission you gave me, which was, to send you a list of the sojourners and inmates of this place; but there is so universal an affinity and resemblance among these individuals, that a small paragraph will serve amply to illustrate what you have to depend upon: the Duchess* of Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only persons whose faces I know, whose names I ever heard, or who, I believe, have any names belonging to them; the rest are a swarm of wretched beings, some with half their limbs, some with none, the ingredients of Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk about, half-living remembrancers of mortality; and, by calling themselves human, ridicule the species more than Swift's Yahoues. I do not meet a creature without saying to myself, as Lady ——— did of her femme de chambre, 'regardez cet animal, considerez ce neant, voilà un bel ame pour être immortel.' This is giving you little encouragement to venture among us; but the sincerity with which I have delineated this sketch of our coterie at Bath, will at least persuade you, I hope, Madam, to think that I can give up my interest to my truth, and induce you to believe I never strain the latter when I assure you, in the strongest terms, I am with the greatest warmth and esteem, 'Madam,

'Your ladyship's

'Most obedient humble servant,

'HERVEY.'

'I write from Lindsey's in more noise than the union of ten cock-pits could produce, and Lady Rich teazing me at

* Henrietta, duchess of Marlborough.

thanking you, and assuring you that I shall always remember your goodness to me in the best manner that I can. It is a cruel misfortune to lose so valuable a young man in all respects, though his successor has all the virtues that I could wish her; but still it is a heavy affliction to me to have one droop so untimely from the only branch that I can ever hope to receive any comfort from in my own family. Your concern for my health is very obliging; but as I have gone through so many misfortunes, some of which were very uncommon, it is plain that nothing will kill me but distempers and physicians.

'Pray do me the favour to present my humble service to M. Wortley, and to your agreeable daughter, and believe me, as I am, very sincerely, 'Dear madam,

'Your most faithful

'And most humble servant,

'S. MARLBOROUGH.'

'To the Right Honourable the
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.'

'Blenheim, Sept. 28, 1731.

'YOU are always very good to me, dear Lady Mary, and I am sensible of it, as I ought to be. All things are agreed upon, and the writings drawing for Dy's marriage with my Lord John Russel, which is in every particular to my satisfaction; but they cannot be married till we come to London. I propose to myself more satisfaction than I thought there had been in store for me. I believe you have heard me say, that I desired to die when I had disposed well of her; but I desire that you would not put me in mind of it, for I find now I have a mind to live till I have married my Torismond, which name I have given long to John Spencer. I am in such hurries of business that I must end, when I assure that I am,

'Your most faithful

'And most obedient humble servant,

'S. MARLBOROUGH.'

'My hand is lame, and I cannot write myself, which is the better for you.'

'To the Right Honourable the
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at her
house, in Cavendish Square, London.'

'Free, Harborough.'

Her high birth, of course, entitled Lady Mary to the society and respect of her equals; but her influence in the literary world attracted to her many of the best authors of that day, who solicited not only her patronage, but her critical opinions, of the works they were about to offer to the public. A more satisfactory proof does not occur, than the following letter from Dr. Young, relative to his tragedy of The Brothers, in how high a degree of estimation he placed her judgment in dramatic matters.

'MADAM,

'I HAVE seen Mr. Savage, who is extremely sensible of the honour your ladyship did him by me. You was, I find, too modest in your opinion of the present you pleased to make him, if Mr. Savage may be allowed to be a judge in the case. I am obliged to go down to-morrow to Wycombe election, which is on Thursday; as soon as I return I will wait on your ladyship, with the trifle you pleased to ask, which I had done before, but I have been, and still am, in all the uneasiness a cold can give.

'I am, madam, with great esteem,

'Your ladyship's most obedient

'And obliged humble servant,

'March 1, 1725-6.' 'E. YOUNG.'

'MADAM,

'A GREAT cold and a little intemperance has given me such a face as I am ashamed to shew, though I much want to talk with your ladyship; for my theatrical measures are broken. Marianne, brought its author above 1500*l.*; The Captives, above 1000*l.*; and Edwin, now in rehearsal, has already, before acting, brought its author above 1000*l.* Mine, when acted, will not more than pay for the paper on which it is written. I will wait on your ladyship, and explain farther. Only this at present, for the reason mentioned, I am determined to suppress my play for this season at least. The concern you shewed for its success is my apology for this account, which were otherwise very impertinent. 'I am, madam,

'Your ladyship's much obliged

'And most obedient humble servant,

'E. YOUNG.'

every word to have done, and begin a quadrille, which she cannot make up without me.'

'Bath, October 28th, 1728.

YOUR suspicions with regard to the Duchess of Marlborough are utterly groundless; she neither knew to whom I was writing, nor that I ever had the pleasure of a letter from you in my life. The speech you had cooked up for her was delightful, exactly her style, and word for word what she would infallibly have said, had she been in the situation you supposed. How far I made free with your letter I will nakedly confess: I read two or three things to her out of it, relating to the coronation;* but, upon my honour, without giving the least hint from whence it came; and by a thing she said three days afterwards, I found she guessed Lord Chesterfield to be my correspondent. If I went farther in this step than you would have me, give me absolution upon my confession of my fault, and I will give you my word never to repeat it. This preliminary article settled, I beg for the future our commerce may be without restraint; that you would allow me the liberty of communicating my thoughts naturally; and that you would conclude yourself safe in doing so to me, till I cease to have the least grain of natural, grateful, or political honesty in my whole composition. I will not make the common excuse for a dull letter, of writing from a dull place; it is one I never allowed, and one I never will make use of: if people have the gift of entertaining belonging to them, they must be so when writing to you, be it from what place it will, and when they fail of being so, it is no more for want of materials, than materials could make them so without genius. Boileau can write upon a Lutrin what one can read with pleasure a thousand times, and Blackmore cannot write upon the Creation any thing that one shall not yawn ten times over before one has read it once. You see I am arguing fairly, though against myself, and that if I am stupid, I have at least candour enough to own it an inherent defect, and do not (as ill gamesters complain of their luck) impute the faults of my understanding to accident or chance. I cannot say neither that my manner of passing my time here is disagreeable; for you must know I have an ungenteel hap-

* October 11, 1727.

piness in my temper, that gives me a propensity to be pleased with the people I happen to be with, and the things I happen to be doing. As to your manner of living at Twickenham I entirely disapprove it. Nature never designed you to perform the offices of a groom and a nursery-maid: if you would be sincere, you must own *riding* is inverting her dictates in your search of pleasure, or you must confess yourself an example of the maxim which I laid down, and you controverted so warmly, two nights before I left London. I have met with several accumulated proofs since I saw you, that confirm me more and more in that faith; and I begin to think it impossible I should change my religion, unless you will be so good to take my conversion into your own hands. I must tell you too, that Thomas of Didymus and I are so alike in our way of thinking, that * * * * * * * I must be confuted in the same manner that Daphne in the Aminta says he was, '*Mi mostrava piu l'ombra d'una breve notte, che mille giorni di piu chiari soli: et la piu forte prova di quell' argumento, si trova nelle parole, no, ma in silenzio.*' It is so long since I read this, that it is more than possible I may quote it false, but, to speak in her grace of Marlborough's style, *you know what I mean.* If you do not dislike long letters, and an unstudied galimatias of *tout ce que se trouve au bout de la plume (comme dit Mad. de Sevigné)*, let me know it; and if you would not have me think it flattery, when you tell me you do not encourage the trade, not only by accepting my bills, but making quick returns. Adieu, I am staid for to dinner; but if the omitting are spectful conclusion with three or four half lines to express warmth, truth, obedience, humility, &c. shocks your pride, give me a hint of it in your next, and I will take care never again to retrench those fees, due to ladies of your wit, beauty, and quality.'

Among the celebrated characters of the nobility, Lady Mary could rank Sarah duchess of Marlborough as one of her correspondents. Their curiosity will plead for the admission of these two letters.

'Windsor Lodge, Sept. 25, 1722.

'YOUR letter (dear Lady Mary) is so extremely kind on the subject of poor dear Lord Sunderland, that I cannot help

'MADAM,

'THE more I think of your criticisms, the more I feel the just force of them; I will alter those which are alterable; those which are not I beg you to make a secret of, and to make an experiment on the sagacity of the town, which I think may possibly overlook what you have observed, for the players and Mr. Doddington, neither of whom were backward in finding fault, or careless in attention, took no notice of the flaw in Demetrius's honour or Erixene's conduct, and I would fain have their blindness continue till my business is done; the players are fond of it, and, as it has been said on a point of a little more importance, '*si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*'

'I am, madam,

'Your most obedient

'And most humble servant,

'E. YOUNG.'

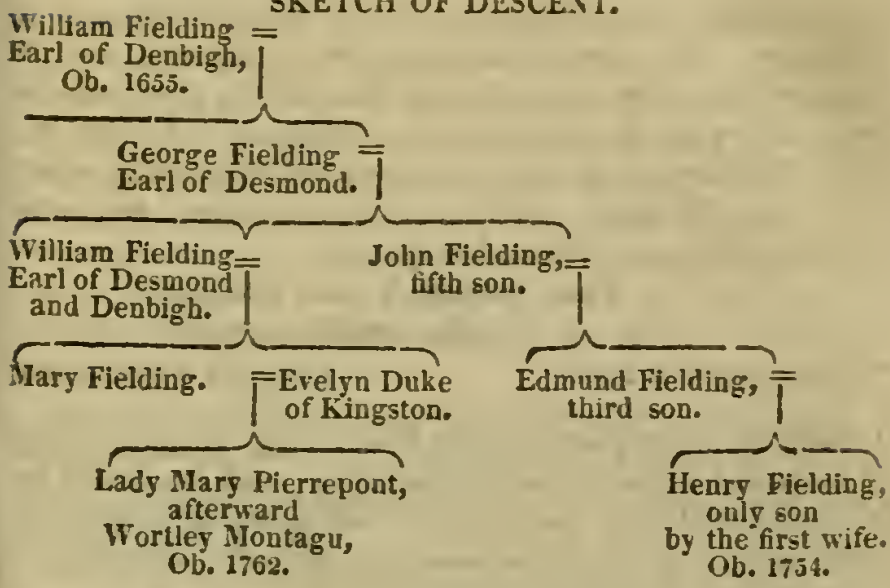
'MADAM,

'YOUR alteration in the fourth act will be of exceeding advantage in more views than one; I will wait on your ladyship with it as soon as I have done it, which will be, I believe, Monday morning. But that I am satisfied you want no inducement to assist me as much as you can, I should add that I have more depending on the success of this particular piece than your ladyship imagines.'

'Friday noon.'

It appears from one of these letters, that she liberally assisted Savage, whose misfortunes had engaged Pope to promote a subscription for him; and to Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend. It is one of the most pleasing tasks of the genealogist, to be enabled to trace the affinity of genius; and we learn that Lady Mary and Fielding were second cousins, being descended in the same degree from George earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first comedy of 'Love in several Masks,' in 1727, and addressed her on the subject of 'The Modern Husband,' which was acted at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1731.

SKETCH OF DESCENT.



'MADAM,

'I HAVE presumed to send your ladyship a copy of the play you did me the honour of reading three acts last spring, and hope it may meet as light a censure from your ladyship's judgment as then; for while your goodness permits me (what I esteem the greatest, and indeed only happiness of my life) to offer my unworthy performance to your perusal, it will be entirely from your sentence that they will be regarded or dis-esteemed by me. I shall do myself the honour of calling at your ladyship's door to-morrow at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient. I am with the greatest respect and gratitude,

'Madam,

'Your ladyship's most obedient,

'Most devoted humble servant,

'To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. 'HENRY FIELDING.'

'I HOPE your ladyship will honour the scenes, which I presume to lay before you, with your perusal. As they are written in a model I never yet attempted, I am exceedingly anxious lest they should find less mercy from you than my lighter productions. It will be a slight compensation to 'The Modern Husband,' that your ladyship's censure of him will defend him from the possibility of any other reproof, since your last approbation will always give

me pleasure, infinitely superior to the loudest applauses of a theatre. For whatever has past your judgment, may, I think, without any imputation of immodesty, refer want of success to want of judgment in an audience. I shall do myself the honour of waiting on your ladyship at Twickenham next Monday, to receive my sentence, and am, madam, with most profound respect,

'Your ladyship's most obedient
'Most humble servant,

'London, Sept. 4, 1731.' 'HENRY FIELDING.'

Such for many years was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and of literature; still it afforded no incidents worthy of biographical notice, which materially distinguished it from the monotony of theirs who enjoy a full portion of rank and fame.

In the year 1739, her health declined, and she formed the determination of passing the remainder of her days on the Continent. Having obtained Mr. Wortley's consent, she quitted England in the month of July, and hastened to Venice, where she entered into many connexions with the noble inhabitants, and resolved to establish herself in the north of Italy. Having been gratified by a short tour to Rome and Naples, she returned to Brescia, one of the palaces of which city she inhabited, and appears not only to have been reconciled to, but pleased with, the Italian customs. She spent some months at Avignon and Chamberry. Her summer residence she fixed at Louverre, on the shores of the lake of Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had been first invited on account of the mineral waters, which she found very beneficial to her health. There she took possession of a deserted palace, she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendance of her vineyards and silkworms. Books, and those chiefly English, sent her by Lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society. Her letters from this retreat breathe a truly philosophic spirit, and evince that her care of her daughter and her family was ever nearest to her heart. No one appears to have enjoyed her repose more sincerely from the occupations of the gay world. Her visits to Genoa and Padua were not unfrequent; but, about the year 1758, she quitted her soli-

tude, and settled entirely at Venice,* where she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761. She then yielded to the solicitations of her daughter, the late Countess of Bute, and, after an absence of two-and-twenty years, she began her journey to England, where she arrived in October. But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in death, on the 21st of August, 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age. In the cathedral at Litchfield, a cenotaph is erected to her memory, with the following inscription :—

The monument consists of a mural marble, representing a female figure of Beauty, weeping over the ashes of her preserver, supposed to be enclosed in the urn, inscribed with her cypher M. W. M.

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honourable
Lady
MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,
who happily introduced from Turkey,
into this country,
the salutary art
of innoculating the small-pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
she first tried it with success
on her own children,
and then recommended the practice of it
to her fellow-citizens.
Thus by her example and advice,
we have softened the virulence
and escaped the danger of this malignant disease.
To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence,
and to express her gratitude,
for the benefit she herself received
from this alleviating art,
This monument is erected by
HENRIETTA INGE.
Relict of Theodore William Inge, Esq.,
And daughter of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart,
In the year of our Lord,
M,DCC,LXXXIX.

* The English travellers at Venice, who, she presumed, might have been induced to visit her from curiosity, she received in a mask and domino, as her dress of ceremony.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appears now as an author fully before the public. How her letters, written from the Levant, became known, has been already detailed, and of their reception even 'in that questionable shape,' the opinion of Dr. Smollett, who had established, and then conducted the Critical Review, bears an honourable testimony. 'The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and will shew, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them, or, after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them.'*

† The late Lord Orford had been shewn in manuscript her letters to Lady Mar only, and not those of a more grave and sententious cast to her daughter. He might in candour, in that case, have retracted his comparison of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with the Marchioness de Sevigné, and not have so peremptorily given the palm of epistolary excellence to a foreigner.‡ He yet allows that the letters to Lady Mar (those only he had seen) were not unequal, in point of entertainment, to others which had been then published. The vivacity with which they exhibit a sketch of court manners, resembles the style so much admired in the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, half a century before, and the trait she has given of that in which she was herself conspicuous, becomes equally interesting to us, as it

> 'Shews the very age and body of *that* time,
> Its form and pressure.'—*Hamlet.*

Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually commanded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards; and she disdained the scrupulous labour, by which Pope acquired a great degree

* Critical Review, 1763. † Reminiscences.

‡ Does not her ladyship seem to anticipate publication in this extract? 'The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine may be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper.' Letters to Lady Mar, 1724.

of his peculiar praise. But it should be remembered, that the ore is equally sterling, although it may not receive the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. She attempted no poem of much regularity or extent. In the Town Eclogues, which is the longest, a few illegitimate rhymes and feeble expletives will not escape the keen eye of a critic. The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness, the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasm, and just reflections on the folly and vices of those whom she sought to stigmatize. There is little doubt, but that if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary bards would have been adjudged to her by impartial posterity.

The era in which she flourished has been designated by modern envy or liberality, 'the Augustan in England;' and in the constellation of wit by which it was illuminated, and so honourably distinguished from earlier or successive ages, her acquirements and genius entitled her to a very eminent place. During her long life, her literary pretensions were suppressed by the jealousy of her contemporaries, and her indignant sense of the mean conduct of Pope and his phalanx, the self-constituted distributors of the fame and obloquy of that day, urged her to confine to her cabinet, and a small circle of friends, effusions of wisdom and fancy, which otherwise had been received by society at large with equal instruction and delight.

A comparison with her ladyship's predecessors, of her own sex and quality, will redound to her superiority. It would be difficult, if not impracticable, to produce in that department of literature which she cultivated, any one who could fairly be considered as a rival. Lady Jane Grey read Plato in Greek, and the two daughters of the last Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Lumley, translated and published books from that language: but theirs was the learning of the cloister, and not that of the world. Nearer her own time, the Duchess of Newcastle composed folios of romances, but her imaginary personages are strangers to this lower sphere, and are disgusting by their pedantry and unnatural manners. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu applied her learning to improve her knowledge of the world. She read man-

kind as she had read her books, with sagacity and discrimination. The influence of a classical education over her mind was apparent in the purity of her style, rather than in the ambition of displaying her acquirements, whilst it enabled her to give grace of expression and novelty to maxims of morality and prudence, which would have lost much of their usefulness, had they been communicated in a less agreeable manner.

Her letters present us with as faithful a portrait of her mind, as Sir Godfrey Kneller's pencil did of her person.* The delicacy of her style, in early youth, corresponded with the soft and interesting beauty which she possessed. In the perspicuity and sprightliness, which charm and instruct us in the zenith of her days, we have an image of confirmed and commanding grace. As she advanced to a certain degree of longevity, the same mind, vigorous and replete with the stores of experience, both in life and literature, maintains its original powers. The 'Mellow Hangings' have more of richness, and greater strength, if less brilliancy; and the later writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bear that peculiar characteristic, while they offer the precepts of a female sage, which lose all their severity in the eloquence peculiar to her sex.

Respecting her Letters, as they are now given to the public, it may be necessary to add, that, considering how extremely unsettled orthography was at the period when they were written, in certain instances it was requisite to accommodate that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to modern usage.

Many idioms, and a peculiar phraseology, to be found even in the Spectator, and other popular authors of her day, which the refinement of the present age might reject, are scrupulously retained, with an opinion that Lady Mary's genuine thoughts are best clothed in her own language, and that all attempts to improve it would tend to destroy the character of her style, and discredit the authenticity of this publication.

* There is an original portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at Welbeck, and a miniature, by Zincke, at Strawberry-hill.

LETTERS

WRITTEN

PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1717.

To Lady ———.

HAVING (like other undeserving people) a vast opinion of my own merits, and some small faith in your sincerity, I believed it impossible you should forget me, and therefore very impudently expected a long letter from you this morning; but Heaven, which you know delights in abasing the proud, has, I find, decreed no such thing; and notwithstanding my vanity and your vows, I begin to fancy myself forgotten; and this epistle comes, in humble manner, to kiss your hands, and petition for the scanty alms of one little visit, though never so short: pray, madam, for God's sake, have pity on a poor prisoner—one little visit—so may God send you a fine husband, continuance of beauty, &c.; but if you deny my request, and make a jest of my tenderness (which, between friends, I do think a little upon the ridiculous), I do vow never to ——; but I had better not vow, for I shall certainly love you, do what you will—though I beg you would not tell some certain people of that fond expression, who will infallibly advise you to follow the abominable maxims of no answer, ill-treatment, and so forth, not considering that such conduct is full as base as beating a poor wretch who has his hands tied; and mercy to the distressed is a mark of divine goodness. Upon which godly consideration I hope you will afford a small visit to your disconsolate

M. PIERREPONT.

To Mrs. Wortley.

Ash Wednesday, 1709.

THIS comes to inquire after your health in the first place; and if there be any hopes of the recovery of my diamond? If not, I must content myself with reckoning it one of the mortifications proper to this devout time, and it may serve for a motive of humiliation. Is not this the right temper with which we ought to bear losses which———?

To Mrs. Wortley.

July 21, 1709.

How often (my dear Mrs. Wortley) must I assure you that your letters are ever agreeable, and, beyond expression, welcome to me? Depend upon it, that I reckon the correspondence you favour me with too great a happiness to neglect it; there is no dangers of your fault; I rather fear to grow troublesome by my acknowledgments. I will not believe you flatter me; I will look upon what you say as an obliging mark of your partiality. How happy must I think myself when I fancy your friendship to me even great enough to overpower your judgment! I am afraid this is one of the pleasures of the imagination, and I cannot be so very successful in so earnest and important a wish. This letter is excessively dull. Do you know it is from my vast desire of pleasing you, as there is nothing more frequent than for the voice to falter when people sing before judges, or, as those arguments are always worst where the orator is in a passion. Believe me I could scribble three sheets to——(I must not name), but to twenty people, that have not so great a share of my esteem, and whose friendship is not so absolutely necessary for my happiness, but am quite at a loss to you. I will not commend your letters (let them deserve never so much) because I will shew 'tis possible for me to forbear what I have a mind to, when I know 'tis your desire I should do so. My dear, dear, adieu! I am entirely yours, and wish nothing more than that it may be some time or other in my power to convince you, that there is nobody dearer than yourself to

M. PIERREPONT.

I am horridly ashamed of this letter: pray Heaven you may not think it too inconsiderable to be laughed at—that may be.

To Mrs. Wortley.

August 8, 1709.

I SHALL run mad—with what heart can people write, when they believe their letters will never be received? I

have already writ you a very long scrawl, but it seems it never came to your hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will, perhaps, miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate am I if it does! You will think I forget you, who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters, when they are the only pleasures of my solitude; in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible, when I esteem you as I ought, in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed—imagine the mail burnt—or some other strange accident: you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it: I wish I had that imagination you talk of, to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on every thing. I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am not at all proper for so delicate an employment as choosing you books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world, than in following our own inclinations—Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial, it comforts me: but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice every thing in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in

love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number; and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses. I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious and very nonsensical letter—quite contrary, I think you will be obliged to me for it. I could not better shew my great concern for your reproaching me with a neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in three pages.

My sister says a great deal about Mrs. K. but, besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

To Lady Mary Pierrepont.

August 20, 1709.

DEAR Lady Mary will pardon my vanity; I could not forbear reading to a Cambridge Doctor that was with me a few of those lines that did not make me happy till this week: where you talk of dictionaries and grammars, he stopped me, and said, 'the reason why you had more wit than any man, was, that your mind had never been encumbered with any of these tedious authors; that Cowley never submitted to the rules of grammar, and therefore excelled all of his own time in learning, as well as in wit; that without them you would read with pleasure in two or three months; but that, if you persisted in the use of them, you would throw away your Latin in a year or two, and the commonwealth would have reason to mourn; whereas, if I could prevail with you, it would be bound to thank you for a brighter ornament than any it can boast of.' It is not because I am public-spirited, that I could not delay telling you what I believed would make you succeed in your attempt; nor can I positively affirm it proceeds from fondness, but rather admiration. I think I love you too well to envy you; but the love of one's self is in all so powerful, that it may be a doubt whether the most violent passion would prevail with me to forward you in the pursuit, did I imagine you wanted that accomplishment to set you above me. But since, without any addition, as

you now are, I know there is so little hopes of coming near you, that if I loved you not at all, I should not be averse to raising you higher; nor can all the good things you say of me make me think the distance to be less; and yet I must own they are very pleasing, notwithstanding you say that when you wrote this last you were *mad*, which brings to my mind the other, in which you say you are *dull*, so that you own when you are *yourself*, you have no such thoughts of me. Nay, should you in another, to convince me that you are in an interval, by being sensible that those shining qualities in you were designed to give splendour to a court, please the multitude, and do honour to nature,—should you tell me your recovery of your reason had not altered your opinion of me, there would still be a scruple; and yet, in spite of that too, your compliments would please. You may remember you once told me it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby-horse as to a woman, nay, or a man. I should know too how diverting a scene it is (I forgot where I met with it, but you can tell me) to make a ploughman sit on a throne, and fancy he is an emperor. However, 'tis a cheat so pleasing, I cannot help indulging it; and to keep off the evil day as long as I can of being deceived, shall remain with truth and passion, Yours,

ANNE WORTLEY.

To Mrs. Wortley.

August 31, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex; I am sure not of myself: 'tis not in my power (I would to God it was) to hide a kindness where I have one, or dissemble it where I have none. I cannot help answering your letter this minute, and telling you I infinitely love you, though, it may be, you'll call the one impertinence, and the other dissimulation; but you may think what you please of me, I must eternally think the same things of you.

I hope my dear Mrs. Wortley's shewing my letter is in the same strain as her compliments, all meant for raillery; and I am not to take it as a thing really so: but I'll give you as serious an answer as if 'twas all true.——

When Mr. Cowley and other people (for I know several

have learnt after the same manner) were in places where they had opportunity of being learned by word of mouth, I don't see any violent necessity of printed rules; but being where, from the top of the house to the bottom, not a creature in it understands so much as even good English, without the help of a dictionary or inspiration, I know no way of attaining to any language. Despairing of the last, I am forced to make use of the other, though I do verily believe I shall return to London the same ignorant soul I went from it; but the study is a present amusement. I must own I have vanity enough to fancy, if I had any body with me, without much trouble perhaps I might read.

What do you mean by complaining I never write to you in the quiet situation of mind I do to other people? My dear, people never write calmly, but when they write indifferently. That I should ever do so to you, I take to be entirely impossible; I must be always very much pleased, or in very great affliction: as you tell me of your friendship, or unkindly doubt mine. I can never allow even prudence and sincerity to have any thing to do with one another, at least I have always found it so in myself, who being devoted to the one, had never the least tincture of the other. What I am now doing is a very good proof of what I say, 'tis a plain undesigning truth——your friendship is the only happiness of my life; and whenever I lose it, I have nothing to do but to take one of my garters and search for a convenient beam. You see how absolutely necessary it is for me to preserve it. Prudence is at the very time saying to me, are you mad? you won't send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? 'tis the direct way to tire out her patience: if she serves you as you deserve, she will first laugh very heartily, then tear the letter, and never answer it, purely to avoid the plague of such another: will her good nature for ever resist her judgment?—I hearken to these counsels, I allow 'em to be good, and then—I act quite contrary. No consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear, dear Mrs. Wortley, nobody ever was so entirely, so faithfully yours, as M. P.

I put in your lovers, for I don't allow it possible for a man to be so sincere as I am; if there was such a thing,

:hough, you would find it; I submit therefore to your judgnent.

I had forgot to tell you that I writ a long letter, directed o Peterborough, last post; I hope you'll have it:—you ee I forgot your judgment, to depend upon your goodiess.

To Lady Mary Pierrepont.

Sept. 15, 1709.

T is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a hought that can seem dull, as to put on a look that is not eautiful. Want of wit is a thought that those who envy ou most would not be able to find in your kind compliients. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances f your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. ou have often found that the most angry, nay the most eglectful air you could put on, has made as deep a wound s the kindest; and these lines of yours, which you tax ith dulness (perhaps because they were not written when ou were in a right humour, or when your thoughts were sewhere employed), are so far from deserving the impuition, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot ie rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me ment the only fault you have—your inconstancy.

But, upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault?)—'tis none, and you are altogether perfect. 'Tis to this appy disposition of being pleased with a variety of new ojects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surising; and to this alone I am indebted for the inexpresble delight in the present enjoyment of your favour; and would be extravagant in me to call it either your fault my misfortune. I wish the most happy person* now in ing, whom I have often discovered to be so, in spite of our art to hide it, may be as able to make this reflection the Nottingham race, as I am not subdued by so strong passion of that sort (for Hichinbroke air, from whence I a just come, has not so kind an influence on all as upon ord Sandwich). Such passions as those, where there is i object like Lady Mary, leave no room for cool re-

* This was written in reference to her brother, E. W. Mongu, esq. and his future connexion with Lady Mary Pierrent.

flections; and I wish he may not be so far overcome by his fears for the future as to forget what a favourite of fortune he is in the present possession of so great a bliss. You will want to know how this race comes into my head. This country, out of which many go thither, affords no other tittle-tattle at this time; besides that, yesterday, as I was talking of it to Mrs. Sherrard, she said, 'Lady Mary would be well diverted, for Nicolini would be there.' One that was by said, 'There would be much better diversion there;' looking at me, as if he insinuated you would have pleasures less imaginary than those Nicolini could give. When that race is over, and your thoughts free again, I shall be glad to hear you have been well entertained. Every one but yourself will be, I am very sure. The sight of you is a satisfaction I envy them heartily. There is not a man among them that would be content to be any thing, to be the man I have named, to enjoy the prosperous gale that one of them does. I will be sure to conceal your letter, not for the faults you say you are ashamed of, but to give no pangs to him, nor any other, by discovering your kind assurance that none is dearer to you than myself, which would make the dullest letter that ever was written, subscribed by Lady Mary, more valuable than all I ever received. Don't think so long a letter as this is inexcusable from so fond an admirer of charming Lady Mary as

ANNE WORTLEY.

To Mrs. Wortley.

August 21, 1709.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would choose to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot

guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races into Thoresby, without seeing or even wishing to see one of the sex. Now if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo. You see, being in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule; I have been turning over God knows how many books to look for precedents. Recommend an example to me; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, increasing the winds with my sighs, or to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears; may be both may do well in their turns: but to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them, but then you must not take away those few I have. No, I will never exchange them: take back the beauty and wit you bestow upon me, leave me my own mediocrity of agreeableness and genius, but leave me also my sincerity, my constancy, and my plain dealing; 'tis all I have to recommend me to the esteem either of others or myself. How should I despise myself if I could think I was capable of either inconstancy or deceit? I know not how I may appear to other people, nor how much my face may belie my heart, but I know that I never was or can be guilty of dissimulation or inconstancy—you will think this vain, but 'tis all that I pique myself upon. Tell me you believe me, and repent of your harsh censure. Tell it me in pity to my uneasiness, for you are one of those few people about whose good opinion I am in pain. I have always took so little care to please the generality of the world, that I am never mortified or delighted by its report, which is a piece of stoicism born with me; but I cannot be one minute easy, while you think ill of

Your faithful
M. P.

This letter is a good deal grave, and, like other grave things, dull; but I won't ask pardon for what I can't help.

To Mrs. Wortley.

Sept. 5, 1709.

My dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also, with a word, calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations; 'tis among the number of those things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem; and when the foundation perishes, it falls: I must own I think it is so with every body—but enough of of this: you tell me it was meant for raillery—was not the kindness meant so too? I fear I am too apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

I should be very glad to be informed of a right method, or whether there is such a thing alone, but am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case: I'll assure you I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays; my next shall be longer.

M. P.

To Lady Mary Pierrepont.

Sept. 27, 1709.

There cannot be a stronger proof of inconstancy than your severity to me for using the word. Whoever should read over those inestimable kind things you writ just before, and see this cruel reprimand come immediately after it, would bewail the uncertainty of human happiness. A change like this is not to be met with in tragedy. If it is any where, the poet cannot but be condemned for going out of nature, by all but myself. I had infallibly raved ere now, if this letter had not gone round by Peterborough;

and met the other on the road, in which your indignation seems a little abated. This I had the good fortune to open first, so that I escaped the fright that your anger would have given me; and viewing a passion I knew half extinguished, I had only the displeasure of seeing how soon you could be offended at me, and how easy your affection was to be lost, which I always knew was hard to be obtained. I heartily wish those plains of Nottingham, that have given me all this pain, may be turned by some earthquake into mountains and rocks; that none of its rivulets may ever receive the tears, nor its breezes the sighs, of a lover; nay, let them be inaccessible both to man and beast. But how can my dearest Lady Mary think it so wild (though an unhappy) thought in me to mention that race? You may easily recollect how either or another rallied you upon one you met last year in that field, or—where you dined together after the diversion was over—well—henceforward I will have done with all jealous tricks. I did not imagine I could have paid so dearly for this; but henceforward I will not dare to speak, no, nor so much as to think, any thing of my dearest Lady Mary in a laughing way; nor will I ever presume to meddle with so high a subject as your pity to any of the other sex, which you outshine so far; but shall be satisfied if I am admitted into your lower entertainments, if I have the same rank among your admirers that your grammars and dictionaries have among your books; if I serve only to assist you in procuring pleasures without the least hope of ever being able to give them. Let me send you what stories I collect, which you will be sure to make diverting; choose your ribands and beads, on which you will bestow the power of enchanting. I will be contented in transmitting to you the best rules I hear of acquiring languages, which, though it can't raise a genius already so high, yet may very much enlarge your dominions, by adding all that can possibly disobey you—the ignorant—who are taught to believe that learning is wit. Make what you will of me, 'tis enough that you own me to be yours.

A. WORTLEY.

To Mrs. Wortley.

London, December 7, 1709.

My knight errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender, has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them; but I own, at present, I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady H***, that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. You know, I suppose, that by this discreet match, she renounces the care of her children; and I am laughed at by all my acquaintance for my faith in her honour and understanding. My only refuge is the sincere hope that she is out of her senses, and taking herself for Queen of Sheba, and Mr. M*** for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous; but the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable; and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool but not having it in their power. The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the few reasonable more valued—but where are the reasonable ladies?

Dear madam, come to town, that I may have the honour of saying there is one in St. James's-place.

To Dr. Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

[With the Translation of Epictetus.]

MY LORD, July 20, 1710.

Your hours are so well employed, I hardly dare offer you this trifle to look over; but then, so well am I acquainted with the sweetness of temper which accompanies your learning, I dare ever assure myself of a pardon. You have already forgiven me great impertinencies, and condescended yet farther in giving me instructions, and bestowing some of your minutes in teaching me. This surprising humility has all the effect it ought to have on my

heart; I am sensible of the gratitude I owe to so much goodness, and how much I am ever bound to be your servant. Here is the work of one week of my solitude: by the many faults in it, your Lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it: it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again. You have it here without any corrections, with all its blots and errors: I endeavoured at no beauty of style, but to keep as literally as I could to the sense of the author. My only intention in presenting it is to ask your lordship whether I have understood Epictetus? The fourth chapter particularly, I am afraid I have mistaken. Piety and greatness of soul set you above all misfortunes that can happen to yourself, except the calumnies of false tongues;* but that same piety which renders what happens to yourself indifferent to you, yet softens the natural compassion in your temper to the greatest degree of tenderness for the interests of the church, and the liberty and welfare of your country: the steps that are now made towards the destruction of both, the apparent danger we are in, the manifest growth of injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy, cannot do otherwise than give your lordship those hours of sorrow, which, did not your fortitude of soul, and reflections from religion and philosophy, shorten, would add to the national misfortunes, by injuring the health of so great a supporter of our sinking liberties. I ought to ask pardon for this digression: it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that

* The historical writings of Bishop Burnet have been most unjustly aspersed. Allowing for the errors which all such compositions are liable to, the works of contemporary and following writers have corroborated and established the productions of Dr. Burnet.

custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman: those words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have this effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it. Erasmus was certainly a man of great learning, and good sense; and he seems to have my opinion of it, when he says, 'Fœmina quæ vere sapit, non videtur sibi sapere; contra, quæ cum nihil sapiat sibi videtur sapere, ea demum bis stulta est.' The Abbe Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking overmuch, that they know nothing, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts, which, if they knew more, they would know not worth their thinking of. I am not now arguing for an equality of the two sexes. I do not doubt but that God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank; we are a lower part of the creation; we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex; and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of the Creator, and indisputable order of nature: but there is a worse effect than this, which follows the careless education given to women of quality, its being so easy for any man of sense, that finds it either his interest or his pleasure, to corrupt them. The common method is, to begin by attacking their religion: they bring them a thousand fallacious arguments, which their excessive ignorance hinders them from refuting: and I speak now from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more atheists among the fine ladies than the loosest sort of rakes; and the same ignorance that generally works out into excess of superstition, exposes them to the snares of any who have a fancy to carry them

to t'other extreme. I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus: 'Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit fœminis, quia parum facit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est, fœminam scire Latinam, attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Decorum est fœminam in Germania natam discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice, cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot autoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fidis consultoribus. Certe mihi quantulumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhauriendis, capacibus pateris, &c.

I have tired your lordship, and too long delayed to subscribe myself your lordship's

Most respectful and obliged

M. PIERREPONT.

To Lady Mary Pierrepont.

1710.

DEAR Lady Mary grows very cool. If I could write a hundredth part as well as you, I should dispatch the coach as often as I do the coachman, to St. James's-place; but as it is, you will exchange pearl for glass, and I shall think mine well bestowed. I am just come into the country, where I have met with nothing but what you have in perfection; and could I have any part of your imagination, I should write perpetually. I am now in the room with an humble servant of yours, who is arguing so hotly about marriage, that I cannot go on with my letter: I should be very glad to bring you into the argument, being sure you would soon convince us in what disturbs so many. Every body seeks happiness; but though every body has a different taste, yet all pursue money, which makes people choose great wigs because their neighbour sinks under them, and they dare not be out of the fashion. But you have dared to have wit joined with beauty, a thing so much out of fashion, that we fly after you with as much interestedness as we see the birds do when one superior comes near them. If you would give me a receipt how to di-

vert you, I would try to practise it, but find it impossible to be pleased with myself, or with any thing I do. Send me word what books to read, &c. Yours ever,

ANNE WORTLEY.

To Mrs. Wortley.

1710.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly. Wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dullness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd; his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborough; he sighs and ogles so that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased, in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share. My dear, adieu.

My service to Mr. Congreve. M. P.

To Mrs. Wortley.

I AM convinced, however dear you are to me, Mrs. Anne Wortley, I am no longer of any concern to you, therefore I shall only trouble you with an insignificant story, when

I tell you, I have been very near leaving this changeable world; but now, by the doctor's assistance, and Heaven's blessing, am in a condition of being as impertinently troublesome to you as formerly. A sore throat, which plagued me for a long while, brought me at last to such a weakness, that you had a fair chance of being released from me; but God has not yet decreed you so much happiness; though I must say this, you have omitted nothing to make yourself so easy, having strove to kill me by neglect: but destiny triumphs over all your efforts; I am yet in the land of the living, and still yours,

M. P.

To Mrs. Wortley.

May 2, 1707.

I HOPE, my dear Mrs. Wortley, that you are so just to me, to believe I could not leave the town without seeing you; but, very much against my own inclination, I am now at Thorseby. Our journey has been very bad; but, in my opinion, the worst part of it was—going from you. I hope you intend to be kinder to me this summer than you were the last. There needs nothing to keep up the remembrance of you in my heart; but I would not think of you, and think you forget me. Farewell, my dear. My letter should be longer, if it were possible to make it so without repetition; but I have already told you I love you, and implored you not to forget me, which (as I hope to breathe) is all I have to say.

M. P.

To E. Wortley Montagu, Esq.

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August; it came not hither till the 20th. You say something of a packet-boat, &c. which makes me uncertain whether you'll receive my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your destruction. In my opinion, this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr.

Steele has observed, in one of his plays, "that the most passionate among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the upholders." I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest as well as his mistress; or, if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence (among all his distractions) to consider, that a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me, you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden—I hope I am not in your power—I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.

As to writing—that any woman would do who thought she writ well. Now I say, no woman of common good sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just: perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are a thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on't. The generality of the world have a great indulgence to their own follies: without being a jot wiser than my neighbours, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough; but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should not be out of humour: but you would have me say I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to condemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I

have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness; but, amongst all the popish saints and martyrs, I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live.

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

I INTENDED to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful; and resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me; now you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell, then: since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of pleasing you. How much wiser are all those women I have despised than myself? In placing their happiness in trifles, they have placed it in what is attainable. I fondly thought fine clothes and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues of life; and that true happiness was justly defined by Mr. Dryden (pardon the romantic air of repeating verses), when he says,

> Whom Heav'n would bless it does from pomp remove,
> And makes their wealth in privacy and love.

These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as that of Mrs. Biddy Tipkin's. According to this scheme, I proposed to pass my life with you. I yet do you the justice to believe, if any man could have been contented with this manner of living, it would have been you. Your indifference to me does not hinder me from thinking you capable of tenderness, and the happinesses of friendship; but I find it is not in me you'll ever have them; you think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I'll shew you the last extremes of both.

While I foolishly fancied you loved me (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it), there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more. I shall avoid all public places; and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased if I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you. Had I ever intended to see you again, I durst not have sent this letter. Adieu.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

I THOUGHT to return you no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter,—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment: were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can; and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me; I pretend no tie upon your honour: but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

I have not the usual pride of my sex; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me: all who are

malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own myself to be both. I know not any thing I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country; or, if in the country, to Durham or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish, with all my soul, I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that any thing could oblige me to flatter any body. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will

have all the deference due to the superiority of your good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to mark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *degout* given by satiety.

I should not choose to live in a crowd: I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c. are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms: 'tis not to me you must make the proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondence?

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

I AM going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of. I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say

it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous and ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had any ways made you uneasy in your circumstances. Let me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair; and, since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves; and I cannot tell what price my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly, though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you: and as, whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion that you have behaved yourself well, let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them; and be so just as to think I would not do an ill thing.

I say nothing of my letters: I think them entirely safe in your hands.

I shall be uneasy till I know this is come to you. I have tried to write plainly. I know not what one can say more upon paper.

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

INDEED I do not at all wonder that absence, and variety of new faces, should make you forget me; but I am a little surprised at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart, (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction, in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and, sup-

posing I should attempt to shew it you, I know no other way.

I begin to be tired of my humility: I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples; you have a great deal of fancy; and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immoveable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe: experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been: one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined: let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! make no answer. I wish, among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you: I can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so: however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

29th March.

THOUGH your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my

inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the Ring never gave me another thought, than that of pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart; and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c. supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station happier with you than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. This is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement: there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again: and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and every thing we see done is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine lady or a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects.

They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough not to think this science romantic: I rather choose to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays: how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself. I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration. I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no farther. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you.

I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner.

M. P.

To Lady Mary Pierrepont.

Saturday Morning.

EVERY time you see me, gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer? Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own that the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you, I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me? I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it.

If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman, for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all as I was last night, when I disobliged one that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. Steele,* you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow or next day. Let her dine with you, or go to visit shops, Hyde Park, or other diversions. You may bring her home; I can be in the house, reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow. I think a man or woman is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion even to begin a treaty without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the style, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that can charm. It is possible that they may strike me less,

* The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.

after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection; that they would have decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man, unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him, and none other.

E. W. MONTAGU.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

Tuesday, 10 o'Clock.

I AM in pain about the letter I sent you this morning: I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot, in point of honour, break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it. I would owe nothing but to inclination: if you do not love me, I may have the less esteem of myself, but not of you: I am not of the number of those women that have the opinion of their persons Mr. Bayes had of his play, that 'tis the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understanding according to what they think of them.

You may have wit, good humour, and good nature, and not like me. I allow a great deal for the inconstancy of mankind in general, and my own want of merit in particular. But 'tis a breach, at least, of the two last, to deceive me. I am sincere: I shall be sorry if I am not now what pleases; but if I (as I could with joy) abandon all things to the care of pleasing you, I am then undone if I do not succeed.—Be generous.

M. P.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

Walling Wells, Oct. 22.

I DON'T know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial style. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence, as if you were still my lover, and I am impatient to hear you have got safe to Durham, and that you have fixed a time for your return.

I have not been very long in this family; and I fancy myself in that described in the Spectator. The good people

ere look upon their children with a fondness that more han recompenses their care of them. I don't perceive uch distinction in regard to their merits; and when they peak sense or nonsense, it affects the parents with almost he same pleasure. My friendship for the mother, and indness for Miss Biddy, make me endure the squalling of Miss Nanny and Miss Mary with abundance of patience; nd my foretelling the future conquests of the eldest daugher, makes me very well with the family. I don't know whether you will presently find out that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to ou; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable picures of our future life; and I flatter myself with the hopes f one day enjoying with you the same satisfactions; and hat, after as many years together, I may see you rein the same fondness for me as I shall certainly do for ou, when the noise of a nursery may have more charms or us than the music of an opera.

Amusements such as these are the sure effect of my sinere love, since 'tis the nature of the passion to entertain he mind with pleasures in prospect; and I check myself hen I grieve for your absence, by remembering how much eason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole fe with you. A good fortune not to be valued!—I am fraid of telling you that I return thanks for it to Heaven, ecause you will charge me with hypocrisy; but you are istaken: I assist every day at public prayers in this amily, and never forget in my private ejaculations how uch I owe to Heaven for making me yours.

M. W. MONTAGU.

'Tis candle light, or I should not conclude so soon. 'ray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come the bottom.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

OUR short letter came to me this morning; but I wont uarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your ealth. I wait with impatience for that of your return. The ishop of Salisbury writes me word that my Lord Pierreont* declares very much for us. As the Bishop is no in-

* Gervase Pierrepont was created baron Pierrepont of Han-

fallible prelate, I should not depend much on that intelligence: but my sister Frances tells me the same thing. Since it is so, I believe you'll think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town, and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, 'tis too valuable to be neglected. However, the very appearance of it must be of use to us. I think I ought to write to him a letter of acknowledgment for what I hear he has already done. The Bishop tells me he has seen Lord Halifax, who says, besides his great esteem for you, he has particular respect for me, and will take pains to reconcile my father, &c. I think this is nearly the words of my letter, which contains all the news I know, except that of your place; which is, that an unfortunate burgess of the town of Huntingdon was justly disgraced yesterday in the face of the congregation, for being false to his first love, who, with an audible voice, forbid the bans published between him and a greater fortune. This accident causes as many disputes here as the duel could do where you are. Public actions, you know, always make two parties. The great prudes say the young woman should have suffered in silence; and the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served, and hope it will be an example for the terror of infidelity throughout the whole country. For my part I never rejoiced at any thing more in my life. You'll wonder what private interest I could have in this affair. You must know it furnished discourse all the afternoon, which was no little service, when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon. This long letter, I know, must be particularly impertinent to a man of business; but idleness is the root of all evil: I write and read till I can't see, and then I walk; sleep succeeds; and thus my whole time is divided. If I were as well qualified all other ways as I am by idleness, I would publish a daily paper called the *Meditator*. The terrace is my place consecrated to meditation, which I observe to be gay or grave, as the sun shews or hides his face. Till to-day I have had no occasion of opening my mouth to speak, since I wished you a good journey. I see nothing, but I think of every thing,

slope in 1714, he was great uncle to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, being at that time an Irish baron.

and indulge my imagination, which is chiefly employed on you.

M. W. MONTAGU.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

December 9, 1711.

I AM not at all surprised at my aunt Cheyne's conduct: people are seldom very much grieved (and never ought to be) at misfortunes they expect. When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and am pretty indifferent about it. I think you are very much in the right for designing to visit Lord Pierrepont. As much as you say I love the town, if you think it necessary for your interest to stay some time here, I would not advise you to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty; but I believe if you pass the Christmas here, great matters will be expected from your hospitality: however, you are a better judge of that than I am. I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy; not for my own sake; I think that of little importance; but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence; yet, passing whole days alone as I do, I do not always find it possible, and my constitution will sometimes get the better of my reason. Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly; my reason represents to me in vain the inutility of serious reflections. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy. 'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can: there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day. I don't believe Solomon was more convinced of the vanity of temporal affairs than I am: I lose all taste of this world, and suffer myself to be bewitched by the charms of the spleen, though I know and foresee all the irremediable mischiefs

arising from it. I am insensibly falling into the writing you a melancholy letter, after all my resolutions to the contrary; but I do not enjoin you to read it: make no scruple of flinging it into the fire at the first dull line. Forgive the ill effects of my solitude, and think me, as I am,

Ever yours,

M. W. MONTAGU.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

I CANNOT forbear taking it something unkindly that you do not write to me, when you may be assured I am in a great fright, and know not certainly what to expect upon this sudden change. The Archbishop of York has been come to Bishopthorp but three days. I went with my cousin to-day to see the king proclaimed, which was done; the Archbishop walking next the Lord Mayor, and all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people than I believed to be in York, vast acclamations, and the appearance of a general satisfaction; the Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets and burned; ringing of bells, bonfires, and illuminations, the mob crying liberty and property, and long live king George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all the Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession. The poor young ladies at Castle-Howard* are as much alarmed as I am, being left all alone, without any hopes of seeing their father again (though things should prove well) this eight or nine months. They have sent to desire me very earnestly to come to them, and bring my boy: 'tis the same thing as pensioning in a nunnery, for no mortal man ever enters the doors in the absence of their father, who is gone post. During this uncertainty, I think it will be a safe retreat; for Middlethorp stands exposed to plunderers, if there be any at all. I dare say, after the zeal the Archbishop has shewed, they'll visit his house (and consequently this) in the first place. The Archbishop made me many compliments on our near neighbourhood, and said he should be overjoyed at

* The daughters of the Earl of Carlisle.

the happiness of improving his acquaintance with you. I suppose you may now come in at Alburgh, and I heartily wish you were in parliament. I saw the Archbishop's list of the lords regents appointed, and perceive Lord W* * * is not one of them; by which I guess the new scheme is not to make use of any man grossly infamous in either party; consequently those that have been honest in regard to both, will stand fairest for preferment. You understand these things much better than me; but I hope you will be persuaded by me and your other friends (who I don't doubt will be of my opinion) that 'tis necessary for the common good for an honest man to endeavour to be powerful, when he can be the one without losing the first more valuable title; and remember that money is the source of power. I hear that parliament sits but six months; you know best whether 'tis worth any expense or bustle to be in it for so short a time.

M. W. MONTAGU.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

27th Oct.

AM told that you are very secure at Newark: if you are so in the West, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, except it be to treble the expense. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Lord Pierrepont that compliment, though I hope that it will not weigh much with him in favour of another. I wish you would remember the common useful maxim, whatever is to be done at all, ought to be done as soon as possible. I consider only your own interest when I speak, and I cannot help speaking warmly on that subject. I hope you will think of what I hinted in my last letters; and if you think of it at all, you cannot think of it too soon.

Adieu! I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.

M. W. MONTAGU.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

THOUGH I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. I am surprised you say nothing of where

you stand. I had a letter from Mrs. Hewet last post, who said she heard you stood at Newark, and would be chose without opposition; but I fear her intelligence is not at all to be depended on. I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory, the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at Court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrusting heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it.

If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived: it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it, if they see you get nothing.

M. W. M.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

You do me wrong in imagining (as I perceive you do) that my reasons for being solicitous for your having that place, was in view of spending more money than we do. You have no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought. I don't doubt but Lord Halifax will very soon have the staff, and it is my belief you will not be at all the richer: but I think it looks well, and may facilitate your election; and that is all the advantage I hope from it. When all your intimate acquaintance are preferred, I think you would have an ill air in having nothing: upon that account only, I am sorry so many considerable places are disposed of. I suppose, now, you will certainly be chosen somewhere or other; and I cannot see why you should not pretend to be Speaker. I believe all the Whigs would be for you, and I fancy you have a considerable interest amongst the Tories, and for that reason would be very likely to carry it. 'Tis impossible for me to judge of this so well as you can do; but the reputation of being thoroughly of no party is (I think) of use in this affair, and I believe people generally esteem you impartial; and being chose by your country is more honourable than holding any place from any king.

M. W. M.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

I cannot imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from mistake, since, at least, it is an agreeable one. I confess I shall ever be of opinion, if you are in the treasury, it will be an addition to your figure, and facilitate your election, though it is no otherwise advantageous; and that, if you have nothing when all your acquaintance are preferred, the world generally will not be persuaded that you neglect your fortune, but that you are neglected.

M. W. M.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

I CANNOT be very sorry for your declining at Newark, being very uncertain of your success; but I am surprised you do not mention where you mean to stand. Dispatch, in things of this nature, if it is not a security, at least delay is a sure way to lose, as you have done, being easily chosen at York, for not resolving in time, and at Alburgh, for not applying soon enough to Lord Pelham. There are people who had rather choose Fairfax than Jenkins, and others that prefer Jenkins to Fairfax; but both parties, separately, have wished to me, that you would have stood, with assurances of having preferred you to either of them. At Newark, Lord Lexington has a very considerable interest. If you have any thoughts of standing, you must endeavour to know how he stands affected; though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier Sutton, or some other Tory. Sir Matthew Jenison has the best interest of any Whig; but he stood last year himself, and will perhaps do so again. Newdigate will certainly be chosen there for one. Upon the whole, 'tis the most expensive and uncertain place you can stand at. 'Tis surprising to me, that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition. They say Mr. Strickland is sure at Carlisle, where he never stood before. I believe most places are engaged by this time. I am very sorry, for your sake, that you spent so much money in vain last year, and will not come in this, when you might make a more considerable figure than you could have done then. I wish Lord Pelham would compliment Mr. Jessop with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Alburgh.

M. W. M.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

YOUR letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken. Supposing the commission lasts but a short time, I believe those that have acted in it will have the offer of some

other considerable thing. I am, perhaps, the only woman in the world, that would dissuade her husband (if he were inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote disagreeing with his principles, and the true interest of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honourable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common track; and whoever is not employed by the public, may talk what they please of having refused or slighted great offers; but they are always looked upon either as neglected or discontented, because their pretensions have failed; and, whatever efforts they make against the court, are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavours to get something they have set their heart on. As now Sir T. H——n is represented (and I believe truly) as aiming at being Secretary, no man can make a better figure than when he enjoys a considerable place. Being for the Place-bill, and if he finds the ministry in the wrong, withdrawing from them, when 'tis visible that he might still keep his places, if he had not chose to keep his integrity. I have sent you my thoughts of places in general, I solemnly protest, without any thought of any particular advantage to myself; and if I were your friend, and not your wife, I should speak in the same manner, which I really do, without any consideration but that of your figure and reputation, which is a thousand times dearer to me than splendour, money, &c. I suppose this long letter might have been spared; for your resolution, I don't doubt, is already taken.

M. W. M.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.

1714.

You seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chosen undoubtedly at York, if you had declared in time; but there is not any gentleman or tradesman disengaged at this time; they are treating every night. Lord Carlisle and the Thompsons have given their interest to Mr. Jenkins. I agree with you of the necessity of your standing this parliament,

which, perhaps, may be more considerable than any that are to follow it; but, as you proceed, 'tis my opinion, you will spend your money and not be chosen. I believe, there is hardly a borough disengaged. I expect every letter should tell me you are sure of some place; and, as far as I can perceive, you are sure of none. As it has been managed, perhaps it will be the best way to deposit a certain sum in some friend's hands, and buy some little Cornish borough: it would, undoubtedly, look better to be chosen for a considerable town; but I take it to be now too late. If you have any thoughts of Newark, it will be absolutely necessary for you to inquire after Lord Lexington's interest; and your best way to apply to Lord Holdernesse, who is both a Whig and an honest man. He is now in town, and you may inquire of him, if Brigadier Sutton stands there; and if not, try to engage him for you. Lord Lexington is so ill at the Bath, that it is a doubt if he will live till the election; and if he dies, one of his heiresses, and the whole interest of his estate, will probably fall on Lord Holdernesse.

'Tis a surprise to me, that you cannot make sure of some borough, when a number of your friends bring in so many parliament-men without trouble or expense. 'Tis too late to mention it now, but you might have applied to Lady Winchester, as Sir Joseph Jekyl did last year, and by her interest the Duke of Boulton brought him in for nothing; I am sure she would be more zealous to serve me than Lady Jekyl. You should understand these things better than I. I heard, by a letter last post, that Lady M. M*** and Lady H*** are to be bed-chamber ladies to the Princess, and Lady T*** groom of the stole. She must be a strange Princess, if she can pick a favourite out of them; and as she will be one day a Queen, and they say has an influence over her husband, I wonder they don't think fit to place women about her with a little common sense.

M. W. M.

LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING

MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY

AT

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE

ORIGINAL PREFACE,

WRITTEN IN 1724, BY A LADY.

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him. To tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But, if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these *Letters* exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some inquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these *Lettters* appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that, among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent, but some will carp at it; and the rather because of its excellency. But to such hypocrites I shall not say * * * * * * * * * * *

I confess I am malicious enough to desire, that the world should see to how much better purpose the *ladies* travel than their *lords;* and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male* Travels, all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-out subject with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For, besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may justly be accounted the standard of the English tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of the several nations with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But, as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court, and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice,* with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falsely said to attend the *tea-table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better natured than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Christians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has intrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do in the sincerity of my soul; pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to

* This fair and elegant writer has resolved that Malice should be of the masculine gender: I believe it is both masculine and feminine, and I heartily wish it were neuter, it would then be less baneful.

follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

December 18, 1724. M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obscures my fame,
If I had wit I'd celebrate her name,
And all the beauties of her mind proclaim:
Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,
Its ill-concerted calumnies confound;
Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,
To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shews the poverty of my genius, it likewise shews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING

MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY

AT

CONSTANTINOPLE.

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*To the Countess of Mar.**

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill-fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over: but, after two-days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain.

For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though I confess I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that, I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt: and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our

* Lady Frances Pierrepont, who was the second daughter of Evelyn, the first duke of Kingston, married John Erskine, earl of Mar, secretary of state for Scotland in 1705; he joined the Pretender in 1715, was attainted in 1716, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. George I. confirmed to Lady Mar the jointure on Lord Mar's forfeited estate, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlement, with remainder to her daughter, Lady Frances Erskine. She resided many years at Paris.

bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teazed with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here, are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see, hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you I am your affectionate sister.

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*To Mrs. Skerret.**

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure than upon the road; and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are

* This lady was afterwards the second wife of Robert, first arl of Orford.

well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Vo-rhout* is, at the same time, the Hyde-park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their descriptions. I dare say you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon for not obeying your commands in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

To Mrs. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed tn the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Not-

tingham castle: and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trentfield, Adboulton, &c. places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere; where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what-d'ye-call-him*, in Bartholomew-fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the Church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

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*To Lady Rich.**

Cologne, Aug. 16. O. S. 1716.

If my Lady Rich could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she

* Lady Rich was the wife of Sir Robert Rich, bart. of London. She was daughter of Colonel Griffin, and had an appointment about the person of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne: our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing.

This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all of massy silver), and the *enchassures* of the relics; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed in the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished she herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to

supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

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*To the Countess of Bristol.**

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion, than to tell my dear Lady Bristol, that I have not forgotten her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtsburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under petticoat; a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think, after the Archbishop of Cambray having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is

* This was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, bart. of Playford, in the county of Suffolk, second wife of John Hervey, first earl of Bristol. She died in 1741.

forced to confess that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by vain expense into debts that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits was fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies.* I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar in a fair full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your Ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear Madam, yours, &c. &c.

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy,

* The Reformation, though commenced and vigorously prosecuted by Luther, but partially destroyed the existing superstitions of the Romish church, and suffered both errors in doctrine and

that I am persuaded I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident; for I don't reckon it any, to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame ——, the wife of our king's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know, that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But, instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *picques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to

practice to remain, which have, by subsequent purgations, been abolished.

give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving of it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And, indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered, as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relics and images are most of them false;* though they tell you, that many of the *crosses* and *Madonas*, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt, indeed, but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relics they shewed me a prodigious claw, set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that shewed me it, Whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, They only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalised at a large silver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

* This assertion is perfectly credible, when we reollect the impositions constantly practised by the Romish church. It is scarcely supposable that so great a profusion of jewels were other than fictitious, no wealth, however abundant, being equal to their purchase.

Madam —— is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever yours, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of *my child,** by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and, within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial court when Vienna was besieged.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For, as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opi-

* Edward Wortley Montagu, her only son, was born 1713.

nion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone), are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window-curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures, and vast jars of japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of their guests, along with the napkins; and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at Count Schonbrunn,* the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxburg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly

* The palace of Schonbrunn is about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, but was afterwards used as a hunting-seat by the emperor and his court.

composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxburg might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schonbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture, all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, &c. and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well-ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour of the count.

I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

MADAM, Twickenham, Aug. 18, 1716.

CAN say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or myself: whatever I write will be the very thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have

will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those who are our friends. If Momus his project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it farther, and making those windows casements: that while a man shewed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as king Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in love as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too? Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy; and, since I heard you, that

there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own! What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have but conversed with you? They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties, that the very fops pretend to have no acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design, in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's

sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world. I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity, madam,

Your most faithful obedient
Humble servant,
A. POPE.

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*To Mr. Pope.**

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would

* In the eighth volume of Pope's Works, were first published thirteen of his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, communicated to Dr. Warton by the present primate of Ireland. The MSS. are in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. As many are without date, the arrangement of them must be directed by circumstances; and as most of them were written to Lady Mary during her first absence from England, we shall advert to them, as making a part of this correspondence.

The letter of Pope, to which this is an answer, is now first printed from the original MS.

be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries. I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the *Favorita;* and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water's on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines, and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air exposes them to great inconveniences, for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitrion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand

enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it; and besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant, was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but, instead of flying to Alcmena with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitrion's taylor and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy of the serious consideration of Mr. Collier.* I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as courtesies at leaving the room, when the visit had been too long already.

* Jeremy Collier was an English divine, eminent for his piety and wit. In 1698 he wrote 'A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on the Subject,' 8vo. This tract excited the resentment of the wits, and engaged him in a controversy with Congreve and Vanbrugh. It has retained its celebrity even to the present time.

To the Countess of Mar.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging: a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from the hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress: I cannot, however, tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweet-

ness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently: for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to quinze. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and an air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose, and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered

to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called *ladies of the key*, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married women but the *grande maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself on her violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young archduchesses, all dressed in their hair full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, *'Tis easy to be valiant here.* The second, a Fortune, holding

a garland in her hand, the motto, *For her whom Fortune favours.* The third was a Sword, with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, *Here is no shame to be vanquished.*—Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring, set round with diamonds, in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second a little Cupid set with brilliants: and besides these, a set of fine china for the tea-table, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the archduchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the Æneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feat of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I shall never conclude at all.

To Lady Rich.

Vienna, Sept. 20, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely pleased, but not at all surprised, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to

transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, even gray hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my Lady Suffolk with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of Oxford from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter: but 'tis a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise of old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratifia, who, if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word *reputation* has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide the whole nation of petticoats are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best-natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not, however, the less to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without at the same time inviting her two attendants

of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The sub-marriages generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, even to the utter ruin of his family.

These connexions, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she is married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel; and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the gallant should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know some women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question, if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no intrigue at all is so far a disgrace, that, I'll assure you, a lady who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation relating to me, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, since I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification.

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the countess of ———, and the young count of ——— leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna? I made answer, that my stay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, madam (said he), whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a *little affair of the heart.*——My heart (answered I, gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have

no design of parting with it. I see, madam (said he sighing), by the ill-nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction. You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and good-breeding are as different in different climates as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the day of judgment; for which great day of *eclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I have disobliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There,

I own, they shew all their passions; and 'tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.

This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can number amongst their ancestors counts of the empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct, to get them husbands. 'Tis true, as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are, however, obliged to allow them pin-money agreeably to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions.

I am sure you, that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, entangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burthen to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own customs, the *pas* before them all. They indeed so revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shewn to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be

very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of,

Yours, &c. &c.

To the Lady X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

YOU desire me, madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose-colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house, in honour of the feast of the count or countess —— *such a one.* These days are called days of gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; af-

terwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw t'other day the gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days, the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white calico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chambermaids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through, and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young count of Salmes

came to the grate while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me (said she, sighing), but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are some or other of them day and night offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often, are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory, to common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

*To Mr. Pope.**

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late prince of Lichtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery, filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita. The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.†

* Pope's letter, to which this is a reply, is printed in Warton's edition, vol. viii.

† The imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that *they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years.* But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter; and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dullness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of, Your, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her: but I am sure, if you do, I could not give you a stronger, than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water

to few others in Europe. See Eckel. Catal. Musæi Cæsarea Vindobon. Numm. Vet. fol. 1779; and Baron Bornn's Shells of the Imp. Mus. at Vienna, fol. 1780.

are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expense of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted) at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the orignal. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, '*This is a woman*,' for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, '*This is a bear*.'

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity than to indulge my own repose. I am, &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours' post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine the frightful precipices that divide

Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife as not to wake Mr. Wortley, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our postillions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. Wortley, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since that it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny; and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write.

After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appears to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir Robert Sutton, our king's envoy, came to see me here, and Madame de L——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteely dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which

female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.—She was mistress to the King of Poland (elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of one hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most; but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain the king had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage, which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed; and has at last provoked the king to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour,

however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. Wortley's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the Protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there; so that the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town; but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect, that I am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me, What is a ravelin? and, what is a bastion? Adieu, my dear sister!

To the Countess of Mar.

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses of Germany. I have not forgotten to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have written to you during my journey; and I declare to you, that if you don't send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any de-

scription of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

To the Countess of Bristol.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintance here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince,* has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees

* The grandfather of his present majesty. George IV.

none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nurenburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world. Dear madam, your, &c. &c.

To Lady Rich.

Hanover, Aug. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady Rich, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you, it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you, and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. Wortley is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.

I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy bosoms, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully

avoid, though it is now such excessively cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their traineaus. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court for the loss of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of winter.

Adieu, dear Lady Rich; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon Your, &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Blankenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible

journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever a poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress, and carry a message from her imperial majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good-breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the duke and duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn; but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The duke taillys at basset every night; and the duchess tells me she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions n it.

You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover: I cannot tell you that the town is either large or nagnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very orry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but in spite of the snow, I thought he gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ver seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the king's able, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, o my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they re naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imaine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon inuiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such erfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they lease, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would eceive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very

nearly the same; I am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention.

This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides, they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are pointed and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of, Dear sister,

Your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it; but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles' distance, and forget that, after so long an absence, I cannot understand hints.

To Lady Rich.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confidence are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself; that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masking, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat* at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But

* About nine shillings sterling.

that noise is so agreeable here, that they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years: I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months' labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them are such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion, was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellency of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was at before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand disagreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily

pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot fancy there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people), that the prince of —— has forsaken the countess of ——? or that the prince such a one has an intrigue with the countess such a one? Would you have me write novels like the Countess of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of *passive obedience* carry me through every thing.

I have had my audience of leave of the empress. His Imperial majesty was pleased to be present, when I waited on the reigning empress; and after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The emperor and empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her majesty's elbow in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the king of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief

minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness of these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable; but Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know that I have ever been of opinion that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and, could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I have determined to undertake this journey. And indeed I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow, where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court, with all the honours due to his rank.

Adieu, dear sister! this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say with great truth, in the words of Monesis, *I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing;* but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady ——, that I believe she won't like; and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects that I should tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

From Mr. Pope.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your roads be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. I am glad, madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it: it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of

paternal earth my own. Indeed, it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course), and your exact time, I verily think I shall be once more happy in a sight of you next spring. I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spencer, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well. I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

A. POPE.

To Mr. Pope.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was

going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.—Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

To the Countess of Mar.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

At length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigours of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas, that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaus, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. Wortley sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our

door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. Wortley, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The bishop of Temeswar came to visit us with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pasha Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the emperor's command. The counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turks and the emperor, and the more cruel civil war, occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protentant religion by the emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking,

without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than, in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the governor-general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear at a little distance like old-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under-ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I. king of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg in the year 1542: Count Schwartzenburg in 1598; General Rosworm in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the emperor's forces, in 1684; to whom it yielded in 1686, after an

obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the desposing of their emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age, ——and, *undisturb'd by guns, in quiet sleep.* We came the five-and-twentieth to Mohatch, and were shewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young king of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary. I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but, I'll assure you, I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of *gibier.* The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis;* but Mr. Wortley would not oppress the poor country people by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what we had. They were so surprised at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's-skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily imagine this lasts them many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side general Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a castle of his, a few miles off, assuring

us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarcely passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that herd in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we staid a day, to dispatch a courier with letters to the pasha of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built with oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes, by Count Lesly, 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took possession of it for the emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The twenty-eighth, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel ——, who would not suffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are straight to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur. They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the

governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. Wortley's courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pasha's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy. He has dispatched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading, that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world which, I believe, is quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister, &c.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

From Mr. Pope.

MADAM,

I NO more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sybil, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that a short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not

have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write; I'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that, whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I write to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a contented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but, since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this! and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm,

madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I don't take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I can't guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of the room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even laughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and hid negotiations abroad. A. POPE.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pasha here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. Wortley had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being

waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bràmins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most points they follow the Greek church.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the sculls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but mysterious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war;* but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the Janisaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pasha had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge of this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans: however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.

We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and since by the emperor's forces, led by the elector of Bavaria. The emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the grand vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest Janisaries, commanded by a pasha seraskier (*i. e.* general), though this last expression is not very just; for, to say truth, the seraskier is commanded by the Janisaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pasha about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found that the governor had been ill-informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late pasha fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the grand signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from

thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pasha before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The pasha, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pasha has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the pasha detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janisaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Bey, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pasha, and he has been educated in the most polite Eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I

was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine.* At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand.

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was anywhere but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter: but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

To her R. H. the Princess of Wales.†

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your royal highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. Wortley was so zealous for the service of his majesty, that

* The Persian tales appeared first in Europe as a translation, by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called "The Arabian Nights," in a similar manner, by Monsieur Galland. The Tales of the Genii, said in the title page to have been translated by Sir Charles Morell, were, in fact, entirely composed by James Ridley, esq.

† Caroline, wife of Geo. II.

he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passsage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, through a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the Janisaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days' travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated on a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarcely perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion; the wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your royal highness how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days' journey from hence, we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always

overed with snow. This town is situated on a rising round near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks: here are still some ancient Christian hurches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest reeks live here: but they are forced to conceal their ealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which cludes part of its inconveniences) being all their security gainst feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to drianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on l the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes very thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its osts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in e liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked on as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible have already tired out your royal highness's patience. ut my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as hort as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when eary of reading it.

I am, madam,

With the greatest respect, &c,

To Lady Rich.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see pears to me a change of scene; and I write to your dyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that ou will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no nger reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, ne of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and mous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diverson and health. I stopped here one day on purpose to see em; and designing to go *incognita*, I hired a Turkish ach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much ore convenient for the country, the heat being so great at glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a od deal in the manner of the Dutch stage coaches, having

wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.*

In one of these covered waggons I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enongh. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all around it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with streams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it is impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers please to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disagreeable smiles and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assem-

* The Turkish women, especially those of rank, live in a very secluded manner, and seldom go from home but in such vehicles as conceal their persons.

ies when anybody appears that is not dressed exactly in ıe fashion. They repeated over and over to me, "Guzel, ec guzel," which is nothing but *Charming, very charm-ıg.*——The first sofas were covered with cushions and ch carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second ıeir slaves behind them, but without any distinction of ınk by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, ı plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect ɔncealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or nmodest gesture among them. They walked and moved ith the same majestic grace which Milton describes our ɜneral mother with. There were many amongst them as xactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by ıe pencil of a Guido or Titian,—and most of their skins ıiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair ivided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, raided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing ıe figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have ften made, *That if it were the fashion to go naked, the 'ace would be hardly observed.** I perceived that the ıdies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the reatest share of my admiration, though their faces were ometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. 'o tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish ecretly that Mr. Jervas† could have been there invisible. fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see o many fine women naked, in different postures, some in onversation, some working, others drinking coffee or herbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, vhile their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or ighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several retty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffee-house, vhere all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, 'c.—They generally take this diversion once a week, and

* This was almost prophetic. It has in a remarkable manner ɔeen verified by subsequent fashions.

† Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was he friend of Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of fe-nales. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his ıand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented as 'selling a thousand years of bloom.'

stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays; which satisfied them very well; for, I saw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it; which contrivance they attributed to my husband.—I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. Wortley resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as it is no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

To the Abbot ——.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

YOU see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you, the desire I have to oblige you to the ntmost of my power has made me very diligent in my inquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and can give no better account of

he ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret n Greek-street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, can-ot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of hieves, who rob fifty in a company, so that we had need f all our guards to secure us; and the villages are so oor, that only force could extort from them necessary pro-isions. Indeed the Janisaries had no mercy on their po-erty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, vithout asking to whom they belonged; while the wretched wners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being eaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkeys big with gg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard he complaints of Melibœus for the hope of his flock. When he pashas travel, it is yet worse. These oppressors are ot content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to he peasants; after they have crammed themselves and heir numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact vhat they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the use of heir teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring heir meat. This is literally and exactly true, however xtravagant it may seem; and such is the natural cor-uption of a military government, their religion not allow-ng of this barbarity any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, ith a principal effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This et of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or e church, these two sciences being cast into one, and a wyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish nguage. They are the only men really considerable in e empire; all the profitable employments and church evenues are in their hands. The grand signior, though eneral heir to his people, never presumes to touch their nds or money, which go in an uninterrupted succession their children. It is true, they lose this privilege by ccepting a place at court, or the title of pasha; but there re few examples of such fools among them. You may asily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed ll the learning, and almost all the wealth of the empire. hey are the real authors, though the soldiers are the ctors, of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mus-

tapha; and their power is so well known, that it is the emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi Achmet Bey, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were Christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of transubstantiation appeared very strong to him.—Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. ——— had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very easy to persuade the generality to Christianity, whose notions are very little different from his. Mr. Whiston would make a very good apostle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he must first have the gift of tongues, before he can possibly be of any use.

Mahometism is divided into as many sects as Christianity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make mysteries and novelties.—The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c. put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand different notions, according to the different interest of their preachers.—There are very few amongst them (Achmet Bey denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wits by declaring they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycaut is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin** (i. e. *the secret with us*,) atheists, they being deists, whose impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet Bey did not own to me that he was of this opinion; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking

* See D'Ohsson, Tableau General de l'Empire Othoman, 5 vols. 8vo. 1791, in which the religious code of the Mohammedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed. See also the tracts of Wittman, Thornton, &c.

wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty? he made answer, that all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders among them; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation, nevertheless, he said that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, that it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner; and I don't doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt: yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than their not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics and schismatics; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis a sect of Christians that call themselves Paulines. They shew an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite saint, after the same manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the Arnaouts seems to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaoutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name, of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the Janisaries. They are foot soldiers: we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and armed at their own expense, dressed in clean white coarse cloth,

carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind, who have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made on the diversity of religions I have seen. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few remains of ancient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a supposition that he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains between Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch (though I could not see any inscription); for, if that passage had been shut up, there are many others that would serve for the march of an army; and, notwithstanding the story of Baldwin earl of Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt

baked in the sun; and they leave them, and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for, such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion.

I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from Yours, &c.

To the Countess of Bristol.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to inquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *caftans* and *manteaus*. However I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at present the residence of the court. The Grand Signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came hither; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendour. She is widow of the late vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, since she never has lived with him: however, the greatest part of his wealth is hers. He had the permission of visiting her in the seraglio;* and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections. When she saw this second husband, who is at

* So jealous are the Turks with respect to their women that they carefully exclude men from their harems, and but few instances have occurred even of physicians being permitted to enter them. See Baron Du Tott. vol. i, p. 209.

least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the sultan (which they call *mosayp);* but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army: the Grand Signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a Janisary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to, but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be razed to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No *huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics:*

> A consequential ill that freedom draws;
> A bad effect,—but from a noble cause.

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while the sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dares neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will.*

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday along with the French ambassadress to see the Grand Signior * in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of Janisaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the *spahis* and

* Achmet III. who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the Janisaries.

bostangees (these are foot and horse guards) and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them, the aga of the Janisaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next him the *kyzlar-aga* (your ladyship knows this is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face) lined with sables. Last came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green lined with the fur of a black Moscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold and the other his silver coffee-pot, on a staff; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had full leisure to consider him. The French ambassadress agreed with me as to his good mien: I see that lady very often; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life so formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c. that she would rather die than make me a visit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels, yclep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit me with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same: however, our mutual interest makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people

to see what they had never seen, nor ever perhaps would see again—two young Christian ambassadresses at the same time. Your ladyship may easily imagine we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any strange sight, our Janisaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law.

These people, however (I mean the Janisaries), have some good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you on all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philippopolis, where we were met by our domestic guards. I happened to bespeak pigeons for supper, upon which one of my Janisaries went immediately to the cadi (the chief civil officer of the town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent about, but could get none. My Janisary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse his not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me, to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased, he would bring me his head. This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them so powerful, that the greatest man at court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a Janisary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; 'tis that consideration has given me the assurance of entertaining you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam,

Yours, &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. 1717.

I WISH to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here that I think worth your notice. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull; it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new; but for me that am in arrears at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be very fresh and sweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming. I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress* is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button; but the shape and colour of the bosom are very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; those who will not be at that expense, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or

* On the Turkish dress see Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, i. 263. and Clarke's Travels, ii. 338.

put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with ermine or sables; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head-dress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to shew their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and in short what they please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roses, of different coloured rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; the jonquils, of topazes, &c. so well set and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or riband, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you, with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eyebrows; and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know the secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose-colour; but, I own, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I

cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very easy to see they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins;* one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed, by a thing they call a *ferigee,* which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their fingers'-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood; in winter 'tis of cloth, and in summer of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet even those who don't make use of them, do not scruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies which are rich having all their money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays respect to them; and the grand signior himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harem* (or women's apartment), which remains unsearched and entire

to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true, their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *tefterdar* (*i. e.* treasurer) that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife won't see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage-writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention, but nothing seems so agreeable to me as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being, Dear sister, &c.

From Mr. Pope.

MADAM,

If to live in the memory of others have any thing desireable in it, 'tis what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you! I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous eschantillon of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly

and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence but by merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office: they have miscarried; you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to shew it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eyesight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; 'tis a sort of a dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me: but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm and lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy. I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers: for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals, in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other! If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclaircissements upon many passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the father of poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre, and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished, you may at least, at ease in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia in such a dim and remote prospect as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send, you, therefore, with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all that I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.

For the news in London, I'll sum it up in short: we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun

still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you'll have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffin. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as whig and tory. The king and prince continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition, but at the masquerade: however the princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can, in the dependence that there is no man breathing more constantly or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you; for, whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do.

I am always yours,

A. POPE.

To Mr. Pope.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

'Caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio, portans Oeagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,
Euridicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.'

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates?

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of all cypress tress, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of the country. The young

lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress, then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the

belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead: these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact scripture styie. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it yet in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the

verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling *The Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE SULTANA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SULTAN ACHMET III.

Stanza I.

1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
   Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went to admire the beauty of the vines:
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
   But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.*

Stanza II.

1. The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
   The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
   To see those cheeks, more vermillion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
   But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

Stanza III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
   One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.
2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
   Must I yet wait a long time?
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Ah, Sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
   I desire—and, my desire remains unsatisfied.—
   Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

Stanza IV.

.. My cries pierce the heavens!
   My eyes are without sleep!
   Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

* Sir W. Jones, in the Preface to his Persian Grammer, objects o this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the Βουωπις' of Homer.

2. Adieu!——I go down to the grave.
   If you call me——I return.
   My heart is—hot as sulphur;—sigh, and it will flame.
3. Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
   My sultana! my princess!
   I rub my face against the earth;—I am drown'd
   in scalding tears—I rave!
   Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to
   look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-eyed* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us; since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned: 'tis certainly far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin by saying,—'*Now Philomela sings.*

Or, what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

Stanza I.

'Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:
I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

Stanza II.

'In vain I'm promis'd such a heav'nly prize;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
Those eyes! like, &c.

Stanza III.

'Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?
Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear?

Stanza IV.

'The heavens, relenting, hear my piercing cries,
I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:
Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave—my bosom burns with heav'nly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire.'

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, *He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul,* I understand a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though,

perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think the English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want also those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning: and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by

Yours, &c.

To Mrs. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S.

In my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the *plague* have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places), two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the

secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers: I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients lay together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of

diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1716.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at London, if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.

What shall I tell you of?——You never saw camels in your life; and perhaps the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was so to me; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another

with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures; their heads being ill-formed, and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short, thick, black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people die their tails and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms: he prances under me with so much fire, you would think I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the first discovery of America. Here are some little birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and for that reason they multiply prodigiously: turtles, on the account of their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the de-

scription of the houses here will be as new to you as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read, in most of our accounts of Turkey, that the houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and I assure you 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the grand signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house, at the death of its master, is at the grand signior's disposal; and therefore no man cares to make a great expense, which he is not sure his family will be the better for.* All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers; which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *harem*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the grand signior); it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all rouud it a sort of couch, raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, ac-

* If it be not put into 'vacuf;' that is, annexed to some mosque or fountain.

cording to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white satin;—nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality; and their *harems* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. They are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the

scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of free stone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops, under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte,

Yours, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Adrianople, April 18, O.S. 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the grand vizier's lady,* and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna,

* This was the sultana Hafiten, the favourite and widow of the sultan Mustapha II. who died in 1703.

which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognita*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretess. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely: but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are

very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have.* I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After the ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *kiyaya's*† lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the grand vizier having only the name, while he exercised his authority. I had found so little diversion in the vizier's *harem*,‡ that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the grand vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered

* See Morier's Journey through Persia, p. 74; and Clarke's Travels, i. 162. 634.

† Kyhaia, lieutenant. The deputy to the grand vizier.

‡ Harem, literally "The forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropiate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.

the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyaya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima* (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable: nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported

upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering them-

selves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of*. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the *bladder and string*, or the *marrow-bones and cleavers*. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *guzel sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretess. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's Paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of, Yours, &c.

To the Abbot of ———

Adrianople, May 17, O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see.

I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was anciently called Orestesit or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many sultans. Mahomet the Fourth, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople; which humour so far exasperated the Janisaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass; I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people; but they are most of them such as follow the court or camp; and when they are removed, I am told 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer; which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it.

I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with Janisaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the new Exchange* in London. But the pavement is kept much neater; and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee, or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweetmeats are in our playhouses.

I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews.

* The New Exchange, now taken down, formerly stood in the Strand, opposite Bedford-street.

That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their own hands, partly by the firm union among themselves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every pasha has his Jew, who is his *nomme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters, of all the great men.

You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be disobliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. There are many of them vastly rich, but take care to make little public show of it; though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence. This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the exchange, founded by Ali Pasha, whose name it bears. Near it is the *tchartshi*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessively dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *bessiten* near it is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse-furniture are sold: glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, it makes a very agreeable show.

From this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a

vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashas of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde-park; but it is very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the grand signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The grand signior was at the seraglio window, to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi* mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in her hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the noble sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent; among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c. so well

stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe there were upon the whole twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness, if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain-pasha (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweatmeats, sherbet, &c. with all possible civility.

I went two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I.* which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the door-keeper to shew me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours: the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars, which

* The same sultan, between the years 1552 and 1556, constructed another mosque at Constantinople, which bears his name. The architecture exactly resembles this, and forms a perfect square of seventy-five feet, with a flat cupola rising from the side walls.

has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular: this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters: the pavement is also marble, covered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and encumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures, that give Roman-catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to be inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, that I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by, a fountain to wash, which, you know, is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the grand signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and, standing before it, two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their

heads, like a high-crown'd hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. Wortley's entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father when he gives audience: he is a handsome boy, but probably will not immediately succeed the sultan, there being two sons of sultan Mustapha (his eldest brother) remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe, they are very impatient to see the end of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Constantinople.

To the Abbot ———

Constantinople, May 20, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and, as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The grand signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I choose to lie in houses all the way.

I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable but at Tchiorlu, where there was a *conac*, or little seraglio, built for the use of the grand signior, when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst

of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains; but I was most surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distichs of Turkish verse, written with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English:

> We come into this world; we lodge, and we depart;
> He never goes that's lodg'd within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a good sea-port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me: she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman Catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting: but, however, the finest Madona of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present when I was at my lodging.

We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge; and the night following, at Kujuk Checkmedji, or Little Bridge; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises; having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen, and shews that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *hogia*, or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to shew me his own apartment, and was surprised to see him point to a

tall cypress-tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer; but, after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it, therefore, the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Constantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of the house shews us the port, the city, and the distant hills of Asia; perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, Constantinople is twice as big as Paris, Mr. Wortley is unwilling to own it is bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe it is so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, whch were formerly great towns, and retain no other marks of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and, as the turbans, by their different shapes, shew the quality or profession, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased; besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar,* without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees.

* See Buckingham's Travels in Palestine, p. 216.

Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true: that, when a man has divorced his wife in the most solemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms than permitting another man to pass the night with her; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman is to increase and multiply; and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them; which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true, they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of an useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God than a vow of perpetual virginity: which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries, who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face when I inquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I

fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for them, without knowing those that are valuable from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill, generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them, shewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates on a sardonyx; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of St. Augustine.

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one designed for the king of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy was committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since. I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination.

I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S. 1717.

HOPE before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am

still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to be artificial, but which, I am assured, is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

> That spirits departed are wondrous kind
> To friends and relations left behind:
> Which nobody can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions:

> —— Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And it is very necessary to make a perfect elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find.

To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinences in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already

earned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting f visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing f the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the Opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual ound of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same ollies acted over and over, which here affect me no more han they do other dead people. I can now hear of disleasing things with pity, and without indignation. The eflection on the great gulph between you and me cools ll news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly ouched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly he cause of either is removed before the letter comes to ny hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not xtend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible f your's and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your emembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.

From Mr. Pope.

MADAM,

I COULD quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning, and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies: I lie dreaming of you in moonshiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to

the moon and you, and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you were gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the East, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return, transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory: I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statues of Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart and a sound

evotion as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went fter the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you ever heard of this Jeffery, I'll assure you he deserves our acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's ime; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and, when e got ashore, was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the and; he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a ight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made im a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; ut his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets uriously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; as taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, adam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it o you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this should be punctually copied on ther side, but methinks something like it is done already. he letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the onnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I ave paid to your eclogues: they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the ilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the ages of the Sybils; like them, locked up and concealed om all profane eyes; none but my own have beheld ese sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it great a wickedness to divulge them, as to scatter abroad e ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not llowed you to the ends of the earth, 'tis not my fault: I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery udel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done ery thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except rning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate nclusion, I desire you to take another course to express our favour towards me; I mean, by bringing over the ir Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that quest, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will y out my money so well for me. The thing shall be secret as you please, and the lady made another half me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am oth my own servant and my own master. But I beg you

to look oftener than you use to do in your glass, in orde to choose me one I may like. If you have any regard t my happiness, let there be something as near as possibl to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little les vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection wil shew 'em); in short, let her be such an one as you seer in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable tha you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to m quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I mus be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have re ceived a box of books, together with letters from Mr Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortle at Constantinople, by a merchant-ship, that set sail las June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks o you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Rober admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour the duke of Buckingham with praise: I myself with some thing more. When people speak most highly of you, I thin them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I thin I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothin in 'em, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I an vexed to find no better name for your friend and admire than Your friend and admirer,

A. POPE.

To Lady Rich.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are sub jects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in tha manner are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would no think any of them worthy to be your housemaids. 'Tis true that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own

relations at Venice, The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless, that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which I own is very different from our common notions in England; but it is not less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom 'tis certain they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca,* I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I'll assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The

* See Bruce's Travels, vol. v. p. 28. and Hasselquist's Travels in Palestine, p. 34.

next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo;* nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one were to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature: but do as you please, madam; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making oneself beloved than by becoming handsome; though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of charms herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and, staring me in the face, said (with a very learned air), that no enchant-

ments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandise?

Adieu, my dear Lady Rich. I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

I am, dear madam, yours, &c.

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4, O. S. 1715—1716.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words) that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to

be married and not fruitful, than it is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that, whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *Knights of Malta*), that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, it is their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time*; and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answered, that the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French ambassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful is the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet of embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very

often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There are five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): they are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

To the Countess of Mar.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months —a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in. But I have in vain expected it till now; and now I only learn from the gazette that you are returned; which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am

resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to-bed of a daughter* five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own that it is not half so mortifying here as in England, there being as much difference as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying-in: and I am not so fond of any of our customs as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks' end; and about four days ago crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late emperor Mustapha, who, you know (or perhaps you don't know), was deposed by his brother, the reigning sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal.—Quite the contrary.—These women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the sultan's feet, and begged him to poniard her rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a

* Mary, late countess of Bute.

mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one and twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to inquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalma*, which differs from a *caftan* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose that I mean as large as those of my lord ——, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle, as broad as the broadest English riband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine-coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-

egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown-pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazel-nut. Round her *kalpac* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basins, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoups*.*

The sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked

* Saucers.

to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me, that the story of the sultan's *throwing a handkerchief* is altogether fabulous; and the maner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *kyslar aga* to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of was always afterward the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she* that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. 'My past happiness,' said she, 'appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time hath softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my sultan.'

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from

thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bedchamber her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. It is a great part of the work of the elder slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do you imagine I have entertained you all this while with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian Tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg!—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: if we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic,* not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good-nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neigh-

bours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say, if I told you that I have been in a harem where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms, designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets; yet there is nothing more true: such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world—'You Christian ladies,' said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel, 'have the reputation of inconstancy; and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced, that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend.' She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The sultana Hafiten is what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good-breeding of a court, with an air that inspires at once respect and tenderness: and now that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for

her own, so common in little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), shewed that surprise at her beauty and manners which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, '*This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian.*' Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment than one of our court beauties, to be told she had the air of a Turk: but the Greek lady told it to her; and she smiled, saying, '*It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Polonese, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.*' I assured her, that, if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. '*I can't believe you,*' replied she agreeably: '*if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it.*' Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and, from the window of her summer apartment, we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be, our proverb, that *knowledge is no burthen*, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people. I am, &c. &c.

To Lady Rich.

Pera, March 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin Guzelerin gingi
Pearl,	*Fairest of the young.*
Caremfil,	Caremfilsen cararen yok
Clove,	Conge gulsum timarin yok
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yok.
	You are as slender as the clove!
	You are an unblown rose!

I have long loved you, and you have not known it!

Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	*Have pity on my passion!*
Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahat
Paper,	*I faint every hour!*
Ermus,	Ver bixe bir umut
Pear,	*Give me some hope.*
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	*I am sick with love.*
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
Coal,	*May I die, and all my years be yours!*
Gul,	Ben aglarum sen gul
A rose,	*May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!*
Hasir,	Oliim sana yazir
A straw,	*Suffer me to be your slave.*

Jo ho,	Ustune bulunmaz pahu
Cloth,	*Your price is not to be found.*
Tartsin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hartsin
Cinnamon,	*But my fortune is yours.*
Giro,	Esking-ilen oldum ghira
A match,	*I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!*
Sirma,	Uzunu benden a yirma
Gold thread,	*Don't turn away your face from me!*
Satch,	Bazmazum tatch
Hair,	*Crown of my head!*
Uzum,	Benim iki Guzum
Grape,	*My two eyes!*
Til,	Ulugorum tez ghel
Gold wire,	*I die—come quickly.*

And, by way of postscript;

Beber,	Bize bir dogm haber
Pepper,	*Send me an answer.*

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without even inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning: but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother-tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time; I am afraid I shall at last know none

as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen French, English, and Germans; my nurse, an Armenian; my housemaids, Russians; half a dozen other servants, Greeks; my steward, an Italian; my Janisaries, Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian; which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary genuises, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am

Yours, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Bristol.

At length I have heard from my dear Lady Bristol for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have stayed quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings

of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Frank* Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levents* or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true they wear veils in Pera; but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French ambassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there.

You'll wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress-trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is

* A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions. It is commonly used by way of reproach.

to be seen.* It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimaikam* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and inquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I, insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than on any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of parti-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which

* It is evident that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople, in which circumstance the error has originated.

they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble: under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine-coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the grand signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Valide-Sultan is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*,* or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign

* More commonly called 'Atmeydan.'

of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS
JUSSUS, ET EXTINCTIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS
OMNIA THEODOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI.*

Your lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not: but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several large, and, in my opinion, more beautiful mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The Exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *besisten*, or jewellers' quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are

* Two more lines were probably concealed at that time. This inscription concludes,
'TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS
'JUDICE SUA PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS.'
which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.

most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill-used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil.* In my opinion, they are bought and sold as publicly, and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *historical pillar* is no more.* It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hanns and monasteries: the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical in-

* The Arcadian column built in 404, after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire.

truments. Then he reads again, and makes a short expo-
ition on what he has read; after which they sing and
lay till their superior (the only one of them dressed in
reen) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all
tand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the
thers tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their
aist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness,
nd yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or
ster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour,
ithout any of them shewing the least appearance of gid-
iness; which is not to be wondered at, when it is con-
dered they are all used to it from their infancy; most of
em being devoted to this way of life from their birth.
here turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or
ven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that
ercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they
out out, *There is no other god but God, and Mahomet
his prophet:* after which they kiss the superior's hand
d retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn
avity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of
ese people; they never raise their eyes, and seem de-
ted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in
scription, there is something touching in the air of sub-
ission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn
when you have read enough, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Bristol.

AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps
u will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 'tis with
gret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the
nguage, I am easy here; and as much as I love travel-
g, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a
urney with a numerous family, and a little infant hang-
g at the breast. However, I endeavour upon this occa-
n to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of
y life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to
is, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigee* and
mack, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with see-
g all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should

be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium; that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? &c. I'll assure 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill,* who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free† than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money or inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expenses are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And, as miserable a f

* Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen and was received with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our ambassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703, in the suite, and soon afterward published his 'Account of Turkey,' in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write Zara and Merope, tragedies, which still keep their place on the English stage.

† This is only true of the higher rank of females. The poorer women live in a very degraded and servile condition.

ure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll as-
ure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth
f gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of
wels for her head. 'Tis true they have no places but the
agnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex;
owever, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and
ad the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received
ere, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which
ade me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theo-
itus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have
ontinued ever since. All the she-friends, relations, and
quaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the
gnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe
ere were that day two hundred women. Those that were
had been married placed themselves round the room on
e marble sofas: but the virgins very hastily threw off
eir clothes, and appeared without any other ornament or
overing than their own long hair braided with pearl or rib-
on. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by
er mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful
aid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining
ith jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature.
wo others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began
e procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number
thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered
the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride,
er eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation
modesty. In this order they marched round the three
rgest rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to
ou the beauty of this sight, most of them being well-pro-
ortioned and white-skinned; all of them perfectly smooth
d polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having
ade their tour, the bride was again led to every matron
ound the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and
present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, hand-
erchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she
anked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with seeing this ceremony; and,
ou may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as
uch wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true
e same customs that give them so many opportunities of

gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves if they are discovered: and I donot doubt but they suffer sometimes from their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet with two wounds of a knife, one in her side and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead of the night from Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to

Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice he made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pasha (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched with his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more common amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates

to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the grand signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them.* I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their Lents, which are at least seven months in every year and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity: no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without

* This practice has been very general throughout the East. In many instances favourite slaves have thus risen to rank and opulence.

oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparalleled all over the world. They are always promised very young, but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered, *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had inquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true as that I am,

Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

To the Abbe ——.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dullness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the viziers, the *begler-beys*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c. things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and, for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer); he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians

still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word.* I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pasha not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late grand vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments designed for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower

* Cadykuy, the Town of Judges, from the great Christian council held there.

end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on, and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity), but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and, though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscoted with mother-of-pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother-of-pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruits of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer

from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. ———But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensible declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi*, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

To the Abbe ———.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

> Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
> Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
> For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

> The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
> How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks, who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter, imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's

fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdraw his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour; he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But when 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From whence we had a full view of mount Ida;

> Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
> And the world's master lay subdued by love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigeum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb;

but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.*

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. Sandys† (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins‡ used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure

* The first-mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the Ionian Antiquities, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his Tour in Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the Βουστροφηδον, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishul, Shuckford, and Chandler, Inscript. Antiq. Knight on the Greek Alphabet, &c.

† George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First. It still retains its value.

‡ For this curious story, Monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his Dictionary, article 'Scamander.' It appears in the Letters of Oschines, vol. i. p. 125, 126, edit. Genev. 1607; also in Philostrates and Vigenerus.

which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigeum we saw that of Rhætum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Siamboul*,* *i. e.* Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city, begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found among the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions:

* Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to. 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to. 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. iii. p. 10.) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, p. 140, 141, had confounded Ilium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian Antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.

1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

2.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tendos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mitylene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuseni, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn,

and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pasha here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

> And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
> Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the grand signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea; that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidently blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the famed Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demigods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country; for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we

easily distinguish that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here was a hundred cities—

— Centum urbes habitant magnas—

The chief of them, the scene of monstrous passions.—Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of—. I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles: and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

——— Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus—

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the syrens that Homer describes; and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand-master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expense and labour.——Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul, who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country

almost as well as I could have done by day-light; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call India fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *Ramazan*,* or Lent, and all here professing at least the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.——But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct which carried the water to Carthage, over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade,

* See Olearius's Travels, p. 606.

contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live: but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the months of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis king of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our prince Edward, son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turks, under the conduct of Sinan Pasha, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the grand signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstances; and the grand signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.——I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called *The stables of the Elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black

hair falling on each side of their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming in on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgment of it. You see, sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you désired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am Your humble servant, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Mar.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbe ——, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side of those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their doge was forced by the late king to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically grounded, since I am assured that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps;* and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cecisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good-humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which they here called *conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she play, have the privilege of

whispers, &c. When she goes out they serve her instead of lacqueys, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name:* in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a cecisbeo of their own choosing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at this very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expenses they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonnade; that of the Imperiale at the village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the

* That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.

recollection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the king of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits; but I confess, all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

To the Countess of Bristol.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Valentio, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier ———, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being presented to her by the first lady of honour. I found her majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young prince of Piedmont is a very handsome youug man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fas ion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of ————, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend

) set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so ıuch talked of. If I come to the bottom, you shall hear f me. I am, &c. &c.

To Mrs. Thistlethwayte.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging let-:rs, and also letters from many of my other friends, de-gned to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; ur merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I m surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I ıppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and here to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs 'om her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my hamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 7th, that I came to this town; where I have had so ter-ble a fever, I believed for some time that all my jour-eys were ended here: and I do not at all wonder that ıch fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. he first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by 't and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount enis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed ɔon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to .eces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eter-ıl snow—of clouds hanging far below our feet—and of ıst cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused ɔaring,—would have been entertaining to me, if I had ıffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here: but ıe misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the ıick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with ɔld before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was ɔt till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious ain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the de-:ent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these ıairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half ı much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling ck; and the event has shewed that I placed my fears ght.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise,

and very fruitful in vines and pastures: among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half-killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country; I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

MÆRORUM. NOSTR : : : : : SII : : : : : EQUIDEM. PRIMAM. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITATIO

NEM. HOMINUM. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OCCURSURAM. MIHI. PROVIDEO. DEPRECOR. NE. QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EXHORRESCATIS. SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS. QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA. SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. URBIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOD. FORMAS. STATUSQUE. RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM. NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM. TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI. ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO. SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS. QUIDEM. SED. TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO. MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TEMERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MARATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUINIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA. SED. INOPI. UT. QUÆ. TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUCCUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPE. LERETUR. A. HERENDIS. HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MIGRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIC. SUOQUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET. HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INTERETUS. SERVIUS. TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAPTIVANATUS. OCRESIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELI. QUANDAM. VIVENNÆ. SOCIALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNISQUE. EJUS. CAUSUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA. FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS. COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT. MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO. COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMAM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DEINDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPERUNT. SUA. IPSIUS. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PER-

TÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CON-
SULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINIS-
TRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ
HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI. IMPERIUM. VALEN
TIUS. REPERTEM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS
QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN
CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICILIORI. UTERENTUR
AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRI
BUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD
DECEMVIROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SO
LUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO
AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM
: : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE
IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSU
LARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET
OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICA
TOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE. HONORES. NON
IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTORUM. QUO
QUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS
COEPERINT. MAJORES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO
PROCESSERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSO
LENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JAC
TATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. UL
TRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PORIUS. RI
VERTAR. CIVITATEM.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : SANE : : : : : :
: : : NOVO : : : DIVUS : AUG : :
NO : LUS. ET. PATRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM
FLOREM. UBIQUE. COLONIARUM. AC. MUN
CIPIORUM. BONORUM. SCILICET. VIRORUM
ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC. CURIA. ESS
VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALICUS. SI
NATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM
VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURA
MEÆ. APPROBARE. COEPERO. QUID. DE. E
RE. SENTIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. N
PROVINCIALES. QUIDEM. SI. MODO. ORNAR
CURIAM. POTERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTI

SIMAQUE. RIENNENSIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM. TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CONFERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS. EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTINUM. FAMILIARISSIME. DILIGO. ET. HODIEQUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBERI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIORUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PROMOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT. DIRUM. NOMEN. LATRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI. ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGUUM. QUOD. ANTE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM. COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ. BENEFICIUM. CONSECUTA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRATRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUIDEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS. UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE. DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO. TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTREMOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOBROGICI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM. VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS. NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. P. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM.

OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. REBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIUM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM. CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICE. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary, there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them), with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance*, *ill taste*, and *vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

> 'Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
> 'Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.'

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten

me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

To Lady Rich.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablé-ed* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French ambassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making inquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed,

finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late king passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossierté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Haymarket, and the playhouse not so neat as that of Lincoln's-inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La ———. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A-propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so moustrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool; and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and, if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of my

dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion. I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbe here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

To Mr. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

You see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister;* I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she inquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople; and I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris. To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better that Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud, best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid

* The countess of Mar.

books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the king's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the king, accompanied by the duke-regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law,* who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!——This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *Place des Victoires;* but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone; and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large: and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

To the Abbe ———.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at

* Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and colonization of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea.

Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me——'*Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!——Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!——Lord, have mercy on my soul!——Pray, madam, take care of this head-dress.*' This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I

think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; that the beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

To Lady M. W. Montagu.

MADAM,

My lord says, in reading your most ingenious descriptions, he observed that your ladyship had the art of making common circumstances agreeable; as the lady's care of her lace in the storm, &c. You have also made learned things instructive, as the copy of the Greek inscription, the which my lord desires that your ladyship will be pleased to send him again by the bearer, that he may better understand it than by one he has: care will be taken to return it safe again. Though this is my lord's letter, yet I must beg leave to add to it that I am, with unfeigned esteem, your ladyship's Most obedient humble servant,

Friday evening. M. PEMBROKE.*

To Lady M. W. Montagu.

MADAM,

My Lord Pembroke agrees with your ladyship, that it is a great surprise to him to know you are the person that copied the inscription, but at the same time desires I will assure you, that it is the most agreeable one he ever met with; and if you will give him leave, with the utmost pleasure, will wait on you this evening, betwixt six and seven o'clock; and though I know nothing of inscriptions, yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of going with him to the most agreeable conversation in the world, there being no one more sensible of your merit than your ladyship's Most obedient humble servant,

M. PEMBROKE.

* Mary Howe, sister of Scrope Lord Viscount Howe, lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, was the third wife of Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Mr. Pope to Lady M. W. Montagu.

MADAM, September 1.

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your oriental learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talking to: you may possibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side of the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God

send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for, in the very twinkling of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.* It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hughes, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah: when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parent's consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and

* At Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark of discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

1.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

2.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman* and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear madam, I am for ever

Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

To Mr. Pope.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good-nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was the reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village de-

stroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
Perhaps you'll say what's that to you ?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next should they have married ;
But see how oddly things are carried !
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd ;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away ;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage-chain :
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1720.

I HAVE had no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I writ to you a month ago; however, I shall continue letting you know *(de tems en tems)* what passes in this corner of the world till you tell me 'tis disagreeable. I shall say little of the death of our great minister, because the papers say so much.* I suppose that the same faithful historians give you regular accounts of the growth and spreading of the inoculation for the small-pox, which is become almost a general practice, attended with great success. I spend my time in a small snug set of dear intimates, and go very little into the *grande monde*, which has always had my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go farther than your closet:

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know——
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens;
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells were Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bow'r, the ev'ning colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds;
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.'†

My paper is done, and I beg you will send my lutestring of what colour you please.

* James Craggs, esq. secretary of state, died February 25, 1720, aged 35.

† In Pope's works, the last eight lines only are published as a fragment. After his quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he disingenuously suppressed the compliment conveyed in the preceding.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1721.

MY EYES are very bad to-day, from having been such a beast to sit up late last night; however, I will write to inquire after your health, though at the expense of my own. I forgot whether I told you Lord Dorchester* and our sister Caroline have been inoculated, and are perfectly well after it. I saw her grace the Duchess of Kingston yesterday, who told me that she heard from you the last post, and that you have been ill, but are recovered. My father is going to the bath, Sir William Wyndham is dying, Lady Darlington and Lady Mohun are packing up for the next world, and the rest of our acquaintance playing the fool in this *a l'ordinaire*. Among the rest, a very odd whim has entered the little head of Mrs. Murray; do you know that she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart, and simplicity of my manners, with great *naiveté*, desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again. I answered (which was true) that I utterly defied her to have any one single proof of my making it, without being able to get any thing from her, but repetitions that she knew it. I cannot suppose that any thing you have said should occasion this rupture, and the reputation of a quarrel is always so ridiculous on both sides, that you would oblige me in mentioning it to her, for 'tis now at that pretty pass, she won't curtesy to me wherever she meets me, which is superlatively silly (if she really knew it), after a suspension of resentment for two years together. To turn the discourse on something more amusing, we had a masquerade last night, where I did not fail to trifle away a few hours agreeably enough, and fell into company with a quite new man, that is, a great deal of wit, joined to a diabolical person: 'tis my Lord I——e, whom 'tis impossible to love, and impossible not to be entertained with; that species are the most innocent part of the creation, *et ne laisse pas de faire plaisir*. I wish all mankind were of the same class. —Dear sister, I would give the world to converse with you; but, *helas!* the sea is between us.

* Afterwards the late Duke of Kingston.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1721.

I HAVE already writ to you so many letters, dear sister, that if I thought you had silently received them all, I don't know whether I should trouble you with any more; but I flatter myself, that they have most of them miscarried; I had rather have my labours lost, than accuse you of unkindness. I send this by my Lady Lansdown,* who I hope will have no curiosity to open my letter, since she will find in it, that I never found any thing so miserably altered in my life: I really did not know her:

So must the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
So sinks the pride of the parterre,
When something over-blown.

My daughter makes such a noise in the room, 'tis impossible to go on in this heroic style. I hope yours is in great bloom of beauty. I fancy to myself we shall have the pleasure of seeing them co-toasts of the next age. I don't at all doubt but they will outshine all the little Auroras of this, for there never was such a parcel of ugly girls as reign at present. In recompense they are very kind, and the men very merciful, and content in this dearth of charms with the poorest stuff in the world. This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you the tender loves of Lord Romney and Lady Carmichill; they are so fond, it does one's heart good to see them. There are some other pieces of scandal not unentertaining, particularly the Earl of S****r, and M. H*****, who, being your acquaintance, I thought would be some comfort to you. The town improves daily, all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given 'em.

The race of Roxburghs, Thanets, and Suffolks, are utterly extinct; and every thing appears with that edifying plain dealing, that I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'there is no sin in Israel.'

I have already thanked you for my night-gown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for.

M. W. M.

* Lady Grace Granville, youngest daughter of John lord Lansdown, and wife of George lord Carteret, was created Countess of Granville, Jan. 1, 1715. She died 1744.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1721.

I CANNOT help being very sorry, for your sake, to hear that you persist in your design of retiring; though as to my own part, I have no view of conversing with you where you now are, and ninety leagues are but a small addition to the distance between us. London was never so gay as at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough* has entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited. Various are the persecutions I have endured this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Madame Vilette has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is grown the aversion: she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious Lord Bathurst,† with whom I have been well and ill ten times within two months. The Duchess of Kingston‡ is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, that wants very little of being what I would have it. Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for, to see a young woman, whom I really think one of the most agreeable girls upon earth, so vilely misplaced. But where are people matched? I suppose we shall all come right in heaven as in a country dance; the hands are strangely given and taken whilst they are in motion, and at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

I am ever affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

* Henrietta countess of Godolphin, and afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

† Allen lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died in 1744, at the age of ninety-one; having enjoyed health, genius, and prosperity, in a very singular degree.

‡ Lady Isabella Bentinck, second wife of Evelyn duke of Kingston.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1721.

I DO verily believe, my dear sister, that this is the twelfth if not the thirteenth letter I have written since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. It is an uncomfortable thing to have precious time spent, and one's wit neglected in this manner. Sometimes I think you are fallen into that utter indifference for all things on this side the water, that you have no more curiosity for the affairs of London than for those of Pekin; and, if that be the case, 'tis downright impertinence to trouble you with news. But I cannot cast off the affectionate concern I have for you, and consequently must put you in mind of me whenever I have any opportunity. The bearer of this epistle is our cousin; his shoulder-knot last birth-day made many a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made Miss Howard the happiest of her highness's honourable virgins. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphosis of some of your acquaintance, which appears as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*****ss is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M***, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera: and her condescension in her accepting of Lord Peterborough* for her champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don

* He married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, 1735, and died at Lisbon in the same year, aged seventy-seven.

Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—the whole town divided into two parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the house of peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a-month, which 'tis said he allows her. I will send you a letter by Count Caylus,† whom, if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you. He is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, beside the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

In general, gallantry was never in so elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry, who call themselves *Schemers;* and meet regularly three times a-week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness. I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do honour to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the Schemers within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women can wish. 'Tis true, they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning.

M. W. M.

† Afterwards so justly famed in the literary world for the study of Grecian and Roman antiquities.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1721.

I WAS very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman. I beg I may hear no more of it. For my part, I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of Champagne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctors' fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden. Our neighbourhood is much improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton and Sir J. Gifford, who, perhaps, are your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland, and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad,* which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours,

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish Square, 1723.

I SENT you a long letter by the Duchess of Montague, though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and there is some sort of pleasure in shewing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you

* Published in Swift's Works.

please to send my night-gown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for Madame Cantillon, it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbour of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is really very pretty, and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her: so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children, and is big with child herself; the operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know Lady Mary Sanderson; she is making over her discreet person and 500*l.* a year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble Earl of Pembroke, aged 73.* M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1723.

HAVE written so many letters which you say you have not received, that I suppose you will not receive this; however, I will acquit myself to my own conscience as a good Christian ought to do. I am sure I can never be really wanting in any expression of affection to you, to whom I can never forget what I owe in many respects. Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs. Murray is still at Castle Howard: I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. Your poor soul Mrs. Johnston is returned into our neighbourhood, and sent to me to carry her to Richmond-court to-morrow, but I begged to be excused: she is still in sad pickle. I think Mr. and Madame Harvey are at Lord

* This marriage never took place.

Bristol's. *A-propos* of that family: the countess is come out a new creature; she has left off the dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is grown young, blooming, coquet and gallant; and, to shew she is fully sensible of the errors of her past life, and resolved to make up for time misspent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally wickedly talked of for the gentle Colonel Cotton and the superfine Mr. Braddocks. Now I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor Lady G**** is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle. She had a mind to take the air this spring in a new yacht (which Lord Hillsborough built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain); she went in company with his Lordship, Fabrice, Mr. Cook, Lady Litchfield,* and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the mouth of the Nore; when, to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady G****, in all the concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blameable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to Lord G****; concluding that Mr. Cook presents his humble service to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) his lady was in town: but his lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter straight to the king's majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet: though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for—the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him; but if he was, neither king, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation, and here is all the scandal that is uppermost in my head. I should be glad to contribute any

* Frances, daughter of Sir John Hales, of Woodchurch, Kent.

vay to your entertainment, and am very sorry you stand n so much need of it. I am ever yours,

M. W. M.

I wish you would think of my lutestring, for I am in errible want of linings.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish Square, 1723.

HAVE written to you twice since I received yours in nswer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none f what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ver will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons at you may easily guess. I wish you would give me a fer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opporunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I ive a mind to write to you. If you have not heard of e Duchess of Montague's intended journey, you will be rprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it one of her servants: she does not design to see any body r any thing at Paris, and talks of going from Montpelr to Italy. I have a tender esteem for her, and am artily concerned to lose her conversation, yet I cannot ndemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but opose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. urray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my ay, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. uther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night the parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, cept she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile llads written on her dying adventure, which I am so nocent of that I never saw them. *A-propos* of ballads; most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about r dearly beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, d secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female ild. Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, d the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, ugh in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest ls in town (Lady J. Wharton), appears better with her n ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matri

mony with a Yorkshire Mr. Monkton of 3000*l.* per annum: it is a match of the young duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquet beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold: they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected, that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. P——— condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. P——— has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love. As to that of wit, it split itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise lawgivers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year for the plague, with great success.

Dear sister, adieu. I have been very free in this letter because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my night-gown may do the same:—I only choose that as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colours, designing it for linings; but, if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *a-la-mode.*

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1723.

I AM very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will revive your spirits; I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness. I was last night at the play *en famille,* in the most literal sense; my sister Gower dragged me thither in company of all our children, with Lady F. Pierrepont at their head. My third niece Leveson, Jenny

y name,* will come out an errant beauty; she is really ke the Duchess of Queensborough. As for news, the last edding is that of Peg Pelham,† and I think I have never een so comfortable a prospect of happiness. According to l appearance, she cannot fail of being a widow in six eeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a ousewife as to line her wedding clothes with black. Asmblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street town free from them, and some spirited ladies go to seven a night. You need not question but love and play flourish ider these encouragements: I now and then peep upon ese things with the same coolness I would do on a moving cture; I laugh at some of the notions, wonder at others, c. and then retire to the elected few, that have ears and ar, but mouths have they and speak not. One of these osen, to my great sorrow, will soon be at Paris; I mean afford, who talks of removing next April: she promises return, but I had rather she did not go.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1723.

AM heartily sorry to have the pleasure of hearing from u lessened by your complaints of uneasiness, which I sh with all my soul I was capable of relieving, either by letters or any other way. My life passes in a kind of olence, which is now and then awakened by agreeable ments; but pleasures are transitory, and the groundrk of every thing in England stupidity, which is certainly ng to the coldness of this vile climate. I envy you the ene air of Paris, as well as many other conveniences re: what between the things one cannot do, and the ngs one must not do, the time but dully lingers on, ugh I make as good a shift as many of my neighbours. my great grief, some of my best friends have been exnely ill; and, in general, death and sickness have never a more frequent than now. You may imagine poor antry droops; and, except in the elysian shades of hmond, there is no such thing as love or pleasure. It is there is a fair lady retired for having taken too much

* Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, died unmarried in May, 1737.
† Hon. Margaret Pelham, married to Sir John Shelly, bart. of nel Grove, in Sussex, and died in 1758.

of it: for my part, they are not at all cooked to my taste; and I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least with vivacity, will not go down with me, who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had: I intend, however, to shine and be fine on the birth-night, and review the figures there. My poor friend the young Duchess of Marlborough,* I am afraid, has exposed herself to a most violent ridicule; she is as much embarrassed with the loss of her expected child, and as much ashamed of it, as ever a dairy-maid was with the getting one.

I desire you will say something very pretty to your daughter in my name: notwithstanding the great gulf that is at present between us, I hope to wait on her to an opera one time or other. I suppose you know our uncle Fielding† is dead: I regret him prodigiously.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Oct. 31, 1723.

I WRITE to you piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dancers, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you will stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed: I do not know whether she will make the same compliment to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are

* Henrietta, eldest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, married to Francis earl of Godolphin, and upon the death of her father, in 1722, succeeded to his honours; she was the particular friend of Congreve, who bequeathed her 10,000*l.*

† William Fielding, esq. second son of W. earl of Denbigh, gentleman of the bedchamber and deputy comptroller of the household, died Sept. 1723.

Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting seat in Norfolk* to have *not* taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young† seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man. Doddington‡ very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive orders to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness that they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely '*revenue du bagatelle*,' and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, are as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows; in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss ———, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is out again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if you have any curiosity

* Houghton; Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime minister.

† Sir William Young.

‡ George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published.

of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaux, wits, and witlings, in Great Britain.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish Square, 1724.

I CANNOT positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town improves in gaiety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more;—nobody pretends to winch or kick under their burthens; but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition: so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry; I thank you for your silence on that subject; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the small-pox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tenderness contracted in my infancy; and I think of any past playfellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favourites. After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 'tis but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in an ill humour. I have so good an opinion of your taste, to believe Harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the Earl of S****'s furious passion for Lady Walpole* (aged fourteen

* Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, esq. of Haynton, Devon, married to Robert lord Walpole, March 26, 1724.

and some months). Mrs. M****t undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great ingredient you'll say); but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law. His lordship is gone to Scotland; and, if there was any body wicked enough to write upon it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub-street.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1725.

I THINK this is the first time of my life that a letter of yours has lain by me two posts unanswered. You'll wonder to hear that short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; but I pass many hours on horseback, and, I'll assure you, ride stag-hunting, which I know you'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense: his royal highness hunts in Richmond park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train. I desire you after this account not to name the word old woman to me any more: I approach to fifteen nearer than I did ten years ago, and am in hopes to improve every year in health and vivacity. Lord Bolingbroke is returned to England, and is to do the honours at an assembly at Lord Berkley's the ensuing winter. But the most surprising news is Lord B****t's assiduous court, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. H****d and his lordship have a friendship that borders upon 'the tender;' and though, in histories learned, ignorance attributes all to cunning or to chance,

> Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
> Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.

I am in hopes your King of France behaves better than our Duke of B****d: who, by the care of a pious mother, certainly preserved his virginity to his marriage-bed, where he was so much disappointed in his fair bride (who, though

his own inclinations, could not bestow on him those expressless raptures he had figured to himself), that he already pukes at the very name of her, and determines to let his estate go to his brother, rather than *****.

N.B. This is true history, and I think the most extraordinary that has happened in this last age. This comes of living till sixteen without a competent knowledge either of practical or speculative anatomy, and literally thinking fine ladies composed of lilies and roses. *A-propos* of the best red and white to be had for money; Lady Hervey is more delightful than ever, and such a politician, that if people were not blind to merit, she would govern the nation. Mrs. Murray has got a new lover in the most accomplished Mr. Doddington—so far for the progress of love. That of wit has taken a very odd course, and is making the tour of Ireland, from whence we have packets of ballads, songs, petitions, panegyrics, &c. So powerful is the influence of Lord Carteret's wit and my lady's beauty, the Irish rhyme that never rhymed before.

Adieu, dear sister. I take a sincere part in all that relates to you, and am ever yours. I beg, as the last favour, that you would make some small inquiry, and let me know the minute Lord Finch* is at Paris.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1725.

I AM now at the same distance from London that you are from Paris, and could fall into solitary amusements with a good deal of taste; but resist it, as a temptation of Satan, and rather turn my endeavours to make the world as agreeable to me as I can, which is the true philosophy; that of despising it is of no use but to hasten wrinkles. I ride a good deal, and have got a horse superior to any two-legged animal, he being without a fault. I work like an angel. I receive visits upon idle days, and I shade my life as I do my tent-stitch, that is, make as easy transitions as I can from business to pleasure; the one would be too flaring and gaudy without some dark shades of t'other; and if I worked altogether in the grave colours,

* Afterward Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, comptroller of the household to George II.

you know 'twould be quite dismal. Miss Skerret is in the house with me, and Lady Stafford has taken a lodging at Richmond: as their ages are different, and both agreeable in their kind, I laugh with the one, or reason with the other, as I happen to be in a gay or serious humour; and I manage my friends with such a strong, yet a gentle hand, that they are both willing to do whatever I have a mind to.

My daughter presents her duty to you, and service to Lady Frances,* who is growing to womanhood apace: I long to see her and you, and am not destitute of wandering designs to that purpose.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1725.

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, for all that displeases you, and for this time admit of your excuses for silence; but I give you warning, *c'est pour la dernière fois:* to say truth, they don't seem very reasonable; whatever keeps one at home naturally inclines one to write, especially when you can give a friend so much pleasure as your letters always do to me. Miss Skerret† staid all the remainder of the summer with me, and we are now come to town, where variety of things happen every day. Sophia and I have an immortal quarrel; which, though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to. Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; wherein both the bride and bridegroom are intolerably mauled, especially the last, who is complimented with the hopes of cuckoldom, and forty other things equally obliging. Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner, as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to plague the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse. I know not how to clear myself of this vile imputation, without a train of consequences I have no mind to fall into. In the mean time,

* Who afterward was the wife of her cousin, John Erskine, esq.
† Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and afterward the second wife of Sir Robert Walpole.

Sophia enjoys the pleasure of heartily plaguing both me and that person.

Perhaps I may pass the Christmas holidays at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. The new opera is execrable.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish Square, 1725.

I AM extremely sorry for your indisposition, and did not wait for a letter to write to you, but my Lord C***e has been going every day this five weeks, and I intended to charge him with a packet: nobody ever had such ineffectual charms as his lordship; beauty and money are equally ill bestowed, when a fool has the keeping of them; they are incapable of happiness, and every blessing turns useless in their hands. You advise a change of taste, which, I confess, I have no notion of; I may, with time, change my pursuit, for the same reason that I may feed upon butcher's meat when I am not able to purchase greater delicacies, but I am sure I shall never forget the flavour of *gibier*. In the mean time I divert myself passably enough, and take care to improve as much as possible that stock of vanity and credulity that Heaven in its mercy has furnished me with; being sensible that to those two qualities, simple as they appear, all the pleasures of life are owing. My sister Gower is in town, on the point of lying-in. I see every body, but converse with nobody but *des âmes choises;* in the first rank of these are Lady Stafford and dear Molly Skerret, both of whom have now the additional merit of being old acquaintances, and never having given me any reason to complain of either of them. I pass some days with the Duchess of Montague,* who might be a reigning beauty if she pleased. I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper, that I could be contented without any thing better than this two or three hundred years: but alas!

> Dullness, wrinkles, and disease, must come,
> And age, and death's irrevocable doom.

M. W. M.

* Lady Mary Churchill, fourth and youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough: she died in May, 1757.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1725.

I BELIEVE you have by this time received my letter from the hand of my Lord Clare; however, I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and, I believe, not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever: we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides courts, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 'tis certainly possible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and eat half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter* by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love, Mr. Cook, has fought, and been disarmed, by J. Stapleton, on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. Noel is come out Lady Milsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquets about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, and desire you would be so good to send the other things when you have an opportunity. I have another favour to ask, that you would make my compliments to our English ambassador when you see him. I have a constancy in my nature that makes me always remember my old friends.

M. W. M.

* Honourable Evelyn Leveson Gower, who married John Fitzpatrick, earl of Upper Ossory.

To the Countess of Mar.

Twickenham, 1725.

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear sister; but, ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. I will mention to you some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord B***t, which I really never mentioned to any one; but, as there is never fire without some smoke, these smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer, that if she shewed under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon this the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing, when one sees him next; and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies (for it is impossible to avoid that word) are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober Lady L***re has lost such furious sums at the Bath, that it may be questioned whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my lord's blood, will induce him to forgive her, particularly 700*l.* at one sitting, which is aggravated by many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me as my Lord T——m's shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.

I hear some near relations of ours are at Paris, with whom I think you are not acquainted. I mean Lord Denbigh and his Dutch lady,* who I am very certain has somewhat of French in her composition. She is entertaining enough,

——— extremely gay,
Loves music, company, and play—

I suppose you will see her. M. W. M.

* Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong of Utrecht, in Holland, and sister of the Marchioness of Blandford.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1725.

I AM always pleased to hear from you, dear sister, when you tell me you are well. I believe that you will find, upon the whole, my opinion to be right, that air, exercise, and company, are the best medicines, and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and spoil constitutions.

I am very glad to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris—to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me, at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you, there is little difference between them and old women.

I bear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball, where I was, two days before it happened. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to come to your capital. I am sorry to inform you of the death of our sister Lady Gower's son of the small-pox. I think she has a great deal of reason to regret it; in consideration of the offer I made her two years together of taking the child to my house, where I would have inoculated him with the same care and safety that I did my own.

I know nobody who has hitherto repented the operation, though it has been very troublesome to some fools, who had rather be sick by the doctor's prescriptions, than in health, in rebellion to the college.

It is very true, that if I wrote to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afforded me much matter, gave me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady L*** is too extraordinary not to attract the attention of every body. After having played away her

reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence! All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. M—— has retrieved his grace; and being reconciled to the temporal, has renounced the spiritual; and her friend, Lady H——, by aiming too high, has fallen very low, and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets no one to believe her, the man in question taking a great deal of pains to rid himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea grace of R—— has married her attorney. There's prudence for you!

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, Jan. 1726.

HAVING a few momentary spirits, I take pen in hand, though 'tis impossible to have tenderness for you, without having the spleen upon reading your letter, which will, I hope, be received as a lawful excuse for the dullness of the following lines; and I plead (as I believe I have on different occasions), that I should please you better if I loved you less. My Lord Carleton* has left this transitory world, and disposed of his estate, as he did of his time, between Lady C****n and the Duchess of Q****y. Jewels of great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother, and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair duchess by the hand, and being fed the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying as he had lived, indulging his pleasures. Lady Hervey† makes the top figure in town, and is so good as to *shew* twice a-week at the drawing-room, and twice more at the opera, for the entertainment of the public. As for myself, having nothing to say, I say nothing. I insensibly dwindle into a spectatress, and lead a kind of ——as it were. I wish you were here every day: and I see, in the mean time, Lady Stafford and the Duchess of

* Henry Boyle, fifth son of Richard earl of Orrery, was secretary of state to Queen Anne. Created Baron Carleton 1714, and died 1725.

† Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Le Pel, formerly maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and mistress of the robes to her when Queen Caroline. Married Oct. 25, 1720.

Montague, and Miss Skerret, and really speak to almost nobody else, though I walk about every where. Adieu, dear sister; if my letters could be any consolation to you, I should think my time best spent in writing them.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish Square, 1726.

I WRIT to you some time ago a long letter, which I perceive never came to your hands: very provoking; it was certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of a letter, and worth any of the Savignes or Grignans, crammed with news. And I can't find in my heart to say much in this, because I believe there is some fault in the direction: as soon as I hear you have received this, you shall have a full and true account of the affairs of this island; my own are in the utmost prosperity; add but eternity, you make it heaven.

I shall come to Paris this summer without fail, and endeavour to put you out of your melancholy.

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, London, 1726.

I AM very sorry for your ill health, but hope it is so entirely past, that you have by this time forgot it. I never was better in my life, nor ever past my hours more agreeably; I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually, and have little societies quite to my taste, and that is saying every thing. I leave the great world to girls that know no better, and do not think one bit the worse of myself for having outlived a certain giddiness which is sometimes excusable, but never pleasing. Depend upon it, 'tis only the spleen that gives you those ideas: you may have many delightful days to come, and there is nothing more silly than to be too wise to be happy.

If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Montaigne read.

So much for philosophy.—What do you say to Pelham's marriage? There's flame! there's constancy! If I could

not employ my time better, I would write the history of their loves, in twelve tomes: Lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor king of Assyria; she should be sometimes carried off by the troops of Masques, and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio; but her honour should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress, Mrs. Murray, till her happy nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 'tis a thousand pities I have not time for those vivacities. Here is a book come out,* that all our people of taste run mad about; 'tis no less than the united work of a dignified clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age;† and very wonderful it is, God knows!—great eloquence have they employed to prove themselves beasts, and shew such a veneration for horses, that, since the Essex quaker, nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species; and, to say truth, they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection, I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it. M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1727.

THIS is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, which most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside,—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays, and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the

* The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.
† Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope.

Author of Nature) I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born; and, in submission to the divine justice, I have no doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that, after whining and pining a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came —— though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles in my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel,* who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed effects of disappointment; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!!!*

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1727.

I CANNOT deny, but that I was very well diverted on the coronation day.† I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished, and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the

* Her daughter, afterwards Countess of Bute.
† The coronation of George II. Oct. 27, 1727.

greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her gray hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. J***n had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M***se crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady P***nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy, embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister: I am affectionately yours. M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1727.

My Lady Stafford* set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her: I am more stupid than I describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being

* Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, count of Grammont (the Hero of the celebrated Memoirs), and 'La Belle Hamilton,' eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, earl of Stafford, at St. Germain's-en-laye, 1694.

either: Lady Phil Prat by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers.*

Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; the town never was fuller; and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown-up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you would exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time, I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry, both in face and spirit. *A-propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin, Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter: she has brought with her from Paris cart loads of riband, surprising fashion, and of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and, accordingly, she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly, to shew she has learned to play at cards on that day. Lady Frances† Fielding is really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her surrounded with such as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry, that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.‡ If I was poetical, I would tell you—

The god of love, enrag'd to see
  The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
  And slight a nobler game;

* Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, dean of Downe.

† Afterward the Countess of Winchelsea. Died 1734.

‡ Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney, of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; re-married to Philip Southcote, esq. Died 1746.

For the neglect of offers past,
  And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
  That burns her at threescore.

A polish'd wile is smoothly spread,
  Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And glowing with an artful red,
  She ogles at the play.

Along the Mall she softly sails,
  In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
  And jewels on her breast.

Her children banish'd, age forgot,
  Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
  Has hopes to be her *heir*.

This is all true history, though it is doggrel rhyme: in good earnest, she has turned Lady Barbara* and family out of doors, to make room for him, and there he lies, like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus—'Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!'

M. W. M.

To the Countess of Mar.

Cavendish Square, 1727.

I TAKE this occasion of writing to you, though I have received no answer to my last; but if my letters can give you either consolation or amusement, you need never want them. I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, and think no sort of it worth cherishing. You will wonder, perhaps, that Lord Gower is become a great courtier, and that there is not one tory left in England. There is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will, in an humble way, return to my domestics. I hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of

* Lady Barbara Fitzroy, afterward Countess of Darlington.

the greatest blessings of life. My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which, in my conscience, I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are more equally disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are generally thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *lugubre* as yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I see it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years at the soonest), as a spectator, I shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful, in all ages, in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for your edification; which rules, if you execute with prudence, will disperse melancholy vapours, the sure foundation of all distempers.

I am your affectionate sister,

MARY W. MONTAGU.

LETTERS TO MR. WORTLEY,

DURING HER

SECOND RESIDENCE ABROAD.

To Mr. Wortley.

Calais, July 27, 1739.

I AM safely arrived at Calais, and found myself better on ship-board than I have been these six months; not the least sick, though we had a very high sea, as you may imagine, since we came over in two hours and three quarters. My servants behaved very well; and Mary not in the least afraid, but said she would be drowned very willingly with my ladyship. They ask me here extravagant prices for chaises, of which there are great choice, both French and Italian: I have at last bought one for fourteen guineas, of a man whom Mr. Hall recommended to me. My things have been examined and sealed at the custom house; they took from me a pound of snuff, but did not open my jewel boxes, which they let pass on my word being things belonging to my dress. I set out early to-morrow. I am very impatient to hear from you: I could not stay for the post at Dover for fear of losing the tide. I beg you would be so good as to order Mr. Kent to pack up my side-saddle, and all the tackle belonging to it, in a box to be sent with other things: if (as I hope) I recover my health abroad so much as to ride, I can get none I shall like so well.

To Mr. Wortley.

Dijon, Aug. 18, 1739, N. S.

I AM at length arrived here very safely, and without any bad accident; and so much mended in my health, that I am surprised at it. France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through twenty years ago. Every thing I see speaks in praise of Cardinal Fleury: the roads are all mended, and the great

art of them paved as well as the streets of Paris, planted n both sides like the roads in Holland: and such good are taken against robbers, that you may cross the coun-ry with your purse in your hand; but, as to your travel-ing *incognita*, I may as well walk *incognita* in the Pall-Mall. There is not any town in France where there are ot English, Scotch, or Irish families established; and I ave met with people that have seen me (though often uch as I do not remember to have seen) in every town I ave passed through; and I think the farther I go, the nore acquaintance I meet. Here are in this town no less han sixteen English families of fashion. Lord Mansel odges in the house with me, and a daughter of Lord Bathurst's (Mrs. Whitshed) is in the same street. The Duke of Rutland is gone from hence some time ago, as Lady Peterborough told me at St. Omer's; which was one eason that determined me to come here, thinking to be uiet; but I find it impossible, and that will make me ave the place, after the return of this post. The French re more changed than their roads; instead of pale, yel-ow faces, wrapped up in blankets, as we saw them, the illages are all filled with fresh-coloured lusty peasants, n good clothes and clean linen. It is incredible what an r of plenty and content is over the whole country. I ope to hear, as soon as possible, that you are in good ealth.

To Mr. Wortley.

Turin, Sept. 10, 1739.

AM now, thank God, happily past the Alps. I believe wrote to you, that I had met English of my acquaint-ice in every town in France. This fortune continued to e last; for at Port Beauvoison I met Lord Carlisle, who as in the inn when I arrived, and immediately came to fer me his room, his cook to dress my supper (he him-lf having supped before I came in), and all sorts of civi-y. We passed the evening together, and had a great al of discourse. He said he liked Rome so well, that should not have left it so soon, but on account of Lord orpeth, who was so ill there, that he was not yet reco-red, and now carried in a litter. His distemper has en the bloody flux, which returned upon him in the

mountains with so much violence, they had been kept three weeks at a miserable village; he is still so weak that I did not see him. My Lord Carlisle* told me, that next to Rome the best place to stay in Italy is, without contradiction, Venice: that the impertinence of the little sovereigns in other countries is intolerable. I have no objection to his advice, but the fear of the air not agreeing with me, though my journey has now so far established my health, that I have lost all my bad symptoms, and am ready to think I could even bear the damps of London. I will therefore venture to try, and if I find Venice too cold or moist (which I am more afraid of), I can remove very easily; though I resolve against Rome, on an account which you may guess. My Lord Carlisle said, he thought me in the right; that it is very hard to avoid meeting a certain person; and there are so many little dirty spies that write any lie which comes in their heads, that the doing it may be dangerous. I have received a letter from Lady Pomfret, that she is leaving Vienna, and intends for Venice, which is another inducement to me to go there; but the chief is the hopes of living as quietly and as privately as I please, which hitherto I have found impossible. The English resident here, Mr. Villette, &c. came to wait on me the very night of my arrival, to my great surprise. I found the intelligence came from the king of Sardinia's officers, who were at Pont Voisin, and had learnt my name from Lord Carlisle's servants. I have been obliged to excuse my going to court, as having no court dress, and saying that I intended to leave the town in a few days. However, I have not been able to avoid the visits that have been made to me.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Sept. 25, 1739.

I AM at length happily arrived here, I thank God; I wish it had been my original plan, which would have saved me some money and fatigue; though I have not much reason to regret the last, since I am convinced it has greatly contributed to the restoration of my health. I met nothing disagreeable on my journey but too much company.

* This was Henry Howard, earl of Carlisle, died in 1758; his son Charles, lord Morpeth, in August, 1741.

ind (contrary to the rest of the world), I did not think nyself so considerable as I am; for I verily believe, if ne of the pyramids of Egypt had travelled, it could not ave been more followed; and if I had received all the isits that have been intended me, I should have stopped t least two years in every town I came through. I liked Milan so well, that, if I had not desired all my letters to e directed hither, I think I should have been tempted to tay there. One of the pleasures I found there was the Borromean library, where all strangers have free access; nd not only so, but liberty, on giving a note for it, to take ny printed book home with them. I saw several curious manuscripts there; and, as a proof of my recovery, I went p to the very top of the dome of the great church without any assistance. I am now in a lodging on the great anal. Lady Pomfret* is not yet arrived, but I expect er very soon; and if the air does not disagree with me, intend seeing the Carnival here. I hope your health continues, and that I shall hear from you very soon.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, October 14, 1739.

FIND myself very well here. I am visited by the most onsiderable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers, who have most of them made entertainments for me. dined yesterday at the Spanish ambassador's, who even urpassed the French in magnificence. He let me in at he hall-door, and the lady met me at the stair head, to onduct me through the long apartment; in short, they ould not have shewn me more honours, if I had been an mbassadress. She desired me to think myself Patrona el Casa, and offered me all the services in her power, to ait on me when I pleased, &c. They have the finest alace in Venice. What is very convenient, I hear it is ot at all expected that I should make any dinners, it not eing the fashion for any body to do it here, but the fo-

* Henrietta Louisa, daughter and heir of the second Lord fferies, and wife of Thomas earl of Pomfret. She mostly reled at Rome, where she wrote the Life of Vandyck. A part of e collection of marbles made by Thomas earl of Arundel, havg been purchased by William earl of Pomfret, was given by er to the university of Oxford, in 1758. They are peculiarly luable.

reign ministers; and I find I can live here very genteelly on my allowance. I have already a very agreeable general acquaintance; though when I came, here was no one I had ever seen in my life, but the Cavaliere Grimani, and the Abbe Conti. I must do them the justice to say they have taken pains to be obliging to me. The procurator brought his niece (who is at the head of his family) to wait on me; and they invited me to reside with them at their palace on the Brent, but I did not think it proper to accept of it. He also introduced to me the Signora Pisani Mocenigo, who is the most considerable lady here. The nuncio is particularly civil to me; he has been several times to see me, and has offered me the use of his box at the opera. I have many others at my service, and in short it is impossible for a stranger to be better received than I am. Here are no English, except a Mr. Bertie and his governor, who arrived two days ago, and who intend but a short stay.

I hope you are in good health, and that I shall hear of it before you can receive this letter.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Dec. 25, 1739, O.S.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday, dated Dec. 7. I find my health very well here, notwithstanding the cold, which is very sharp, but the sun shines as clear as at Midsummer. I am treated here with more distinction than I could possibly expect. I went to see the ceremony of high mass celebrated by the doge, on Christmas eve. He appointed a gallery for me and the prince of Wolfembatch, where no other person was admitted but those of our company. A greater compliment could not have been paid me if I had been a sovereign princess. The doge's niece (he having no lady) met me at the palace-gate, and led me through the palace to the church of St. Mark, where the ceremony was performed in the pomp you know, and we were not obliged to any act of adoration. The electoral Prince of Saxony is here in public, and makes a prodigious expense. His governor is Count Wackerbart, son to that Madame Wackerbart, with whom I was so intimate at Vienna; on which account he shews me particular civilities, and obliges hi

pupil to do the same. I was last night at an entertainment made for him by the Signora Pisani Mocenigo, which was one of the finest I ever saw, and he desired me to sit next to him in a great chair: in short I have all the reason that can be, to be satisfied with my treatment in this town; and I am glad I met Lord Carlisle, who directed me hither.

I have so little correspondence at London, I should be pleased to hear from you whatever happens among my acquaintance. I am sorry for Mr. Pelham's misfortune;* though 'tis long since, that I have looked on the hopes of continuing a family as one of the vainest of mortal prospects.

> Tho' Solomon with a thousand wives,
> To get a wise successor strives;
> But one, and he a fool, survives.

The procurator of St. Mark has desired his compliments to you whenever I write.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Jan. 25, 1639—40.

I WROTE to you last post; but as I do not know whether I was particular enough in answering all the questions you asked me, I had the following account, which I do not wonder will surprise you, since both the Procurator Grimani and the Abbe Conti tell me often, that these last twenty years have so far changed the customs of Venice, that they hardly know it for the same country. Here are several foreign ladies of quality, I mean Germans, and from other parts of Italy: but not one Frenchwoman. They are all well received by the *gentil donnas*, who make a vanity in introducing them to the assemblies and their public diversions, though all those ladies, as well as myself, go frequently to the Princess of Campo Florida's (the Spanish ambassadress) assembly. She is, in a very particular manner, obliging to me, and is I really think one of the best sort of women I ever knew. The Neapolitan (though he has been here some months) makes his public entry to-day, which I am to go see about an hour hence. He gives a great entertainment to-night, where all the noble

* He had two sons of whom he was deprived in two successive days, the 27th and 28th of November, 1739.

Venetians of both sexes will be in mask. I am engaged to go with the Signora Justiniani Granedigo, who is one of the first ladies here. The Prince of Saxony has invited me to come into his box at the opera; but I have not yet accepted of it, he having always the four ladies with him, that are wives to the four senators deputed to do the honours of Venice; and I am afraid they should think I interfere with them in the honour of his conversation, which they are very fond of, and have behaved very coldly to some other noble Venetian ladies that have taken the liberty of his box. I will be directed in this (as I am in all public matters) by the Procurator Grimani. My letter is shortened by the arrival of the signora.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, March 29, 1740.

THE letters Mr. Waters mentions from ——— were pretty much in the usual style; he desires to leave the town where he now is, because he says there is no temptation to riot, and he would shew how able he is to resist it; I answer him this post, and shall endeavour to shew him mildly the necessity of being easy in his present situation. Now Lord Granby* leaves this place to-morrow, to set out for Constantinople; the Prince of Saxony stays till the second of May; in the mean time there are entertainments given him almost every day of one sort or other, and a regatta preparing, which is expected by all strangers with great impatience. He went to see the arsenal three days ago, waited on by a numerous nobility of both sexes; the Bucentaur was adorned and launched, a magnificent collation given, and we sailed a little way in it; I was in company with the Signora Justiniani Granedigo, and Signora Marino Cizzo. As you have been at Venice, there is no occasion of describing these things to you. There were two cannons founded in his presence, and a galley built and launched in an hour's time. Last night there was a concert of voices and instruments at the Hospital of the Incurabili, where there were two girls, that in the opinion of

* John Manners, the heroic marquis of Granby, was born in 1720. Commander-in-chief in Germany, 1762. He died 1770.

all people, excel either Faustina or Cuzzoni, but you know they are never permitted to sing on any theatre.

Lord Fitzwilliam is expected in this town to-night, on his return to England, as I am told. The prince's behaviour is very obliging to all, and in no part of it liable to censure, though I think there is nothing to be said in praise of his genius; and I suppose you know he has been lame from his birth, and is carried about in a chair, though a beautiful person from the waist upwards; it is said his family design him for the church, he having four brothers who are fine children. The weather is now very fine: we have had none of the canals frozen, in the coldest part of the winter, but the mountains are still covered with snow.

Your last letters have said nothing of my baggage. If there is danger of its being taken by the privateers, I had rather it staid in England, and I would go into the southern part of France, where it might be conveyed to me without hazard, than risk the loss of it. If there is a probability of a rupture with France, I can go to Avignon.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, April 19, 1740, N. S.

I RECEIVED yours of January 1st but yesterday: for which reason I think it useless to answer it at present, but if I find any occasion, shall not fail to follow your orders. Lord Granby is set out on his journey for Constantinople. Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarity with which I am received by the noble ladies. Every body tells me ''tis what never was done to myself;' and I own I have a little vanity in it, because the French ambassador told me when I first came, that though the Procurator Grimani might persuade them to visit me, he defied me to enter into any sort of intimacy with them: instead of which they call me out almost every day on some diversion or other, and are desirous to have me in all their parties of pleasure. I am invited to-morrow to the Foscarini to dinner, which is to be followed by a concert and a ball, where I shall be the only stranger, though here at present a great number are come to see the Regatta, which is fixed for the 29th of this

month, N. S. I shall see it at the Procurator Grimani's, where there will be a great entertainment that day. My own house is very well situated to see it, being on the Grand Canal; but I would not refuse him and his niece, since they seem desirous of my company, and I shall oblige some other ladies with my windows. They are hired at a great rate to see the show. I suppose you know the nature of it, but if it will be any amusement, I will send you a particular description.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, June 1, 1740.

I WROTE you a long letter yesterday, which I sent by a private hand, who will see it safely delivered. It is impossible to be better treated, I may even say more courted, than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember, I have always told you it is in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons. As to the bill, I perfectly remember the paying of it; which you may easily believe when you inquire, that all auction bills are paid at farthest within eight days after the sale: the date of this is March 1, and I did not leave London till July 25; and in that time have been at many other auctions, particularly Lord Halifax's, which was a short time before my journey. This is not the first of Cock's* mistakes; he is famous for making them, which are (he says) the faults of his servants. You seem to mention the Regatta in a manner as if you would be pleased with a description of it. It is a race of boats: they are accompanied by vessels which they call Piotes or Bichones, that have a mind to display their magnificence; they are a sort of machines adorned with all that sculpture and gilding can do to make a shining appearance. Several of them cost one thousand pounds sterling, and I believe none less than five hundred; they are rowed by gondoliers dressed in rich habits, suitable to what they represent. There were enough of them to look like a little fleet, and I own I never saw a finer sight. It would be too long to describe every one in particular: I shall only name the principal.—The Signora Pi-

* This was a famous auctioneer. In his day he took the lead in his trade.

sani Mocinego's represented the chariot of the Night, drawn by four sea-horses, and shewing the rising of the moon, accompanied with stars; the statues on each side representing the hours, to the number of twenty-four, rowed by gondoliers in rich liveries, which were changed three times, all of equal richness, and the decorations changed also to the dawn of Aurora and the mid-day sun, the statues being new dressed every time, the first in green, the second time in red, and the last blue, all equally laced with silver, there being three races. Signor Soranto represented the kingdom of Poland, with all the provinces and rivers in that dominion, with a concert of the best instrumental music, in rich Polish habits; the painting and gilding were exquisite in their kinds. Signor Contarini's piote shewed the liberal arts; Apollo was seated on the stern upon mount Parnassus, Pegasus behind, and the Muses seated round him: opposite was a figure representing Painting, with Fame blowing her trumpet; and on each side Sculpture and Music in their proper dresses. The Procurator Foscarini's was the chariot of Flora guided by Cupids, and adorned with all sorts of flowers, rose-trees, &c. Signor Julio Contarini's represented the triumph of Valour; Victory was on the stern, and all the ornaments warlike trophies of every kind. Signor Correri's was the Adriatic Sea, receiving into her arms the Hope of Saxony. Signor Alvisio Mocinego's was the garden of Hesperides: the whole fable was represented by different statues. Signor Querini had the chariot of Venus drawn by doves, so well done, they seemed ready to fly upon the water; the Loves and Graces attended her. Signor Paul Doria had the chariot of Diana, who appeared hunting in a large wood; the trees, hounds, stag, and nymphs, all done naturally: the gondoliers dressed like peasants attending the chase; and Endymion, lying under a large tree, gazing on the goddess. Signor Angelo Labbia represented Poland crowning Saxony, waited on by the Virtues and subject provinces. Signor Angelo Molino was Neptune waited on by the Rivers. Signor Vicenzo Morosini's piote shewed the triumphs of Peace; Discord being chained at her feet, and she surrounded with the Pleasures, &c.

I believe you are already weary of this description, which can give you but a very imperfect idea of the show;

but I must say one word of the bichones, which are less vessels, quite open, some representing gardens, others apartments, all the oars being gilt either with gold or silver, and the gondoliers' liveries either velvet or rich silk, with a profusion of lace, fringe, and embroidery. I saw this show at the Procurator Grimani's house, which was near the place where the prizes were delivered: there was a great assembly invited on the same occasion, which were all nobly entertained. I can get no better ink here, though I have tried several times, and it is a great vexation to me to want it.

To Mr. Wortley.

Florence, August 11, 1740.

THIS is a very fine town, and I am much amused with visiting the gallery, which I do not doubt you remember too well to need any description of. Lord and Lady Pomfret take pains to make the place agreeable to me, and I have been visited by the greatest part of the people of quality. Here is an opera which I have heard twice, but it is not so fine either for voices or decorations as that at Venice. I am very willing to be at Leghorn when my things arrive, which I fear will hinder my visiting Rome this season, except they come sooner than is generally expected. If I could go from thence by sea to Naples with safety, I should prefer it to a land journey, which I am told is very difficult; and that it is impossible I should stay there long, the people being entirely unsociable. I do not desire much company, but would not confine myself to a place where I can see none. I have written to your daughter, directed to Scotland, this post.

To Mr. Wortley.

Rome, Oct. 24, 1740.

ARRIVED here in good health three days ago, and this the first post-day. I have taken a lodging for a month, which is (as they tell me) but a short time to take a view of all the antiquities, &c. that are to be seen. From hence I purpose to set out for Naples. I am told by every body that I shall not find it agreeable to reside in. I expect Lady Pomfret here in a few days. It is summer here,

and I left winter at Florence; the snows having begun to fall on the mountains. I shall probably see the new ceremony of *the Pope's taking possession of the Vatican, which is said to be the finest that is ever performed at Rome. I have no news to send from hence. If you would have me speak to any particular point, I beg you will let me know it, and I will give you the best information I am able.

To Mr. Wortley.

Rome, Nov. 1, 1740.

I HAVE now been here a week, and am very well diverted with viewing the fine buildings, paintings, and antiquities. I have neither made nor received one visit, nor sent word to any body of my arrival, on purpose to avoid interruptions of that sort. The weather is so fine, that I walk every evening in a different beautiful garden; and I own I am charmed with what I see of this town, though there yet remains a great deal more to be seen. I purpose making a stay of a month, which shall be entirely taken up in that employment, and then I will remove to Naples, to avoid, if possible, feeling the winter. I do not trouble you with any descriptions, since you have been here, and I suppose very well remember every thing that is worth remembering; but (as I mentioned in my last) if you would have me speak to any particular point, I will give you the best information in my power. Direct your next letter to Monsieur Belloni, banquier at Rome. He will take care to deliver it to me, either here or at Naples. Letters are very apt to miscarry, especially those to this place.

To Mr. Wortley.

Rome, Nov. 12, 1740.

I SHALL set out for Naples on next Friday: I do not doubt liking the situation, but by all the information I can get, it will be every way improper for my residence; and I purpose no longer stay there, than is necessary to see

* This was Benedict XIV. Though all the ceremonies of the papal church are pompous, this has always been performed with circumstances of great splendour.

what is curious. I have been very diligent in viewing every thing here; and making no acquaintance, that I might have no interruption. Here is a statue of Antinous lately found, which is said to be equal to any in Rome, and is to be sold; perhaps the Duke of Bedford might be glad to hear of it. I do not hear of one valuable picture that is to be purchased. It has been this last week as dark and rainy as ever I saw it in England. Your letter of September 23, came to me but this day. I perceive letters are stopped and perused more carefully than ever, which hinders my writing any of the reports I hear; some of them are very extraordinary. The emperor's ambassador here has taken the character of the Queen of Bohemia's, and as such, presented his credentials, which have been received.

To Mr. Wortley.

Naples, Nov. 23, N. S. 1740.

I ARRIVED here last night, after a very disagreeable journey: I would not in my last give you any account of the present state of Rome, knowing all letters are opened there; but I cannot help mentioning what is more curious than all the antiquities, which is, that there is literally no money in the whole town, where they follow Mr. Law's scheme, and live wholly upon paper.

Belloni, who is the greatest banker not only of Rome but all Italy, furnished me with fifty sequins, which he solemnly swore was all the money he had in the house. They go to market with paper, pay the lodgings with paper, and, in short, there is no specie to be seen, which raises the price of every thing to the utmost extravagance, nobody knowing what to ask for their goods. It is said the present pope* (who has a very good character) has declared he will endeavour a remedy, though it is very difficult to find one. He was bred a lawyer, and has passed the greatest part of his life in that profession; and is so sensible of the misery of the state, that he is reported to have said, that he never thought himself in want till his elevation. He has no relations that he takes any notice of; but the country belonging to him, which I have passed,

* Benedict XIV.

is almost uninhabited, and in poverty beyond any thing I ever saw. The kingdom of Naples appears gay and flourishing; and the town so crowded with people, that I have with great difficulty got a very sorry lodging.

To Mr. Wortley.

Naples, Dec. 6. 1740.

I HEARD last night the good news of the arrival of the ship, on which my things are loaded, at Leghorn: it would be easy to have them conveyed hither. I like the climate extremely, which is now so soft, that I am actually sitting without any want of a fire. I do not find the people so savage as they were represented to me. I have received visits from several of the principal ladies; and I think I could meet with as much company here as I desire; but here is one article both disagreeable and incommodious, which is the grandeur of the equipages. Two coaches, two running footmen, four other footmen, a gentleman usher, and two pages, are as necessary here as the attendance of a single servant is at London. All the Spanish customs are observed very rigorously. I could content myself with all of them except this: but I see plainly, from my own observation as well as intelligence, that it is not to be dispensed with, which I am heartily vexed at.

The affairs of Europe are now so uncertain, that it appears reasonable to me to wait a little, before I fix my residence, that I may not find myself in the theatre of war, which is threatened on all sides. I hope you have the continuation of your health; mine is very well established at present. The town lately discovered is at Portici, about three miles from this place. Since the first discovery, no care has been taken, and the ground fallen in, so that the present passage to it is, as I am told by every body, extremely dangerous, and for some time nobody ventures into it. I have been assured by some English gentlemen, who were let down into it last year, that the whole account given in the newspapers is literally true. Probably great curiosities may be found there; but there has been no expense made, either by propping the ground or clearing a way into it; and as the earth falls in daily

it will possibly be soon stopped up, as it was before. I wrote to you, last post, a particular account of my reasons for not choosing my residence here, though the air is very agreeable to me, and I see I could have as much company as I desire; but I am persuaded the climate is much changed since you knew it. The weather is now very moist and misty, and has been so for a long time; however, it is much softer than in any other place I know. I desire you would direct to Monsieur Belloni, banker, at Rome; he will forward your letters wherever I am; the present uncertain situation of affairs all over Europe makes every correspondence precarious.

To Mr. Wortley.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1740-1, N. S.

I RETURNED hither last night, after six weeks' stay at Naples; great part of that time was vainly taken up in endeavouring to satisfy your curiosity and my own, in relation to the late discovered town of Herculaneum. I waited eight days in hopes of permission to see the pictures and other rarities taken from thence, which are preserved in the king's palace at Portici; but I found it was to no purpose, his majesty keeping the key in his own cabinet, which he would not part with, though the Prince de Zathia (who is one of his favourites) I believe very sincerely tried his interest to obtain it for me. He is son to the Spanish ambassador I knew at Venice, and both he and his lady loaded me with civilities at Naples. The court in general is more barbarous than any of the ancient Goths. One proof of it, among many others, was melting down a beautiful copper statue of a vestal found in this new ruin, to make medallions for the late solemn christening. The whole court follow the Spanish customs and politics. I could say a good deal on this subject if I thought my letter would come safe to your hands; the apprehension it may not, hinders my answering another inquiry you make, concerning a family here, of which indeed I can say little, avoiding all commerce with those that frequent it. Here are some young English travellers; among them Lord Strafford* behaves himself really very modestly and gen-

* William Wentworth; he was the fourth Earl of Straffor d and married Lady Anne, the second daughter of John duke o

teely, and has lost the pertness he acquired in his mother's assembly. Lord Lincoln appears to have spirit and sense, and professes great abhorrence of all measures destructive to the liberty of his country. I do not know how far the young men may be corrupted on their return, but the majority of those I have seen, have seemed strongly in the same sentiment. Lady Newburgh's eldest daughter, whom I believe you may have seen at Lord Westmoreland's, is married to Count Mahony, who is in great figure at Naples: she was extremely obliged to me; they made a fine entertainment for me, carried me to the opera, and were civil to me to the utmost of their power. If you should happen to see Mrs. Bulkely, I wish you make her some compliment upon it. I received this day yours of the 20th and 28th of November.

To Mr. Wortley.

Leghorn, Feb. 25, 1740-1, N. S.

I ARRIVED here last night, and have received this morning the bill of seven hundred and five dollars, odd money.

I shall be a little more particular in my accounts from hence than I durst be from Rome, where all the letters are opened and often stopped. I hope you had mine, relating to the antiquities in Naples. I shall now say something of the court of Rome. The first minister, Cardinal Valenti, has one of the best characters I ever heard of, though of no great birth, and has made his fortune by an attachment to the Duchess of Salviati. The present pope is very much beloved, and seems desirous to ease the people, and deliver them out of the miserable poverty they are reduced to. I will send you the history of his elevation, as I had it from a very good hand, if it will be any amusement to you. I never saw the chevalier during my whole stay at Rome. I saw his two sons at a public ball in mask; they were very richly adorned with jewels. The eldest seems thoughtless enough, and is really not unlike Mr. Lyttleton* in his shape and air. The youngest

Argyle, sister of Lady Mary Coke and Lady Betty Mackenzie. He built Wentworth Castle, in Yorkshire, and was eminently skilled in architecture and vertu. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with the last Lord Orford, in the fifth volume of whose works his correspondence is published, from 1756 to 1790.

† George afterwards Lord Lyttleton.

is very well made, dances finely, and has an ingenuous countenance; he is but fourteen years of age. The family live very splendidly, yet pay every body, and (wherever they get it) are certainly in no want of money. I heard at Rome the truly tragical history of the Princess Sobieski, which is very different from what was said at London. The pope, Clement the Twelfth, was commonly supposed her lover, and she used to go about in his state coach to the scandal of the people. Her husband's mistress spirited him up to resent it, so far that he left Rome upon it, and she retired to a convent, where she destroyed herself. The English travellers at Rome behaved in general very discreetly. I have reason to speak well of them, since they were all exceedingly obliging to me. It may sound a little vain to say it, but they really paid a regular court to me, as if I had been their queen, and their governors told me, that the desire of my approbation had a very great influence on their conduct. While I staid there was neither gaming nor any sort of extravagance. I used to preach to them very freely, and they all thanked me for it. I shall stay some time in this town, where I expect Lady Pomfret. I think I have answered every particular you seemed curious about. If there be any other point you would have me speak of, I will be as exact as I can.

To Mr. Wortley.

Turin, April 11, 1741.

I TAKE this opportunity of writing to you on many subjects in a freer manner than I durst do by the post, knowing that all letters are opened both here and in other places, which occasion them to be often lost, besides other inconveniences that may happen. The English politics are the general jest of all the nations I have passed through: and even those who profit by our folly cannot help laughing at our notorious blunders; though they are all persuaded that the minister does not act from weakness but corruption, and that the Spanish gold influences his measures. I had a long discourse with Count Mahony on this subject, who said, very freely, that half the ships sent to the coast of Naples, that have lain idle in our ports last summer, would have frightened the Queen of Spain into a submis-

sion to whatever terms we thought proper to impose. The people, who are loaded with taxes, hate the Spanish government, of which I have had daily proofs, hearing them curse the English for bringing their king to them, whenever they saw any of our nation: but I am not much surprised at the ignorance of our ministers, after seeing what creatures they employ to send them intelligence. Except Mr. Villette, at this court, there is not one that has common sense: I say this without prejudice, all of them having been as civil and serviceable to me as they could. I was told at Rome, and convinced of it by circumstances, that there have been great endeavours to raise up a sham plot: the person who told it me was an English antiquarian, who said he had been offered any money to send accusations. The truth is he had carried a letter, written by Mr. Mann,* from Florence to that purpose to him, which he shewed in the English palace; however, I believe he is a spy, and made use of that stratagem to gain credit. This court makes great preparations for war: the king is certainly no bright genius, but has great natural humanity: his minister, who has absolute power, is generally allowed to have sense; as a proof of it, he is not hated as the generality of ministers are. I have seen neither of them, not going to court, because I will not be at the trouble and expense of the dress, which is the same as at Vienna. I sent my excuse by Mr. Villette, as I hear is commonly practised by ladies that are only passengers. I have had a great number of visitors; the nobility piquing themselves on civility to strangers. The weather is still exceedingly cold, and I do not intend to move till I have the prospect of a pleasant journey.

To Mr. Wortley.

Genoa, July 15, 1741.

It is so long since I have heard from you, that though I hope your silence is occasioned by your being in the country, yet I cannot help being very uneasy, and in some apprehension that you are indisposed. I wrote you word, some time ago, that I have taken a house here for the remainder of the summer, and desired you would direct,

* Sir Horace Mann.

Recommandé a Monsieur Birtles, Consul de S. M. Britannique. I saw in the last newspagers (which he sends me) the death of Lord Oxford. I am vexed at it, for the reasons you know, and recollect what I've often heard you say, that it is impossible to judge what is best for ourselves. I received yesterday the bill for ———, for which I return you thanks. If I wrote you all the political stories I hear, I should have a great deal to say. A great part is not true, and what I think so, I dare not mention, in consideration of the various hands this paper must pass through before it reaches you. Lord Lincoln* and Mr. Walpole† (youngest son to Sir Robert) left this place two days ago; they visited me during their short stay; they are gone to Marseilles, and design passing some months in the south of France.——— I have had a particular account of Lord Oxford's death from a very good hand, which he advanced by choice, refusing all remedies till it was too late to make use of them. There was a will found, dated 1728, in which he gave every thing to my lady; which has affected her very much. Notwithstanding the many reasons she had to complain of him, I always thought there was more weakness than dishonesty in his actions, and is a confirmation of the truth of that maxim of Mr. Rochefoucault, *un sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être honnête homme.*‡

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To Mr. Wortley.

Genoa, Aug. 25, 1741, N. S.

I RECEIVED yours of the 27th July this morning. I had that of March 19, which I answered very particularly the following post, with many thanks for the increase of my allowance. It appears to me that the letters I wrote between the 11th of April and the 31st of May were lost, which I am not surprised at. I was then at Turin, and that court in a very great confusion, and extremely jealous of me, thinking I came to examine their conduct. I have some proof of this, which I do not repeat, lest this should be stopped also.

* Henry Clifton, earl of Lincoln, married Catharine, daughter of Henry Pelham, and was afterward Duke of Newcastle.

† Honourable Horace Walpole, the last earl of Orford, then on his travels.

‡ A fool has not wit enough to be an honest man.

The manners of Italy are so much changed since we were here last, the alteration is scarcely credible. They say it has been by the last war. The French, being masters, introduced all their customs, which were eagerly embraced by the ladies, and I believe will never be laid aside; yet the different governments make different manners in every state. You know, though the republic is not rich, here are many private families vastly so, and live at a great superfluous expense: all the people of the first quality keep coaches as fine as the speaker's, and some of them two or three, though the streets are too narrow to use them in the town; but they take the air in them, and their chairs carry them to the gates. The liveries are all plain: gold or silver being forbidden to be worn within the walls, the habits are all obliged to be black, but they wear exceeding fine lace and linen; and in their country-houses, which are generally in the fauxbourg, they dress very richly, and have extremely fine jewels. Here is nothing cheap but houses. A palace fit for a prince may be hired for fifty pounds per annum: I mean unfurnished. All games of chance are strictly prohibited, and it seems to me the only law they do not try to evade: they play at quadrille, picquet, &c. but not high. Here are no regular public assemblies. I have been visited by all of the first rank, and invited to several fine dinners, particularly to the wedding of one of the house of Spinola, where there were ninety-six sat down to table, and I think the entertainment one of the finest I ever saw. There was the night following a ball and supper for the same company, with the same profusion. They tell me that all their great marriages are kept in the same public manner. Nobody keeps more than two horses, all their journeys being post; the expense of them, including the coachman, is (I am told) fifty pounds per annum. A chair is very nearly as much; I gave eighteen francs a-week for mine. The senators can converse with no strangers during the time of their magistracy, which lasts two years. The number of servants is regulated, and almost every lady has the same, which is two footmen, a gentleman-usher, and a page, who follow her chair.

To Mr. Wortley.

Geneva, Oct. 12, 1741.

I ARRIVED here last night, where I find every thing quite different from what it was represented to me; it is not the first time it has so happened to me on my travels. Every thing is as dear as it is at London. 'Tis true, as all equipages are forbidden, that expense is entirely retrenched. I have been visited this morning by some of the chiefs of the town, who seem extremely good sort of people, which is their general character; very desirous of attracting strangers to inhabit with them, and consequently very officious in all they imagine can please them. The way of living is absolutely the reverse of that in Italy. Here is no show, and a great deal of eating; there is all the magnificence imaginable, and no dinners but on particular occasions; yet the difference of the prices renders the total expense very nearly equal. As I am not yet determined whether I shall make any considerable stay, I desire not to have the money you intended me, till I ask for it. If you have any curiosity for the present condition of any of the states of Italy, I believe I can give you a truer account than perhaps any other traveller can do, having always had the good fortune of a sort of intimacy with the first persons in the governments where I resided, and they not guarding themselves against the observations of a woman, as they would have done from those of a man.

To Mr. Wortley.

Geneva, Nov. 5, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE been here a month: I have wrote to you three times without hearing from you, and cannot help being uneasy at your silence. I think this air does not agree with my health. I have had a return of many complaints from which I had an entire cessation during my stay in Italy, which makes me incline to return thither, though a winter journey over the Alps is very disagreeable. The people here are very well to be liked, and this little republic has an air of the simplicity of old Rome in its earliest age. The magistrates toil with their own hands, and their wives literally dress their dinners against their return from their little senate. Yet, without dress or equipage,

'tis as dear living here for a stranger, as in places where one is obliged to both, from the price of all sort of provision, which they are forced to buy from their neighbours, having almost no land of their own. I am very impatient to hear from you. Here are many reports concerning the English affairs, which I am sometimes splenetic enough to give credit to.

To Mr. Wortley.

Chamberry, Nov. 30, 1741, N. S.

I RECEIVED this morning yours of October 26, which has taken me out of the uneasiness of fearing for your health. I suppose you know before this the Spaniards are landed at different ports in Italy, &c. When I received early information of the design, I had the charity to mention it to the English consul (without naming my informer); he laughed, and answered it was impossible. This may serve for a small specimen of the general good intelligence our wise ministry have of all foreign affairs. If you were acquainted with the people whom they employ, you would not be surprised at it. Except Mr. Villette at Turin (who is a very reasonable man), there is not one of them who knows any thing more of the country they inhabit, than that they eat and sleep in it. I have wrote you word that I have left Geneva on the sharpness of the air, which much disagreed with me. I find myself better here, though the weather is very cold at present. Yet this situation is not subject to those terrible winds which reign at Geneva. I dare write you no news, though I hear a great deal. Direct to me at Chamberry *en Savoye, par Paris.*

To Mr. Wortley.

Chamberry, Dec. 22, 1741.

I HAVE not heard from you since I came to this place; but I think it very possible the letters may have miscarried: at this crisis all are suspected and opened, and consequently often lost. I send this by way of Geneva, and desire you would direct thither for me, recommended to Monsieur Guillaume Boisier.

The company here is very good and sociable; and I

have reason to believe the air is the best in the world, if I am to form a judgment of it from the health and long life of the inhabitants. I have half a dozen friends, male and female, who are all of them near or past fourscore, who look and go about as if they were but forty. The provisions of all sorts are extremely good, and the wine is, I think, the most agreeable I ever tasted: and though the ground is now covered with snow, I know nobody troubled with colds, and I observe very few chronical distempers. The greatest inconvenience of the country is the few tolerable rides that are to be picked out, the roads being all mountainous and stony; however, I have got a little horse, and sometimes ramble about after the manner of the Duchess of Cleveland, which is the only fashion of riding here.

I am very impatient to hear from you, and hope your business does not injure your health.

To Mr. Wortley.

Chamberry, Jan. 25, 1741.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours of Nov. 25 yesterday, and am very glad to find by it that you are arrived in London in good health. I heartily wish you the continuance of it. My deafness lasted only a fortnight, though it frighted me very much. I have had no return of it since. Your advice to Mr. M. was certainly right, but I am not surprised he did not follow it. I believe there are few men in the world (I never knew any), capable of such a strength of resolution as yourself. I have answered your letter from Vienna, but as you do not mention having received mine, perhaps it is lost. I shall add a word or two more concerning the use of Turkish wheat. It is generally declaimed against by all the doctors; and some of them have wrote treatises to shew the ill-consequences of it, in which they say, that since it has been sown (which is not above one hundred years), it may be proved from the registers that the mortality is greater amongst the country people than it was formerly. I believe that may be true in regard to children, who are apt to eat greedily, it being very heavy of digestion; but to those whose stomachs can bear it, and eat it with moderation, I am

persuaded it is a clean strengthening diet. I have made strict observations and inquiries on the health and manner of life of the countries in which I have resided, and have found little difference in the length of life.

It is true, gout, stone, and small-pox (so frequent with us), are little known here: in recompense, pleurisies, peripneumonies, and fevers (especially malignant), are far more usual: and I am clearly of opinion, that, if an exact computation were made, as many die in Brescia, as in London, in proportion to the different numbers. I have not heard from my daughter for a long time, which may be occasioned by the bad weather. I hope both you and she are well. I have wrote to her many long letters.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, June 1, 1743.

I HOPE you will take care not to return to London, while it is in this unhealthy state. We are now very clear in these parts. Mrs. Bosville is gone to Turin, where they intend to reside; she had the good fortune to meet an English man-of-war on the coast, without which she would have found the passage very difficult. She had so much her journey at heart, that she undertook to ride over the mountains from Nissa to Savona, but I believe (notwithstanding her youth and spirit) would have found the execution impossible. She has chosen the most agreeable court in Europe, where the English are extremely caressed; but it is necessary to be young and gay for such projects. All mine terminate in quiet; and if I can end my days without great pain, it is the utmost of my ambition. All the English without distinction see the Duke of Ormond:* Lord Chesterfield (who you know is related to him) lay at his house during his stay in this town; and to say truth, nobody can be more insignificant. He keeps an assembly where all the best company go twice in a week; I have been there sometimes, nor is it possible to avoid it while I stay here; I came hither not knowing where else to be secure, there being, at that time, strong appearances of an approaching rupture with France, and all Italy being in a

* For some particular parts of his conduct, he was attainted in 1716.

flame. The duke lives here in great magnificence, is quite inoffensive, seems to have forgotten every part of his past life, and to be of no party: and indeed this is perhaps the town in the whole world where politics are the least talked of.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, Dec. 20, 1743.

I RECEIVED yours of the 24th of November, O.S. yesterday. You may, perhaps, hear of a trifle which makes a great noise in this part of the world, which is, that I am building; but the whole expense which I have contracted for is but twenty-six pounds. You know the situation of this town is on the meeting of the Rhosne and Durance. On the one side of it, within the walls, was formerly a fortress built on a very high rock; they say it was destroyed by lightning: one of the towers was left partly standing, the walls being a yard in thickness: this was made use of for some time as a public mill, but the height making it inconvenient for the carriage of meal, it has stood useless many years. Last summer in the hot evenings I walked often thither, where I always found a fresh breeze, and the most beautiful land prospect I ever saw (except Wharncliffe); being a view of the winding of two great rivers, and overlooking the whole country, with part of Languedoc and Provence. I was so much charmed with it, that I said in company, that, if that old mill were mine, I would turn it into a Belvidere: my words were repeated, and the two consuls waited on me soon after with a donation from the town of the mill and the land about it: I have added a dome to it, and made it a little rotunda for the 'foresaid sum. I have also amused myself with patching up an inscription, which I have communicated to the archbishop, who is much delighted with it but it is not placed, and perhaps never will be.

'Hic, O viator! sub Lare parvulo,
Maria hic est condita, hic jacet,
Defuncta humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque vita.
Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,

Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possis et illam dicere mortuam,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare!
Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas:
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis, adhuc cinerem calentem.'*

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, Feb. 17, 1743-4.

I AM sorry you have given yourself so much trouble about the inscription. I find I expressed myself ill, if you understood by my letter that it was already placed; I never intended it without your approbation, and then would have put it in the inside of the dome. The word 'pauperie' is meant, as is shewn by the whole line,

'Non indecora pauperie nitens,'

to be a life rather distant from ostentation than in poverty; and which very well answers to my way of living, which, though decent, is far from the show which many families make here. The nobility consists of about two hundred houses: among them are two dukes, those of Crillon and Guadagna; the last an Italian family; the other French. The Count of Suze, who values himself very much upon his pedigree, keeps a constant open table, as likewise several others. You will judge by that the provisions are exceedingly cheap; but for strangers the price of every thing is high. As all the gentlemen keep their lands in their own hands, and sell their corn, wine, and oil, their housekeeping looks very great, at a small expense. They have every sort of *gibier* from their own estates, which have never been taxed, the pope drawing (as I am informed) no revenue from hence. The vice-legate has a court of priests, and sees little other company; which, I believe, is partly owing to the little respect the nobility shew him, who despise his

* Lady Mary had the merit of applying Cowley's 'Epitaphium vivi auctoris,' published in his works, of which this is a copy, with such grammatical alteration as was necessary.

want of birth. There is a new one expected this spring nephew to Cardinal Acquaviva: he is young, and, they say, intends to live with great magnificence.

Avignon was certainly no town in the time of the Romans; nor is there the smallest remains of any antiquity, but what is entirely Gothic. The town is large, but thinly peopled; here are fourteen large convents, besides others. It is so well situated for trade, and the silk so fine and plentiful that if they were not curbed, the French not permitting them to trade, they would certainly ruin Lyons; but as they can sell none of their manufactures out of the walls of the town, and the ladies here, as every where else, preferring foreign stuffs to their own, the tradespeople are poor, and the shops ill furnished. The people of quality all affect the French manner of living; and here are many good houses. The climate would be as fine as that of Naples if they were not persecuted by the north wind, which is almost a constant plague; yet, by the great age of the inhabitants, and the surprising health which I see many of them enjoy, I am persuaded the air is very wholesome. I see some of both sexes past eighty, who appear in all the assemblies, eat great suppers, and keep late hours, without any visible infirmity. It is to-day Shrove Tuesday, and I am invited to sup at the Duchess of Crillon's, where I shall meet near fifty guests, who will all of them, young and old, except myself, go masked to the ball, that is given in the town-house. It is the sixth given this carnival by the gentlemen *gratis*. At the first there were 1200 tickets given out, many coming from the neighbouring towns of Carpentaras, Lisle, Orange, &c. and even Aix and Arles on purpose to appear there. Don Philip is expected here on the 22d. I believe he will not stay any time; and if he should, I think in my present situation it would be improper for me to wait on him. If he goes into company, I suppose that I may *indifferently* see him at an assembly.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, March 23, 1744.

I TAKE this opportunity of informing you, in what manner I came acquainted with the secret I hinted at in my letter of the 5th of February. The Society of Freemasons at

ismes presented the Duke of Richelieu, governor of anguedoc, with a magnificent entertainment: it is but one ay's post from hence, and the Duchess of Crillon, with ome other ladies of this town, resolved to be at it, and lmost by force carried me with them, which I am tempted o believe an act of Providence, considering my great reictance, and the service it proved to be to the unhappy nocent people. The greater part of the town of Nismes re serious Protestants, which are still severely punished ccording to the edicts of Lewis XIV. whenever they are etected in any public worship. A few days before we ame, they had assembled; their minister and about a dozen f his congregation were seized and imprisoned. I knew othing of this; but I had not been in the town two hours, when was visited by two of the most considerable of the Huonots, who came to beg of me, with tears, to speak in their avour to the Duke of Richelieu, saying none of the Caholics would do it, and the Protestants dared not. The Duke of Richelieu was too well-bred to refuse to listen to a ady, and I was of a rank and nation to have liberty to say vhat I pleased: they moved my compassion so much, I esolved to use my endeavour to serve them, though I had ittle hope of succeeding. I would not therefore dress nyself for the supper, but went in a domino to the ball, a nask giving opportunity of talking in a freer manner han I could have done without it. I was at no trouble in ngaging his conversation; the lady having told him I was here, he immediately advanced towards me; and I found, rom different motives, he had a great desire to be acuainted with me, having heard a great deal of me. After bundance of compliments of that sort, I made my request or the liberty of the poor Protestants; he with great freeom told me he was so little a bigot, that he pitied them as nuch as I did, but his orders from court were to send them o the galleys. However, to shew how much he desired ny good opinion, he was returning, and would solicit their reedom (which he has since obtained). This obligation ccasioned me to continue the conversation, and he asked ne what party the Pretender had in England; I answered, s I thought, a very small one. 'We are told otherwise t Paris,' said he; 'however, a bustle at this time may erve to facilitate our projects, and we intend to attempt a

descent; at least it will cause the troops to be recalled and perhaps Admiral Matthews will be obliged to leave the passage open for Don Philip.' You may imagine how much I wished to give immediate notice of this; but as all letters are opened at Paris, it would have been to no purpose to write it by the post, and have only gained me a powerful enemy in the court of France, he being so much a favourite of the king's, that he is supposed to stand candidate for the ministry. In my letter to Sir Robert Walpole from Venice, I offered my service, and desired to know in what manner I could send intelligence, if any thing happened to my knowledge that could be of use to England I believe he imagined that I wanted some gratification and only sent me cold thanks. I have wrote to you, by the post, an account of my servant's leaving me. As that is only a domestic affair, I suppose the letter may be suffered to pass. I have had no letter from ——, and am very sure he is in the wrong whenever he does not follow your direction, who, apart from other considerations, have a stronger judgment than any of his advisers.

LETTERS

DURING HER

LAST RESIDENCE ABROAD.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, May 8, 1744.

I RECEIVED but this morning yours, dated March 22. I uppose this delay has been occasioned by the present disurbances; I do not doubt mine have had the same fate, ut I hope you will receive them at length.

I am very well acquainted with Lady Sophia Fermor,* aving lived two months in the same house with her: she as few equals in beauty or graces. I shall never be surrised at her conquests. If Lord Carteret had the design ou seem to think, he could not make a more proper hoice; but I think too well of his understanding to suppose he can expect his happiness from things unborn, or lace it in the chimerical notion of any pleasure arising to im, from his name subsisting (perhaps by very sorry reresentatives) after his death. I am apt to imagine he inulged his inclination at the expense of his judgment; and t appears to me the more pardonable weakness. I end my eflections here, fearing my letter will not come inviolate to our hands.

I am extremely glad my account of Avignon had any hing in it entertaining to you. I have really forgotten what I wrote, my sight not permitting me to take copies; if here are any particulars you would have explained to you, I will do it to the best of my power. I can never be so agreeably employed as in amusing you.

You say nothing of ———. I guess you have nothing good to say.

* This lady was the eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Pomfret; and was married to Lord Carteret, afterwards earl of Granville, in 1744.

I am very much concerned for the ill state of poor lady Oxford's* health; she is the only friend I can depend on in this world (except yourself): she tells me she stays at Welbeck, having been cheated of some thousands by one she employed in her building there, and is very troublesomely engaged in setting things in order.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, June 12, N.S., 1744.

I BELIEVE William may tell truth in regard to the expenses of his journey, making it at a time when the passage of the troops had doubled the price of every thing: and they were detained ten days at Calais before they had permission to pass over. I represented these inconveniences to him and his wife before they set out; but they were in such a hurry to go, from a notion that they should be forced to stay, after the declaration of war, that I could not prevail on them to stay a week longer, though it would probably have saved great part of their expense. I would willingly have kept them (with all faults), being persuaded of their fidelity, and that in case of any accident happening to me you would have had a faithful account of my effects; but it was impossible to make them contented in a country where there is neither ale nor salt beef.

This town is considerably larger than either Aix or Montpelier, and has more inhabitants of quality than of any other sort, having no trade, from the exaction of the French, though better adapted for it than any inland town I know. What is most singular is the government, which retains a sort of imitation of the Old Roman: here are two consuls chosen every year, the first of whom from the chief noblesse; and there is as much struggling for that dignity in the Hotel de Ville as in the senate. The vice-legate cannot violate their privileges. As all governors naturally wish to increase their authority, there are perpetual factions of the same kind as those between prerogative and the liberty of the subject. We have a new vice-legate, arrived

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heiress of John duke of Newcastle, was married in 1713 to Edward earl of Oxford. She died December 8, 1755. Her only daughter was the late Duchess of Portland.

a few days since, nephew to Cardinal Acquaviva, young, rich, and handsome, and sets out in a greater figure than has ever been known here. The magistrate next to him in place is called the vignier, who is chosen every year by the Hotel de Ville, and represents the person of the Pope in all criminal causes, but his authority is so often clipped by the vice-legate, there remains nothing of it at present but the honour of precedence during his office, and a box at the playhouse gratis, with the superintendence of all public diversions. When Don Philip passed here, he began the ball with his lady, which is the custom of all princes that pass.

The beginning of Avignon was probably a colony from Marseilles, there having been a temple of Diana on that very spot where I have my little pavilion. If there was any painter capable of drawing it, I would send you a view of the landscape, which is one of the most beautiful I ever saw.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, June 8, 1745.

I HAVE this day yours of the 8th of April, O. S. and at the same time one from Lady Oxford, who has not received (as she says) any from me since November, though I have wrote several times.

I perfectly remember carrying back the manuscript you mention, and delivering it to Lord Oxford. I never failed returning to himself all the books he lent me. It is true, I shewed it to the Duchess of Montagu, but we read it together, and I did not even leave it with her. I am not surprised that in that vast quantity of manuscripts some should be lost or mislaid, particularly knowing Lord Oxford to be careless of them, easily lending, and as easily forgetting he had done it. I remember I carried him once one finely illuminated, that, when I delivered, he did not recollect he had lent to me, though it was but a few days before. Wherever this is, I think you need be in no pain about it. The verses are too bad to be printed, excepting from malice, and since the death of Pope, I know nobody that is an enemy to either of us. I will write to my son, the first opportunity I have of doing it. By the post it is impossible at this time. I have seen the French list of the dead and

wounded, in which he is not mentioned; so that I suppose he has escaped. All letters, even directed to Holland, are opened; and I believe those to the army would be stopped.

I know so little English affairs, I am surprised to hear Lord Granville* has lost his power.

To Mr. Wortley.

Avignon, Nov. 11, 1746.

I RECEIVED yours of October 15, yesterday November 10, I was quite frightened at the relation of your indisposition, and am very glad I did not know it till it was over. I hope you will no more suffer the physicians to try experiments with so good a constitution as yours. I am persuaded mineral waters, which are provided by nature, are the best, perhaps the only real remedies, particularly that of Tunbridge, of which I have a great opinion. I would not trouble you with a long letter, which may be uneasy for you to read.

This present weather is esteemed a prodigy in this country. I begin almost to credit the tradition in Herodotus, and believe the world will once again change its position, and Italy change situation with Muscovy.

I have not stirred out of my apartment these two months, although I have no reason to complain of my health: the continuation of yours is my most earnest wish.

To Mr. Wortley.

Brescia, May 24, N. S. 1746.

I CAN no longer resist the desire I have to know what is become of ———. I have long suppressed it, from a belief that if there was any thing of good to be told, you would not fail to give me the pleasure of hearing it. I find it now grows so much upon me, that whatever I am to know I think it would be easier for me to support, than the anxiety I suffer from my doubts. I beg to be informed, and prepare myself for the worst, with all the philosophy I have. At my time of life I ought to be detached from a

* John Carteret, earl Granville, was secretary of state in 1720; lord-lieutenant of Ireland from 1724 to 1730; in 1742 secretary of state, which office he resigned in 1744. He was a third time appointed secretary of state in February, 1746, and removed on the 14th of the same month; this is the circumstance here alluded to.

world which I am soon to leave; to be totally so is a vain endeavour, and perhaps there is vanity in the endeavour: while we are human, we must submit to human infirmities, and suffer them in mind as well as body. All that reflection and experience can do is to mitigate, we can never extinguish, our passions. I call by that name every sentiment that is not founded upon reason, and I own I cannot justify to mine the concern I feel for one who never gave me any view of satisfaction.

This is too melancholy a subject to dwell upon. You compliment me on the continuation of my spirits; 'tis true, I try to maintain them by every act I can, being sensible of the terrible consequences of losing them. Young people are too apt to let them sink on any disappointment. I have wrote to my daughter all the considerations I could think to lessen her affliction. I am persuaded you will advise her to amusement, and am very glad you continue that of travelling, as the most useful for health. I have been prisoner here some months by the weather: the rivers are still impassable in most places; when they are abated, I intend some little excursions, being of your opinion, that exercise is as necessary as food, though I have at present no considerable complaint; my hearing, and I think my memory, are without decay, and my sight better than I could expect; it shall serve me to read many hours in a day. I have appetite enough to relish what I eat, and have the same sound uninterrupted sleep, that has continued throughout the course of my life, and to which I attribute the happiness of not yet knowing the head-ach. I am very sorry you are so often troubled with it, but hope, from your care and temperance, that if you cannot wholly overcome it, yet it may be so far diminished, as not to give you any great uneasiness, or affect your constitution.

To Mr. Wortley.

Brescia, August 25, N. S. 1746.

You will be surprised at the date of this letter, but Avignon has been long disagreeable to me on many accounts, and now more than ever, from the increase of Scotch and Irish rebels, that choose it for their refuge, and are so

highly protected by the vice-legate, that it is impossible to go into any company without hearing a conversation that is improper to be listened to, and dangerous to contradict. The war with France hindered my settling there for reasons I have already told you; and the difficulty of passing into Italy confined me, though I was always watching an opportunity of returning thither. Fortune at length presented me one.

I believe I wrote you word, when I was at Venice, that I saw there the Count of Wacherbarth, who was governor to the Prince of Saxony, and is a favourite of the King of Poland, and the many civilities I received as an old friend of his mother's. About a month since, a gentleman of the bed-chamber of the prince, who is a man of the first quality in this province, I believe charged with some private commission from the Polish court, brought me a letter of recommendation from Count Wacherbarth, which engaged me to shew him what civilities lay in my power. In conversation I lamented to him the impossibility of my attempting a journey to Italy, where he was going. He offered me his protection, and represented to me that if I would permit him to wait on me, I might pass under the notion of a Venetian lady. In short, I ventured upon it, which has succeeded very well, though I met with more impediments in my journey than I expected. We went by sea to Genoa, where I made a very short stay and saw nobody, having no passport from that state, and fearing to be stopped if I was known. We took post-chaises from thence the 16th of this month, and were very much surprised to meet, on the Briletta, the baggage of the Spanish army, with a prodigious number of sick and wounded soldiers and officers, who marched in a very great hurry. The Count of Palazzo ordered his servants to say we were in haste for the service of Don Philip, and without farther examination they gave us place every where; notwithstanding which, the multitude of carriages and loaded mules which we met in these narrow roads, made it impossible for us to reach Scravalli till it was near night. Our surprise was great to find, coming out of the town, a large body of troops surrounding a body of guards, in the midst of which was Don Philip in person, going a very round trot, looking down, and pale as ashes. The army

was in too much confusion to take notice of us, and the night favouring us, we got into the town; but, when we came there, it was impossible to find any lodging, all the inns being filled with wounded Spaniards. The count went to the governor, and asked a chamber for a Venetian lady, which he granted very readily; but there was nothing in it but the bare walls, and in less than a quarter of an hour after, the whole house was empty both of furniture and people, the governor flying into the citadel, and carrying with him all his goods and family. We were forced to pass the night without beds or supper. About day-break the victorious Germans entered the town. The count went to wait on the generals, to whom, I believe, he had a commission. He told them my name, and there was no sort of honour or civility they did not pay me. They immediately ordered me a guard of hussars (which was very necessary in the present disorder), and sent me refreshments of all kinds. Next day I was visited by the Prince of Badin Dourlach, the Prince Louestein, and all the principal officers, with whom I passed for a heroine, shewing no uneasiness, though the cannon of the citadel (where was a Spanish garrison) played very briskly. I was forced to stay there two days for want of post-horses, the post-master having fled, with all his servants, and the Spaniards having levied all the horses they could find. At length I set out from thence the 19th instant, with a strong escort of hussars, meeting with no farther accident on the road, except at a little town of Vogherra, where they refused post-horses, till the hussars drew their sabres. The 30th I arrived safe here. It is a very pretty place, where I intend to repose myself at least during the remainder of the summer. This journey has been very expensive; but I am very glad I have made it. I am now in a neutral country, under the protection of Venice. The Doge is our old friend Grimani, and I do not doubt meeting with all sort of civility. When I set out, I had so bad a fluxion in my eyes, I was really afraid of losing them: they are now quite recovered, and my health better than it has been for some time. I hope yours continues good, and that you will always take care of it. Direct for me at Brescia, by way of Venice.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 21, N. S. 1747.

I AM now in a place the most beautifully romantic I ever saw in my life: it is the Tunbridge of this part of the world, to which I was sent by the doctor's order, my ague often returning, notwithstanding the loads of bark I have taken. To say truth, I have no reason to repent my journey, though I was very unwilling to undertake it, it being ten miles, half by land and half by water; the land so stony, I was almost shook to pieces, and I had the ill-luck to be surprised with a storm on the lake, that if I had not been near a little port (where I passed a night in a very poor inn) the vessel must have been lost. A fair wind brought me hither next morning early. I found a very good lodging, a great deal of good company, and a village in many respects resembling Tunbridge Wells, not only in the quality of the waters, which is the same, but in the manner of the buildings, most of the houses being separate at little distances, and all built on the sides of hills, which indeed are far different from those of Tunbridge, being six times as high: they are really vast rocks of different figures, covered with green moss, or short grass, diversified by tufts of trees, little woods, and here and there vineyards, but no other cultivation, except gardens like those on Richmond-hill. The whole lake of Iseo, which is twenty-five miles long, and three broad, is all surrounded with these impassable mountains, the sides of which, towards the bottom, are so thick set with villages, (and in most of them gentlemen's seats,) that I do not believe there is any where above a mile distance one from another, which adds very much to the beauty of the prospect.

We have an opera here, which is performed three times in the week. I was at it last night, and should have been surprised at the neatness of the scenes, goodness of the voices, and justness of the actors, if I had not remembered I was in Italy. Several gentlemen jumped into the orchestra, and joined in the concert, which I suppose is one of the freedoms of the place, for I never saw it in any great town. I was yet more amazed, while the actors where dressing for the farce that concludes the entertainment, to

see one of the principal among them, and as arrant a *petit maître* as if he had passed all his life at Paris, mount the stage, and present us with a cantata of his own performing. He had the pleasure of being almost deafened with applause. The ball began afterwards: but I was not witness of it, having accustomed myself to such early hours, that I was half asleep before the opera finished: it begins at ten o'clock, so that it was one before I could get to bed, though I had supped before I went, which is the custom.

I am much better pleased with the diversions on the water, where all the town assembles every night, and never without music; but we have none so rough as trumpets, kettle-drums, and French horns: they are all violins, lutes, mandolins, and flutes doux. Here is hardly a man that does not excel in some of these instruments, which he privately addresses to the lady of his affections, and the public has the advantage of it, by his adding to the number of the musicians.

The fountain where we drink the waters rises between two hanging hills, and is overshadowed with large trees, that give a freshness in the hottest time of the day.

The provisions are all excellent, the fish of the lake being as large and well tasted as that of Geneva, and the mountains abounding in game, particularly black cocks, which I never saw in any other part of Italy: but none of the amusements here would be so effectual to raising my spirits as a letter from you. I have received none since that of February 27. I do not blame you for it, but my ill fortune, that will not let me have that consolation. The newspaper informs me that the Chevalier Gray (so he is styled) is appointed minister at Venice. I wish you would let me know who he is, intending to settle our correspondence through his hands. I did not care to ask that favour of Lord Holderness.

Dear child, I am ever your most affectionate mother.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, ——— 1747.

YOURS of the first of December, O. S. came to me this morning, February 2, N. S. I hope your health continues

good, since you say nothing to the contrary. I think the Duchess of Manchester's silence is the most reasonable part of her conduct; complainers are seldom pitied, and boasters are seldom believed. Her retirement is, in my opinion, no proof either of her happiness or discontent, since her appearance in the world can never be pleasing to her. I was shewn at Genoa an ode on Ch. Ch. as a production of Dr. Broxholme. I thought it much in his style, and am apt to believe (from what I know of Sir Charles Hanbury) he is more like to have the vanity to father it, than the wit to write it. I have seen heaps of his poetry, but nothing to distinguish him from the tribe of common versifiers. The last I saw was an ode addressed to Mr. Doddington on his courtship of the late Duchess of Argyle: those two you mention have never reached me. I should be very much obliged if you would send me copies of them.

The new opera of Brescia, I hear, is much applauded, and intend to see it before the end of the carnival. The people of this province are much at their ease during the miseries the war occasions their neighbours, and employ all their time in diversions.

We have hitherto had no winter, to the great sorrow of the people here, who are in fear of wanting ice in the summer, which is as necessary as bread. They also attribute a malignant fever, which has carried off great numbers in the neighbouring towns, to the uncommon warmth of the air. It has not infected this village, which they say has ever been free from any contagious distemper. The method of treating the physician here, I think, should be the same every where: they make it his interest that the whole parish should be in good health, giving him a stated pension, which is collected by a tax on every house, on condition that he neither demands any fees, nor ever refuses a visit either to rich or poor. This last article would be very hard, if we had as many vapourish ladies as in England; but those imaginary ills are entirely unknown among us, and the eager pursuit after every new piece of quackery that is introduced. I cannot help thinking that there is a fund of credulity in mankind that must be employed somewhere; and the money formerly given to the monks for the health of the soul, is now thrown to the doctors for the

health of the body; and generally with as little prospect of success.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Brescia, Jan. 5, 1747-8.

I AM glad to hear that yourself and family are in good health; and, as to the alteration you find in the world, it is only owing to your being better acquainted with it.

I have never in all my various travels seen but two sorts of people, and those very like one another; I mean men and women, who always have been, and ever will be, the same. The same vices and the same follies have been the fruit of all ages, though sometimes under different names. I remember, when I returned from Turkey, meeting with the same affectation of youth among yours, and I do not doubt but your daughter will find the same, twenty years hence, among hers. One of the greatest happinesses of youth is the ignorance of evil, though it is often the ground of great indiscretions; and sometimes the active part of life is over, before an honest mind finds out how one ought to act in such a world as this. I am as much removed from it as is possible to be on this side the grave, which is from my own inclination, for I might have even here a great deal of company; the way of living in this province being, I believe, what it is in the sociable part of Scotland, and was in England a hundred years ago. I had a visit in the holidays of thirty horse of ladies and gentlemen, with their servants, (by the way the ladies all ride like the late Duchess of Cleveland). They came with the kind intention of staying with me at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before; but they were all neighbours within ten miles round. I could not avoid entertaining them at supper, and by good luck had a large quantity of game in the house, which, with the help of my poultry, furnished out a plentiful table. I sent for the fiddles, and they were so obliging as to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed; and were much disappointed I did not ask them to stay, it being the fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together a month in each castle. I have not yet returned any of their visits, and I do not intend it for some time, to

avoid this expensive hospitality. The trouble of it is not very great, they not expecting any ceremony. I left the room about one o'clock, and they continued their ball in the saloon above stairs, without being at all offended at my departure. But the greatest diversion I had was to see a lady of my own age, comfortably dancing with her own husband, some years older; and I can assert that she jumped and galloped with the best of them.

May you be as well satisfied with your family as you are at present, and your children return in your age the tender care you have taken of their infancy! I know no greater happiness that can be wished for you by your most affectionate mother.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, July 17, N. S. 1748.

YOURS of June 7, O. S. came to my hands but yesterday. I am very much vexed and surprised at the miscarriage of my letters. I have never failed answering both yours and my daughters the very next post after I received them. I began to suspect my servants put the franking money in their pockets, and threw away the letters. I have been in the country this year and a half, though I continued to date from Brescia, as the place to which I would have directed, being, though not the nearest, the safest post-town: I send all my packets thither, and will for the future enclose them to a banker, who I hope will be more careful in forwarding them.

I am glad my daughter's conduct satisfies the opinion I always had of her understanding: I do not wonder at her being well received, in sets of company different from one another, having myself preserved a long intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough and Montagu, though they were at open war, and perpetually talking of their complaints. I believe they were both sensible I never betrayed either, each of them giving me the strongest proofs of confidence in the last conversations I had with them, which were the last I had in England. What I think extraordinary is my daughter's continuing so many years agreeable to Lord Bute; Mr. Mackenzie telling me, the last time I saw him, that his brother frequently said among his companions, that he was still as much in love with his wife as before he

married her. If the princess's favour lasts, it may be of use to her family. I have often been dubious if the seeming indifference of her highness's behaviour was owing to very good sense, or great insensibility: should it be the first, she will get the better of all her rivals, and probably one day have a large share of power.

I am very much pleased that you accustom yourself to tea, being persuaded that the moderate use of it is generally wholesome. I have planted a great deal in my garden, which is a fashion lately introduced in this country, and has succeeded very well. I cannot say it is as strong as the Indian, but it has the advantage of being fresher, and at least unmixed.

I thank you for the copies of Sir Charles Hanbury's poetry, which extremely entertained me. I find tar-water has succeeded to Ward's drop: it is possible by this time that some other quackery has taken place of that; the English are easier than any other nation infatuated by the prospect of universal medicines; nor is there any country in the world where the doctors raise such immense fortunes. I attribute it to the fund of credulity which is in all mankind. We have no longer faith in miracles and reliques, and therefore, with the same fury, run after receipts and physicians: the same money which, three hundred years ago, was given for the health of the soul, is now given for the health of the body, and by the same sort of people, women and half-witted men: in the country where they have shrines and images, quacks are despised, and monks and confessors find their account in managing the fear and hope which rule the actions of the multitude.

To Mr. Wortley.

Padua, September 16, 1748.

I AM informed that your health and sight are perfectly good, which gives me courage to trouble you with a letter of congratulation on a blessing that is equal to us both: I mean the great and good character I hear from every body of Lord Bute. It is a satisfaction I never hoped to have,—a son that does honour to his family. I am persuaded you are of my opinion, and had rather be related to him than to any silly duke in Christendom. Indeed, money (however

considerable the sum) in the hands of a fool, is as useless as if presented to a monkey, and will as surely be scattered in the street. I need not quote examples. My daughter is also generally esteemed, and I cannot help communicating to you the pleasure I receive whenever I hear her commended. I am afraid my letter may be too long. This subject runs away with me. I wish you many years' continuance of the health and spirits I am told you now enjoy.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, Oct. 1, N. S. 1748.

I HAVE at length received the box, with the books enclosed; for which I give you many thanks, as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grand-daughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback; and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it: and, falling upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling. I believe I was the more struck with it, having at present a Fanny in my own house, not only by the name which happens to be the same, but the extraordinary beauty, joined with an understanding yet more extraordinary at her age, which is but few months past sixteen: she is in the post of my chambermaid. I fancy you will tax my discretion for taking a servant thus qualified; but my woman, who is also my housekeeper, was always teazing me with her having too much work, and complaining of ill health, which determined me to take her a deputy; and when I was at Louvere, when I drank the waters, one of the most considerable merchants there pressed me to take this daughter of his: her mother has an uncommon good character, and the girl has had a better education than is usual for those of her rank; she writes a good hand, and has been brought up to keep accounts, which she does to great perfection; and had herself such a violent desire to serve me, that I was persuaded to take her: I do not yet repent it from any part of her behaviour. But there has been no peace in the family ever since she came into it; I might say the parish, all the women in it

having declared open war with her, and the men endeavouring all treaties of a different sort: my own woman puts herself at the head of the first party, and her spleen is increased by having no reason for it. The young creature is never stirring from my apartment, always at her needle, and never complaining of any thing. You will laugh at this tedious account of my domestics (if you have patience to read it over), but I have few other subjects to talk of.

I am much pleased at your account of your children: may they ever be as agreeable to you as they are at present. The waters have very much mended my health. I endeavour to preserve it by constant riding, and am a better horsewoman than ever I was in my life, having complied with the fashion of this country, which is every way so much better than ours. I cannot help being amazed at the obstinate folly by which the English ladies venture every day their lives and limbs.

My paper only allows me to add, I am your most affectionate mother.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Dec. 25, N.S. 1748.

I HOPE I have now regulated our correspondence in a manner more safe than by Holland. I have sent a large collection of letters to you and my daughter, which have all miscarried; neither have I had one line from either for some months.

I was surprised not many days ago by a very extraordinary visit: it was from the Duchess of Guastalla, who you know is a princess of the house d'Armstadt, and reported to be near marriage with the King of Sardinia. I confess it was an honour I could easily have spared, she coming attended with the greatest part of her court; her grand-master, who is brother to Cardinal Valenti, the first lady of her bed-chamber, four pages, and a long *et cetera* of inferior servants, beside her guard. She entered with an easy French air, and told me, since I would not oblige her by coming to her court, she was resolved to come to me, and eat a salad of my raising, having heard much fame of my gardening. You may imagine I gave her as good a supper as I could. She was (or seemed to be) extremely pleased

with an English sack-posset of my ordering. I owned to her fairly that my house was much at her service; but it was impossible for me to find beds for all her suite. She said she intended to return when the moon rose, which was an hour after midnight. In the mean time I sent for the violins to entertain her attendants, who were very well pleased to dance, while she and her grand-master and I played at picquet. She pressed me extremely to return with her to her jointure-house, where she now resides (all the furniture of Guastalla being sold). I excused myself in not daring to venture in the cold night fifteen miles, but promised I would not fail to pay her my acknowledgments for the great honour her highness had done me, in a very short time, and we parted very good friends. She said she intended this spring to retire into her native country. I did not take the liberty of mentioning to her the report of her being in treaty with the King of Sardinia, though it has been in the newspapers of Mantua; but I found an opportunity of hinting it to Signor Gonzago, her grand-master, who told me the duchess would not have been pleased to talk of it, since, perhaps, there was nothing in it more than a friendship that had long been between them, and since her widowhood the king sends an express every day.

I believe you'll wish this long story much shorter; but I think you seemed to desire me to lengthen my letters, and I can have no greater pleasure than endeavouring to amuse you,

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To Mr. Wortley.

Gotolingo, April 24, 1749.

C. Mutius Sext: F.
P. Papilius M. F.
Q. Mutius P. F.
M. Cornelius P. F.

II II vir. Turrim Ex DD.

Ad augendam Locavere
Idemque Probavere.

THIS is a very fair inscription, in large characters, on a large stone found in the pavement of the old church, and

makes now a part of the wall of the new one, which is now building. The people here, who are as ignorant as their oxen, and live like them on the product of their land, without any curiosity for the history of it, would infer from thence that this town is of Roman foundation, though the walls, which are yet the greatest part standing (only the towers and battlements demolished), are very plainly Gothic, and not one brick to be found any where of Roman fabric, which is very easily distinguished. I can easily believe their tradition, that the old church, which was pulled down two years ago, being ready to drop, was a pagan temple, and do not doubt it was a considerable town founded by the Goths, when they overran Italy. The fortifications were strong for that age; the ditch still remaining within the walls, being very broad and deep, in which ran the little river that is now before my house, and the moat turned into gardens for the use of the town; the name of which being Gotolingo is a confirmation of my conjecture. The castle, which certainly stood on the spot where my house does, being on an eminence in the midst of the town, was probably destroyed by fire. When I ordered the court to be levelled, which was grown uneven by long neglect, there were found such quantities of burnt bricks, that plainly shewed the remains of a considerable fire; but whether by the enemy, or accidental, I could get no information. They have no records, or parish-books, beyond the time of their coming under the Venetian dominion, which is not much above three hundred years ago, at which time they were, as they now are, a large village, being two miles in circuit, and contains at present (as the curate told me) two thousand communicants. The ladies of this neighbourhood, that had given themselves the trouble and expense of going to see Don Philip's entry into Parma, are returned, according to the French saying, *avec un pied de nez.* As they had none of them ever seen a court before, they had figured to themselves prodigious scenes of gallantry and magnificence.

If I did not write by the post, I would tell you several particulars that I believe would make you laugh. He is retired into the country till the arrival of his princess, who is expected in May next. I take the liberty of enclosing this for Lord Bute, not knowing where to direct to him in London.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, May 7, N. S. 1749.

I HAVE already wished you joy of your new daughter, and wrote to Lord Bute to thank him for his letter. I don't know whether I shall make my court to you in saying it, but I own I cannot help thinking that your family is numerous enough, and that the education and disposal of four girls is employment for a whole life. I remain in a retirement, where my amusements are confined to my garden and dairy; however, I should be glad to know, now and then, what is doing among my acquaintance at London, and beg you will inquire of the price raw silk bears. I have asked this question very often, but suppose my letters miscarried, having never had any answer. Your father has been so obliging as to promise me some ale; if you would send at the same time Colin Campbell's books of architecture, consigned to Signor Isaac M. de Treves, they would come safe to me. I imagine the Duke of Kingston is now building. I was told he intended it on the same ground where the last house stood, which I think an ill fancy, being the lowest part of the park, and he might choose others with a prospect more agreeable, which is, in my opinion, the first thing to be considered in a country-seat. I have given you a large description of that of my dairy-house, which is the most beautiful of any in this province; if I knew it was lost, I would repeat it.

This letter is so dull, that I am quite ashamed to set my name to it.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, May 27, 1749.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter two days ago, in which you tell me of the marriage of Mr. Mackenzie,* which I was extremely glad to hear, wishing him happiness, who I think so well deserves it, from an uncommon share of honour and good-nature, of which even his indiscretions are

* James Stuart Mackenzie was only brother of John earl of Bute, and married Lady Betty Campbell, second daughter of John duke of Argyle. He died the 6th of April, 1800.

proofs. The Duchess of Argyle has acted, in my opinion, with equal generosity and prudence; her ill success, in the disposal of Lady ———, has shewn her the mistake of interested matches, which are generally unfortunate. This spring has been very melancholy to me, having been tormented with a quotidian ague, of which I am scarcely recovered; and my woman, who is the most necessary servant in the family, still afflicted with the tertian, which puts my whole house in disorder, and hinders my removal to my dairy, to my great mortification, now the heats are begun. If my garden and my house stood together, I would not change this seat for Lord Tilney's or the Marquis of Rockingham's; but, alas! they are some miles asunder.

Your new fashioned game of brag was the genteel amusement when I was a girl; crimp succeeded to that, and basset and hazard employed the town, when I left it to go to Constantinople. At my return I found them all at commerce, which gave place to quadrille, and that to whist; but the rage of play has ever been the same, and ever will be so among the idle of both sexes. It is the same in every great town, and I think more particularly all over France. Here is a young man of quality, one mile from hence, just of age, who lost last carnival, at Brescia, ten thousand pounds, being all the money his guardians had laid up in his minority; and as his estate is entailed, he cannot raise one farthing on it, and is now a sort of prisoner in his castle, where he lives upon rapine, I mean running in debt to poor people, who, perhaps, he will never be able to pay. I am afraid you are tired with this insignificant letter; we old women love tattling; you must forgive the infirmities of your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, August 22, 1749.

We are all very quiet here, all the *beau monde* being hurried away to the fair at Bergamo, which is esteemed the best in Italy, after that of Senegallia. I was much pressed to go there by several parties; but would not fatigue myself with the journey of thirty miles. I am surprised at the account you give of London, yet can hardly suppose that there are not some rational creatures in it. The Duchess of Portland must be much altered if she is

never out of a crowd; and by the character of Lady Middlesex,* who, I am told, is your most intimate companion I should guess her to be another that would prefer an easy conversation to the noise of an assembly. I very well remember Caenwood House,† and cannot wish you in a more agreeable place. It would be a great pleasure to me to see my grand-children run about in the gardens. I do not question Lord Bute's good taste in the improvements round it, or your's in the choice of the furniture I have heard the fame of paper hangings, and had some thoughts of sending for a suite, but was informed that they were as dear as damask is here, which put an end to my curiosity.

I am solicitous to see Lord Bolingbroke's Works. All the writings I have seen of his appeared to me to be copied from the French eloquence. I mean a poor or trite thought dressed in pompous language.

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All weaknesses appear, as they increase, with age. I am afraid all human kind are born with the seeds of them though they may be totally concealed, and consequently considerably lessened, by education and philosophy. I have endeavoured to study and correct myself: and, as courage was a favourite virtue, I studied to seem void of fear, and I believe was rather esteemed fool-hardy.

I am now grown timorous, and inclined to low spirits whatever you may hear to the contrary. My cheerfulness is like the fire kindled in brushwood, which makes a shew, but is soon turned to cold ashes. I do not, like Madam Maintenon, grieve about the decay which is allotted to all mortals, but would willingly excuse myself to you.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Salo, Oct. 17, 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of August 25 this morning, October 17, N. S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will

* Miss Boyle, only daughter and heir of Richard earl of Shannon, mistress of the robes to the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline, and wife of Charles earl of Middlesex.

† Caenwood House was rebuilt by the late Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, from a design of Robert Adam. It is an elegant structure.

hink me a great rambler, being at present far distant from he date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go o a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, nd do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I ave passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it ltogether, the first place I ever saw: the King of France as nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is arge enough to entertain all his court, much larger than he royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, duke of Floence, where he passed many months, for several years, n the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of he best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are uitably magnificent; but that is nothing in regard to the eauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the ake which forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of a mountain, near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, emon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into valks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a everal garden from every floor in the house, diversified vith fountains, cascades, and statues, and joined by easy narble staircases, which lead from one to another. There re many covered walks, where you are secure from the un in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the range trees, which are so loaded with fruit, you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing hem: they are as large as lime trees in England. You vill think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far hort of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales o give you any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe; while the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land) having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to

you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish-ponds, to the chief of which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble balustrade, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are tritons which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear, you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travellers, or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance in part to its being twenty miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English, of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she staid here, in a house she hired at Salo; but as all her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapours her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they staid till this morning, being determined to shew me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Notre, and the furniture is

ıe best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it eserves the preference to this, though built at far less exense. The situations are as different as is possible, when oth of them are between a mountain and the lake: that nder which the Duke of Mantua chose to build, is much ›wer than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is ather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace being laced at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, 'hich forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 'tis n that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, spaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick 'ood, cut into ridings; that in the midst is large enough ›r a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from ıe windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify ıe prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge ; so near the water, that you step out of the gate into the arge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view :om the house above one of them at a time. In short, hese two palaces may in their different beauties rival each ther, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any ther part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter: but, as you say 'ou are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's musement; at least, receive it as a proof that there is ıone more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my 'eing, dear child, your most affectionate mother,

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, November 1, 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of August 25, and my Lord Bute's ›bliging notice of your safe delivery at the same time. I vish you joy of your young son, and of every thing else. You do not mention your father, by which I suppose he is ıot returned to England, and am in pain for his health, ıaving heard but once from him since he left it, and know ıot whether he has received my letters. I dare say you ıeed not be in any doubt of his good opinion of you; for my part, I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory

epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it; you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that common-place (and, like most common place, false) argument, as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy, there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love; but I confess I think it a great one if you compare my after-conduct toward you with that of other mothers, who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all self-interest; so far I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend. Absence and distance have not the power to lessen any part of my tenderness for you, which extends to all yours, and I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. W. M.

I play at whist an hour or two every afternoon. The fashion here is to play for the collation, so that the losers have at least the consolation of eating part of their money.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Nov. 29, 1749.

I RECEIVED your agreeable letter of September 21, yesterday, November 28, and am very glad our daughter (for I think she belongs to us both) turns out so much to your satisfaction: may she ever do so! I hope she has by this time received my token. You please me extremely in saying my letters are of any entertainment to you. I would contribute to your happiness in every shape I can; but, in my solitude, there are so few subjects present themselves, it is not easy to find one that would amuse you

ıough, as I believe, you have some leisure hours at 'aenwood, where any thing new is welcome. I will venture ɔ tell you a small history, in which I had some share. I ave already informed you of the divisions and subdivisions f estates in this country, by which you will imagine there ı a numerous gentry of great names and little fortunes: ix of those families inhabit this town. You may fancy ıis forms a sort of society; but far from it, as there is not ne of them that does not think (for some reason or other) ıey are far superior to all the rest: there is such a settled version among them, they avoid one another with the tmost care, and hardly ever meet, except by chance at the astle (as they call my house), where their regard for me bliges them to behave civilly; but it is with an affected oldness that is downright disagreeable, and hinders me 'om seeing any of them after.

I was quietly reading in my closet, when I was interupted by the chambermaid of the Signora Laura Bono, 'ho flung herself at my feet, and, in an agony of sobs and ɜars, begged me, for the love of the holy Madona, to asten to her master's house, where the two brothers would ertainly murder one another, if my presence did not stop ıeir fury. I was very much surprised, having always eard them spoken of as a pattern of fraternal union. Iowever, I made all possible speed thither, without staying ɔr hoods or attendance, and was soon there, the house ɔuching my garden wall. I was directed to the bedhamber by the noise of oaths and execrations; but, on pening the door, was astonished to a degree you may etter guess than I describe, by seeing the Signora Laura rostrate on the ground, melting in tears, and her husband :anding with a drawn stiletto in his hand, swearing she hould never see to-morrow's sun. I was soon let into the ɜcret. The good man, having business of consequence at ;rescia, went thither early in the morning; but, as he exected his chief tenant to pay his rent that day, he left rders with his wife, that if the farmer, who lived two ɔiles off, came himself, or sent any of his sons, she should ake care to make him very welcome. She obeyed him vith great punctuality, the money coming in the hand of a andsome lad of eighteen: she did not only admit him to er own table, and produce the best wine in the cellar, but

resolved to give him *chere entiere*. While she was exercising this generous hospitality, the husband met midway the gentleman he intended to visit, who was posting to another side of the country; they agreed on another appointment, and he returned to his own house, where, giving his horse to be led round to the stable by the servant that accompanied him, he opened his door with the *pass-partout* key, and proceeded to his chamber, without meeting any body, where he found his beloved spouse asleep on the bed with her gallant. The opening of the door waked them: the young fellow immediately leaped out of the window, which looked into the garden, and was open, it being summer, and escaped over the fields, leaving his clothes on a chair by the bedside, a very striking circumstance. In short, the case was such, I do not think the queen of fairies herself could have found an excuse, though Chaucer tells us she has made a solemn promise to leave none of her sex unfurnished with one, to all eternity. As to the poor criminal, she had nothing to say for herself, but what I dare swear you will hear from the youngest daughter, if ever you catch her stealing of sweetmeats—'Pray, pray, she would do so no more, and indeed it was the first time.' This last article found no credit with me I cannot be persuaded that any woman who had lived virtuous till forty (for such is her age) could suddenly be endowed with such consummate impudence, to solicit a youth at first sight, there being no probability, his age and station considered, that he would have made any attempt of that kind. I must confess I was wicked enough to think the unblemished reputation she had hitherto maintained and did not fail to put us in mind of, was owing to a series of such frolics; and, to say truth, they are the only amours that can reasonably hope to remain undiscovered Ladies that can resolve to make love thus *extempore*, may pass unobserved, especially if they can content themselves with low life, where fear may oblige their favourites to secresy: there wants only a very lewd constitution, a very bad heart, and a moderate understanding, to make this conduct easy: and I do not doubt it has been practised by many prudes beside her I am now speaking of. You may be sure I did not communicate these reflections. The first word I spoke was to desire Signor Carlo to sheath his

poniard, not being pleased with its glittering: he did so very readily, begging my pardon for not having done it on my first appearance, saying he did not know what he did, and indeed he had the countenance and gesture of a man distracted. I did not endeavour a defence; that seemed to me impossible; but represented to him, as well as I could, the crime of murder, which, if he could justify before men, was still a crying sin before God; the disgrace he would bring on himself and posterity, and the irreparable injury he would do his eldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, that I knew he was extremely fond of. I added, that if he thought it proper to part from his lady, he might easily find a pretext for it some months hence; and that it was as much his interest as hers to conceal this affair from the knowledge of the world. I could not presently make him taste these reasons, and was forced to stay there near five hours (almost from five to ten at night) before I durst leave them together, which I would not do till he had sworn in the most serious manner he would make no future attempt on her life. I was content with his oath, knowing him to be very devout, and found I was not mistaken. How the matter was made up between them afterwards I know not; but it is now two years since it happened, and all appearances remaining as if it had never been. The secret is in very few hands: his brother, being at that time at Brescia, I believe knows nothing of it to this day. The chambermaid and myself have preserved the strictest silence; and the lady retains the satisfaction of insulting all her acquaintance on the foundation of a spotless character, that only she can boast in the parish, where she is most heartily hated, from these airs of impertinent virtue, and another very essential reason, being the best dressed woman among them, though one of the plainest in her figure.

The discretion of the chambermaid in fetching me, which possibly saved her mistress's life, and her taciturnity since, I fancy appear very remarkable to you, and is what would certainly never happen in England. The first part of her behaviour deserves great praise; coming of her own accord, and inventing so decent an excuse for her admittance: but her silence may be attributed to her knowing very well that any servant who presumes to talk of his master will most

certainly be incapable of talking at all in a short time, their lives being entirely in the power of their superiors: I do not mean by law, but by custom, which has full as much force. If one of them was killed, it would either never be inquired into at all, or very slightly passed over; yet it seldom happens: I know no instance of it, which I think is owing to the great submission of domestics, who are sensible of their dependance, and the national temper not being hasty, and never inflamed by wine, drunkenness being a vice abandoned to the vulgar, and spoke of with greater detestation than murder, which is mentioned with as little concern as a drinking bout in England, and is almost as frequent. It was extremely shocking to me at my first coming, and still gives me a sort of horror, though custom has, in some degree, familiarized it to my imagination. Robbery would be pursued with great vivacity, and punished with the utmost rigour, therefore is very rare, though stealing is in daily practice; but as all the peasants are suffered the use of fire-arms, the slightest provocation is sufficient to shoot, and they see one of their own species lie dead before them with as little remorse as a hare or a partridge, and, when revenge spurs them on, with much more pleasure. A dissertation on this subject would engage me in a discourse not proper for the post.

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 17, N.S. 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of October 14, but yesterday: the negligence of the post is very disagreeable. I have at length had a letter from Lady Oxford, by which I find mine to her has miscarried, and perhaps the answer which I have now wrote may have the same fate.

I wish you joy of your young son: may he live to be a blessing to you. I find I amuse myself here in the same manner as if at London, according to your account of it; that is, I play at whist every night with some old priests that I have taught it to, and are my only companions. To say truth, the decay of my sight will no longer suffer me to read by candle-light, and the evenings are now long and

dark. I believe you'll be persuaded my gaming makes nobody uneasy, when I tell you that we play only a penny per corner. 'Tis now a year that I have lived wholly in the country, and have no design of quitting it. I am entirely given up to rural amusements, and have forgot there are any such things as wits or fine ladies in the world. However, I am pleased to hear what happens to my acquaintance. I wish you would inform me what is become of the Pomfret family, and who Sir Francis Dashwood* has married. I knew him at Florence: he seemed so nice in the choice of a wife, I have some curiosity to know who it is that has had charms enough to make him enter into an engagement he used to speak of with fear and trembling.

I am ever, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY M.

To Mr. Wortley.

Brescia, Nov. 20, 1750.

I RECEIVED yours of October the 3d, much sooner than I have done any others of late, although it had been opened. The great difference between the Venetian state and that of the church, has been slightly mentioned in the newspapers. It is not yet thoroughly accommodated, though much softened since I wrote. I am very glad of Lord Bute's good fortune. I have wished my daughter joy in a long letter. I do not write so copiously to you, fearing it should be troublesome to your eyes. I sent some Italian poetry which has been much admired here. I wonder you do not imitate at London the wise conduct of this state, who, when they found the rage of play untameable, invented a method to turn it to the advantage of the public; now, fools lose their estates, and the government gains by it. The continuation of your health is my most fervent desire, and the news of it my greatest pleasure.

P. S. I have seen lately a history of the last years of

* He married Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gould, esq. of Iver, county of Bucks, and widow of Sir Richard Ellis bart.

Queen Anne, by Swift. I should be very glad to know your opinion of it. Some facts are apparently false, and, I believe, others partially represented.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 24. 1750.

I RECEIVED yours of Oct. the 28th, this morning, December 24th, N. S. I am afraid a letter of two sheets of paper, that I sent you from Salo, never came to your hands, which I am very sorry for: it would have been, perhaps, some entertainment, being the description of places that I am sure you have not found in any book of travels. I also made hearty congratulations to Lord Bute and yourself on his place, which I hope is an earnest of future advantages. I desired you would send all the books of which you gave a catalogue, except H. Fielding's and his sister's, which I have already. I thank God my taste still continues for the gay part of reading. Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation. I am extremely pleased with the account you give me of your father's health: his life is the greatest blessing that can happen to his family. I am very sincerely touched with the Duchess of Montagu's misfortune,* though I think it no reasonable cause for locking herself up. Age and ugliness are as inseparable as heat and fire, and I think it all one in what shape one's figure grows disagreeable. I remember the Princess of Moldavia at Constantinople made a party of pleasure the next day after losing one of her eyes: and, when I wondered at her philosophy, said, she had more reason to divert herself than she had before. 'Tis true our climate is apt to inspire more melancholy ideas: the enlivening heat of the sun continues the cheerfulness of youth to the grave with most people. I received a visit not long since from a fair young lady, that had new lain in with her nineteenth child: in reality, she is but thirty-seven, and has so well preserved her fine shape and complexion, she appears little past twenty. I wish

* Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, wife of John duke of Montagu, died May 4, 1751.

you the same good fortune, though not quite so numerous a posterity. Every happiness is ardently desired for you, by (dear child) your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY M.

P. S. My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessings to all your little ones. I am ashamed not to have sent my token to my god-daughter; I hope to do it in a short time.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, April 2, N. S. 1751.

I AM very glad to hear of your health and recovery, being always uneasy 'till your danger is over. I wish you joy of your young son, and that you may have comfort in your numerous family.

I am not surprised to hear the Duke of Kingston remains unmarried; he is, I fear, surrounded with people, whose interest it is he should continue so. I desire to know the name of his present inclination. By the manner you speak of it, I suppose there is no occasion for the nicety of avoiding her name. I am sorry the prince* has an episcopal education: he cannot have a worse both for himself and the nation; though the court of England is no more personally to me than the court of Pekin, yet I cannot help some concern for my native country, nor can I see any good purpose from church precepts, except they design him to take orders. I confess, if I was king of Great Britain, I would certainly be also archbishop of Canterbury; but I believe that is a refinement of politics that will never enter into the heads of our managers, though there is no other way of having supreme power in church and state. I could say a great deal in favour of this idea; but, as neither you nor I will ever be consulted on the subject, I will not trouble you with my speculative notions.

I am very much pleased to hear of your father's good health. That every blessing may attend you is the earnest and sincere wish of, dear child, your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

* His majesty, George the Third.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, April 15, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of Feb. 10th, with great pleasure, as it brought me the news of your health, and that of your family. I cannot guess who you mean by Lord Mountford,* there being no such title when I left England, nor any Lord Hertford,† who I hear is named ambassador to France: these are all new people to me. I wish you would give me some information concerning them: none can be so agreeable as the continuation of your father's health; you see in him the good effect of a strict abstinence and regular exercise. I am much pleased (but not at all surprised) at his kindness to you: I know him to be more capable of a generous action than any man I ever knew. I have never heard one word of the books that you told me were packed up last June. These things are very provoking, but fretting mends nothing. I will continue to write on, though the uncertainty of your receiving my letters is a strong abatement of my pleasure in writing, and will be of heavy consequence to my style. I feel at this minute the spirit of dulness chill my heart, and I am ready to break out into alacks and alases, with many murmurs against my cruel destiny, that will not even permit this distant conversation between us, without such allaying circumstances. However, I beg you not to be discouraged. I am persuaded, from the goodness of your heart, that you are willing to give me happiness; and I can have none here so great as a letter from you. You can never want subjects; and I can assure you that your eldest daughter cannot be more delighted with a birth-day suit, or your youngest with a paper of sugar-plumbs, than I am at the sight of your hand. You seem very anxious on the account of your children's education. I have said all I have to say on that head, and am still of the same opinion, that learning is necessary to the happiness of women, and ignorance the common foundation of their errors, both in morals and conduct. I was well acquainted with a lady (the Duchess of M***r) who, I am persuaded, owed all her misfortunes to the want of

* Henry Bromley, created Baron Mountford, 1741.

† Francis Seymour Conway, created Earl of Hertford, 1750.

instructions in her youth. You know another, who, if she had had her natural good understanding cultivated by letters, would never have mistaken Johnny Gay for a wit, and much less have printed, that he took the liberty of calling her his Laura.*

I am pleasingly interrupted by the welcome information from Lord Bute that you are safely delivered of a son. I am never in pain for any of that sex. If they have any merit, there are so many roads for them to meet good fortune, they can no way fail but by not deserving it. We have but one of establishing ours, and that surrounded with precipices, and perhaps after all better missed than found. I have already told you I look on my granddaughters as lay nuns. Lady —— might avoid that destiny, if religion was not a bar to her being disposed of in this country. You will laugh to hear it, but it is really true, I had proposed to me a young man of quality, with a good estate: his parents are both dead: she would find a fine palace, and neither want jewels nor equipage; and her name (with a present from me) he thought sufficient fortune.

I shall write to Lord Bute this post. My blessing to you and yours is sincerely sent from your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Mar.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, June 19, N. S. 1751.

I AM much obliged to Lord Bute for thinking of me so kindly: to say truth, I am as fond of baubles as ever, and am so far from being ashamed of it, that it is a taste I endeavour to keep up with all the art I am mistress of. I should have despised them at twenty for the same reason that I would not eat tarts or cheesecakes at twelve years old, as being too childish for one capable of more solid pleasures. I now know (and, alas! have long known) all things in this world are almost equally trifling, and our most serious projects have scarce more foundation than those edifices that your little ones raise in cards. You see to what period the vast fortunes the Duke and Duchess of

* The Duchess of Queensberry.

Marlborough, and Sir Robert Walpole are soon arrived. I believe as you do, that Lady Orford is a joyful widow, but am persuaded she has as much reason to weep for her husband as ever any woman has had, from Andromache to this day. I never saw any second marriage that did not appear to me very ridiculous: hers is accompanied with circumstances that render the folly complete.

Sicknesses have been very fatal in this country, as well as in England. I should be glad to know the names of those you say are deceased: I believe I am ignorant of half of them, the Dutch news being forbid here. I would not have you give yourself the trouble, but order one of your servants to transcribe the catalogue. You will perhaps laugh at this curiosity. If you ever return to Bute, you will find, that what happens in the world is a considerable amusement in solitude. The people I see here make no more impression on my mind than the figures in the tapestry; while they are directly before my eyes, I know one is clothed in blue, and another in red; but out of sight, they are so entirely out of memory, I hardly remember whether they are tall or short. I sometimes call myself to account for this insensibility, which has something of ingratitude in it, this little town thinking themselves highly honoured and obliged by my residence: they intended me an extraordinary mark of it, having determined to set up my statue in the most conspicuous place: the marble was bespoke, and the sculptor bargained with, before I knew any thing of the matter; and it would have been erected without my knowledge, if it had not been necessary for him to see me to take the resemblance. I thanked them very much for the intention; but utterly refused complying with it, fearing it would be reported (at least in England) that I had set up my own statue. They were so obstinate in the design, I was forced to tell them my religion would not permit it. I seriously believe it would have been worshipped, when I was forgotten, under the name of some saint or other, since I was to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of canonization. This compliment was certainly founded on reasons not unlike those that first famed goddesses, I mean being useful to them, in which I am second to Ceres. If it be true, she taught the

art of sowing wheat, it is certain I have learned them to make bread, in which they continued in the same ignorance Misson complains of (as you may see in his letter from Padua). I have introduced French rolls, custards, minced pies, and plumb-pudding, which they are very fond of. 'Tis impossible to bring them to conform to syllabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes, they are even shocked to see me eat it: but I expect immortality from the science of butter-making, in which they are become so skilful from my instructions. I can assure you here is as good as in any part of Great Britain. I am afraid I have bragged of this before; but when you do not answer any part of my letters, I suppose them lost, which exposes you to some repetitions. Have you received that I wrote on my first notice of the prince's death? I shall receive Lord Bute's china with great pleasure. The pearl necklace for my god-daughter has been long packed up for her; I wish I could say, sent. In the mean time give her, and the rest of yours, my blessing; with thanks and compliments to Lord Bute, from your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY M.

P. S. I desire you would order the china to be packed up by some skilful man of the trade, or I shall receive it in pieces.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, June 20, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of May the 9th yesterday, with great satisfaction, finding in it an amendment of your health. I am not surprised at Lady Orford's* folly, having known her at Florence: she made great court to me. She has parts in a very engaging manner. Her company would have amused me very much, but I durst not indulge myself in it, her character being in universal horror. I do not mean from her gallantries, which nobody troubles their heads with, but she had a collection of freethinkers that met weekly at her house, to the scandal of all good Christians. She invited me to one of these honourable assemblies, which

* Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, esq. of Haynton, county of Devon, and relict of Robert, second earl of Orford, who died in 1751, married the Honourable Sewallis Shirley in the same year. Her principal residence was at Florence.

I civilly refused, not desiring to be thought of her opinion, nor thinking it right to make a jest of ordinances that are (at least) so far sacred, as they are absolutely necessary in all civilized government; and it is being in every sense an enemy to mankind, to endeavour to overthrow them. Tar water is arrived in Italy. I have been asked several questions concerning the use of it in England. I do not find it makes any great progress here; the doctors confine it to a possibility of being useful in the cure of inward ulcers, and allow it no farther merit. I told you, some time ago, the method in this country of making it the interest of the physicians to keep the town in good health. I wish that, and the Roman law concerning last testaments, were imported for the good of England: I know no foreign fashion or quackery that would be so useful among us. I have wrote a long letter to my daughter this post; I cannot help fearing for her. Time and distance have increased, and not diminished my tenderness for her. I own it is stronger than my philosophy: my reason agrees with Atticus, but my passions are the same with Tully's.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 23, 1751.

I RECEIVED yesterday, July 22, N. S. yours of June 2d. I own I could not help regretting the Duchess of Montagu (with whom I have passed many agreeable hours), though I think I am in the wrong in so doing, being persuaded her life was grown burthensome to her, and I believe she would not own herself in danger to avoid the remedies that would have pressed upon her. I am not surprised at Lady Orford's marriage: her money was doubtless convenient to Mr. Shirley, and I dare swear she piques herself on not being able to refuse him any thing. It has been her way with all her lovers: he is the most creditable of any she ever had: his birth and sense will induce him to behave to her with decency, and it is what she has not been much used to. As it is a true saying, '*Cowards more blows than any hero bear;*' it as certainly true, ladies of pleasure (very improperly so called) suffer more mortifications than any nun of the most austere order that ever was instituted. Lady Orford is a shining instance of that

truth: the most submissive wife to the most tyrannic husband that ever was born, is not such a slave as I saw her at Florence. I have hardly ever seen engagements of that sort on another footing. Contempt is joined with intimacy in those cases, and there are few men that do not indulge the malignity that is in human nature, when they can do it (as they fancy) justifiably.

I have had a return, though in a less degree, of the distemper I had last year, and am afraid I must go again to the waters of Louvere. The journey is so disagreeable I would willingly avoid it; and I have little taste for the diversions of the place.

August 1.

Thus far of my letter was wrote at Gotolingo, and it is concluded at Louvere, where the doctors have dragged me. I find much more company than ever. I have done by these waters as I formerly did by those at Islington: you may remember when I first carried you there, we scarce saw any but ourselves, and in a short time we could hardly find room for the crowd. I arrived but last night, so I can say nothing of my success in relation to my health. I must end my letter in a hurry: here is company; and I can only say I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I AM always pleased when I hear you have been with the Duke and Duchess of Portland, being persuaded they are both worthy and sincere friends of yours. I wrote so many letters to dear Lady Orford without receiving any answer, that I was in great pain on her account. I will write again, though I lose so much of my writing: I am afraid it will only be more time and paper thrown away. I pity poor Lady D***, who, perhaps, thinks herself at present an object of envy; she will be soon undeceived: no rich widow can marry on prudential motives; and where passion is only on one side, every marriage must be miserable. If she thought justly, she would know that no man ever was in love with a woman of forty, since the deluge: a boy may be so; but that blaze of straw only lasts till

he is old enough to distinguish between youth and age, which generally happens about seventeen: till that time the whole sex appear angelic to a warm constitution; but as that is not Mr. T***'s case, all she can hope is a cold complaisance, founded on gratitude, which is the most certain of all foundations for a lasting union. I know not how it is, whether obligers are apt to exact too large returns, or whether human pride naturally hates to remember obligation, but I have seldom seen friendships continue long, where there has been great benefits conferred; and I should think it the severest suffering to know I was a burthen on the good-nature of a man I loved, even if I met a mind so generous as to dissemble a disgust which he could not help feeling. Lady D*** had fond parents, and, as I have heard, an obliging husband. Her sorrowful hours are now coming on; they will be new to her, and 'tis a cruel addition to reflect (as she must do) that they have been her own purchasing. I wish my favourite Lady Coke may make use of her bitter experience to escape the snares laid for her: they are so various and so numerous, if she can avoid them, I shall think she has some supernatural assistance, and her force more wonderful than any of Don Quixote's heroes, though they vanquished whole armies by the strength of a single lance.

I have sent Lady ——— a little ring: if it comes safe, I will find something for Lady ———: I expect a letter of thanks. I think I have ill luck if none of my grand-daughters have a turn for writing: she that has will be distinguished by me. I have sent you three bills of exchange: it does not appear you have received one: what method to take I cannot imagine: I must depend on my new friend, who is a merchant of the Valteline. If the war breaks out, difficulties will increase; though our correspondence can hardly be more interrupted than it is already. I must endure it as set down by destiny in the long list of mortifications allotted to,

Dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, Nov. 10, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of October 10, this day, which is much quicker than any I ever had from England. I will not make any reflections on the conduct of the person you mention; 'tis a subject too melancholy to us both: I am of opinion tallying at bassette is a certain revenue (even without cheating) to those who can get constant punters, and are able to submit to the drudgery of it; but I never knew any one pursue it long, and preserve a tolerable reputation. The news of the recovery of your health makes me amends for the displeasure of hearing his ill-figure.

I have often read and been told, that the air of Hungary is better, and the inhabitants in general longer lived, than in any other part of Europe. You have given me a very surprising instance of it, far surpassing in age the old woman of Louvere, though, in some circumstances, I think her story as extraordinary. She died but ten years ago; and it is well remembered by the inhabitants of that place, the most creditable of whom have all assured me of the truth of the following facts:—She kept the greatest inn there till past fifty: her husband then dying, and she being rich, she left off that trade; and having a large house, with a great deal of furniture, she let lodgings, which her daughters (two maids past seventy) still continue. I lodged with them the first year of my going to those waters. She lived to one hundred years with good health; but in the last five years of it, fell into the decays common to that period—dimness of sight, loss of teeth, and baldness; but in her hundredth year, her sight was totally restored, she had a new set of teeth, and a fresh head of brown hair. I mentioned it to several ladies, who none of them had heard it, but the rest was confirmed to me by every body. She lived in this renewed vigour ten years, and then had her picture drawn, which has a vivacity in the eyes and complexion that would become five-and twenty, though, by the falls in the face, one may discern it was drawn for a very old person. She died merely of an accident, which would have killed any other; tumbling down a very bad stone staircase, which goes into the cellar, she broke her head in such a manner, she lived but two days. The physician and surgeon, who attended her, told me that her age no

way contributed to her death. I inquired whether there was any singularity in her diet, but heard of none, excepting that her breakfast was every morning a large quantity of bread sopped in cold water. The common food of the peasants in this country is the Turkish wheat you mention, which they dress in various manners, but use little milk, it being chiefly reserved for cheese, or the tables of the gentry. I have not observed, either the poor or rich, that in general they live longer than in England. This woman of Louvere is always spoken of as a prodigy; and I am surprised she is neither called saint nor witch, being very prodigal of those titles.

I return you many thanks for the length of your entertaining letter; but am very sorry it was troublesome to you to write it. I wish the reading of this may not be so. I will seek for a picture for Lord Bute.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 8, N.S. 1751.

THIS town is at present in a general stare, or, to use their own expression, *sotto sopra;* and not only this town, but the capital, Bergamo, the whole province, the neighbouring Brescian, and perhaps all the Venetian dominion, occasioned by an adventure exactly resembling, and I believe copied from, Pamela. I know not under what constellation that foolish stuff was wrote, but it has been translated into more languages than any modern performance I ever heard of. No proof of its influence was ever stronger than this present story, which, in Richardson's hands, would serve very well to furnish out seven or eight volumes. I shall make it as short as I can. Here is a gentleman's family, consisting of an old bachelor and his sister, who have fortune enough to live with great elegance, though without any magnificence, possessed of the esteem of all their acquaintance, he being distinguished by his probity, and she by her virtue. They are not only suffered but sought after by all the best company, and indeed are the most conversable and reasonable people in the place. She is an excellent housewife, and particularly remarkable for keeping her pretty house as neat as any in Holland. She appears no longer in public, being past fifty, and passes her time chiefly at home with her work, receiving few visitants.

This Signora Diana, about ten years since, saw, at a monastery, a girl of eight years old, who came thither to beg alms for her mother. Her beauty, though covered with rags, was very observable, and gave great compassion to the charitable lady, who thought it meritorious to rescue such a modest sweetness as appeared in her face from the ruin to which her wretched circumstances exposed her. She asked her some questions, to which she answered with a natural civility that seemed surprising; and finding the head of her family (her brother) to be a cobbler, who could hardly live by that trade, she bid the child follow her home, and, sending for her parent, proposed to breed the little Octavia for her servant. This was joyfully accepted; the old woman dismissed with a piece of money, and the girl remained with the Signora Diana, who bought her decent clothes, and took pleasure in teaching her whatever she was capable of learning. She learned to read, write, and cast accounts, with uncommon facility; and had such a genius for work, that she excelled her mistress in embroidery, point, and every operation of the needle. She grew perfectly skilled in confectionary, had a good insight into cookery, and was a great proficient in distillery. To these accomplishments she was so handy, well-bred, humble, and modest, that not only her master and mistress, but every body that frequented the house, took notice of her. She lived thus near nine years, never going out but to church. However, beauty is as difficult to conceal as light; her's began to make a great noise. Signora Diana told me she observed an unusual concourse of peddling women that came on pretext to sell pennyworths of lace, china, &c. and several young gentlemen, very well powdered, that were perpetually walking before her door, and looking up at the windows. These prognostics alarmed her prudence, and she listened very willingly to some honourable proposals that were made by many honest thriving tradesmen. She communicated them to Octavia, and told her, that, though she was sorry to lose such a good servant, yet she thought it right to advise her to choose a husband. The girl answered modestly, that it was her duty to obey all her commands, but she found no inclination to marriage; and if she would permit her to live single, she should think it a greater obligation than any other she could bestow.

Signora Diana was too conscientious to force her into a state from which she could not free her, and left her to her own disposal. However, they parted soon after: whether (as the neighbours say) Signor Aurelio Ardinghi, her brother, looked with too much attention on the young woman, or that she herself (as Diana says) desired to seek a place of more profit, she removed to Bergamo, where she soon found preferment, being strongly recommended by the Ardinghi family. She was advanced to be first waiting-woman to an old countess, who was so well pleased with her service, she desired, on her death-bed, Count Jeronimo Losi, her son, to be kind to her. He found no repugnance to this act of obedience, having distinguished the beautiful Octavia, from his first sight of her; and, during the six months that she had served in the house, had tried every art of a fine gentleman, accustomed to victories of that sort, to vanquish the virtue of this fair virgin. He had a handsome figure, and has had an education uncommon in this country, having made the tour of Europe, and brought from Paris all the improvements that are to be picked up there, being celebrated for his grace in dancing, and skill in fencing and riding, by which he is a favourite among the ladies, and respected by the men. Thus qualified for conquest, you may judge of his surprise at the firm yet modest resistance of this country girl, who was neither to be moved by address, nor gained by liberality, nor on any terms would be prevailed on to stay as his housekeeper, after the death of his mother. She took that post in the house of an old judge, where she continued to be solicited by the emissaries of the count's passion, and found a new persecutor in her master, who, after three months' endeavour to corrupt her, offered her marriage. She chose to return to her former obscurity, and escaped from his pursuit, without asking any wages, and privately returned to the Signora Diana. She threw herself at her feet, and, kissing her hands, begged her with tears to conceal her at least some time, if she would not accept of her service. She protested she had never been happy since she left it. While she was making these submissions, Signor Aurelio entered. She intreated his intercession on her knees, who was easily persuaded to consent she should stay with them, though his sister blamed her highly for her precipitate flight, having

no reason, from the age and character of her master, to fear any violence, and wondered at her declining the honour he offered her. Octavia confessed that perhaps she had been too rash in her proceedings, but said, that he seemed to resent her refusal in such a manner as frightened her; she hoped that after a few days' search he would think no more of her; and that she scrupled entering into the holy bands of matrimony, where her heart did not sincerely accompany all the words of the ceremony. Signora Diana had nothing to say in contradiction to this pious sentiment; and her brother applauded the honesty which could not be perverted by any interest whatever. She remained concealed in their house, where she helped in the kitchen, cleaned the rooms, and redoubled her usual diligence and officiousness. Her old master came to Louvere on pretence of adjusting a law-suit, three days after, and made private inquiry after her; but hearing from her mother and brother (who knew nothing of her being here) that they had never heard of her, he concluded she had taken another route, and returned to Bergamo; and she continued in this retirement near a fortnight.

Last Sunday, as soon as the day was closed, arrived at Signora Aurelio's door, a handsome equipage in a large coach, attended by four well-armed servants on horseback. An old priest stepped out of it, desiring to speak with Signora Diana, informed her he came from the Count Jeronimo Losi, to demand Octavia: that the count waited for her at a village four miles from hence, where he intended to marry her; and had sent him, who was engaged to perform the divine rite, that Signora Diana might resign her to his care without any difficulty. The young damsel was called for, who intreated she might be permitted the company of another priest with whom she was acquainted: this was readily granted; and she sent for a young man that visits me very often, being remarkable for his sobriety and learning. Meanwhile a valet-de-chambre presented her with a box, in which was a complete undress for a lady. Her laced linen and fine night gown were soon put on, and away they marched, leaving the family in a surprise not to be described.

Signor Aurelio came to drink coffee with me next morning: his first words were, he had brought me the History

of Pamela. I said, laughing, I had been tired with it long since. He explained himself by relating this story, mixed with great resentment for Octavia's conduct. Count Jeronimo's father had been his ancient friend and patron; and this escape from his house (he said) would lay him under a suspicion of having abetted the young man's folly, and perhaps expose him to the anger of all his relations, for contriving an action he would rather have died than suffered, if he had known how to prevent it. I easily believed him, there appearing a latent jealousy under his affliction that shewed me he envied the bridegroom's happiness, at the same time that he condemned his extravagance.

Yesterday noon, being Saturday, Don Joseph returned, who has got the name of Parson Williams by this expedition: he relates, that, when the bark which carried the coach and train arrived, they found the amorous count waiting for his bride on the bank of the lake: he would have proceeded immediately to the church; but she utterly refused it, till they had each of them been at confession; after which the happy knot was tied by the parish priest. They continued their journey, and came to their palace at Bergamo in a few hours, where every thing was prepared for their reception. They received the communion next morning, and the count declares that the lovely Octavia has brought him an inestimable portion, since he owes to her the salvation of his soul. He has renounced play, at which he had lost a great deal of time and money. She has already retrenched several superfluous servants and put his family into an exact method of economy, preserving all the splendor necessary to his rank. He has sent a letter in his own hand to her mother, inviting her to reside with them, and subscribing himself her dutiful son: but the countess has sent another privately by Don Joseph, in which she advises the old woman to stay at Louvere, promising to take care she shall want nothing, accompanied with a token of twenty sequins,* which is at least nineteen more than ever she saw in her life.

I forgot to tell you, that from Octavia's first serving the old lady, there came frequent charities in her name to her poor parent, which nobody was surprised at, the lady being celebrated for pious works, and Octavia known to

* About ten guineas English.

e a great favourite with her. It is now discovered that hey were all sent by the generous lover, who has pre-ented Don Joseph very handsomely, but he has brought either letter nor message to the house of Ardinghi, which ffords much speculation.

I am afraid you are heartily tired with this tedious tale. I will not lengthen it with reflections, as I fancy yours will be the same as mine.

With mine, all these adventures proceed from artifice on one side and weakness on the other. An honest ten-der mind is often betrayed to ruin by the charms that make the fortune of a designing head, which, when joined by a beautiful face, can never fail of advancement, except barred by a wise mother who locks up her daughters from view till nobody cares to look on them. My poor friend the Duchess of Bolton* was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, by a saint-like governess, crammed with virtue and good qualities; she thought it impossible not to find gratitude, though she failed to give passion; and upon this plan threw away her estate, was despised by her husband, and laughed at by the public. Polly,† bred in an ale-house, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and found the way to be esteemed. So useful is early experience—without it, half of life is dissipated in correcting the errors that we have been taught to receive as indisputable truths.

I am ever your truly affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louverc, Jan. 10, 1752.

I AM extremely concerned to hear you complain of ill-health, at a time of life when you ought to be in the flower of your strength. I hope I need not recommend to you the care of it: the tenderness you have for your children is sufficient to enforce you to the utmost regard for the preservation of a life so necessary to their well being. I

* Lady Anne Vaughan, daughter and heir of John earl of Carberry, married Charles, fifth duke of Bolton, 1713. She died in 1751.

† Lavinia Fenton, the celebrated 'Polly,' in Gay's Beggar's Opera, afterward the second wife of Charles, third duke of Bolton,

do not doubt your prudence in their education: neithe can I say any thing particular relating to it at this di tance, different tempers requiring different management. I general, never attempt to govern them (as most people d by deceit: if they find themselves cheated, even in trifle it will so far lessen the authority of their instructor, as t make them neglect all their future admonitions; and, possible, breed them free from prejudices: those co tracted in the nursery often influence the whole life afte of which I have seen many melancholy examples. I sha say no more on this subject, nor would have said this littl if you had not asked my advice: 'tis much easier to giv rules than to practise them. I am sensible my own natura temper is too indulgent: I think it the least dangerous error yet still it is an error. I can only say with truth, tha I do not know in my whole life having ever endeavoure to impose on you, or give a false colour to any thing that represented to you. If your daughters are inclined to lov reading, do not check their inclination by hindering then of the diverting part of it; it is as necessary for the amuse ment of women as the reputation of men; but teach then not to expect or desire any applause from it. Let their bro thers shine, and let them content themselves with makin their lives easier by it, which I experimentally know i more effectually done by study than any other way. Ig norance is as much the fountain of vice as idleness, an indeed generally produces it. People that do not read o work for a livelihood, have many hours they know not how to employ, especially women, who commonly fall into va pours, or something worse.

I am afraid you'll think this letter very tedious: for give it, as coming from your most affectionate mother,

M. W

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, 1752.

I RECEIVED yesterday, February 15, N. S. the case o books you were so good to send me: the entertainmen they have already given me has recompensed me for the long time I expected them. I begun, by your direction with Peregrine Pickle. I think Lady Vane's Memoir

ontain more truth and less malice than any I ever read
i my life. When she speaks of her own being disinterested,
am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many
ighwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the
naracter of honesty, please themselves with that of being
enerous, because, whatever they get on the road, they al-
ays spend at the next ale-house, and are still as beggarly
s ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more
istructive to young women than any sermon I know.
hey may see there what mortifications and variety of
isery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I
ink there is no rational creature that would not prefer
ie life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and
isfortune she has gone through. Her style is clear and
oncise, with some strokes of humour, which appear to me
o much above her, I can't help being of opinion, that
ie whole has been modelled by the author of the book in
hich it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of
ers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of
ine, though she has married two of my relations. Her
rst wedding was attended with circumstances that made
ie think a visit not at all necessary, though I disobliged
ady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which hap-
ened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I ra-
ier chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake
f her balls and parties of pleasure, to which I did not
ink it proper to introduce you; and had no other way
f avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most
nnatural mother for denying you diversions which the
ious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters.
Ir. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the
onquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their
eroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex,
he one for beauty, and the other for wealth, both which
ttract the pursuit of mankind, and have been thrown into
is arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared
o me gentle, well-bred, well-shaped, and sensible; but
he charms of his face and eyes, which Lady Vane de-
cribes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always
nvisible to me, and the artificial part of his character
ery glaring, which I think her story shews in a strong
ight.

The next book I laid my hand on was the Parish Gir which interested me enough not to be able to quit it ti it was read over, though the author has fallen into th common mistake of romance-writers, intending a virtuou character, and not knowing how to draw it; the first ste of his heroine (leaving her patroness's house) being alt gether absurd and ridiculous, justly entitling her to a the misfortunes she met with. Candles came, and my ey grown weary, I took up the next book, merely because supposed from the title it could not engage me long; was Pompey the Little, which has really diverted m more than any of the others, and it was impossible to go bed till it was finished. It is a real and exact represent tion of life, as it is now acted in London, as it was in m time, and as it will be (I do not doubt) a hundred yea hence, with some little variation of dress, and perhaps government. I found there many of my acquaintanc Lady T. and Lady O. are so well painted, I fancied heard them talk, and have heard them say the very thin there repeated. I also saw myself (as I now am) in th character of Mrs. Qualmsick. You will be surprised this, no English woman being so free from vapours, ha ing never in my life complained of low spirits or wea nerves; but our resemblance is very strong in the fanci loss of appetite, which I have been silly enough to be pe suaded into by the physician of this place. He visits m frequently, as being one of the most considerable men the parish, and is a grave, sober-thinking, great fool, who solemn appearance, and deliberate way of delivering h sentiments, gives them an air of good sense, though the are often the most injudicious that ever were pronounce By perpetually telling me I eat so little, he is amazed am able to subsist. He had brought me to be of his op nion; and I began to be seriously uneasy at it. This us ful treatise has roused me into a recollection of what I a yesterday, and do almost every day the same. I wal generally about seven, and drink half a pint of war asses' milk, after which I sleep too hours: as soon as I a risen, I constantly take three cups of milk coffee, and, tw hours after that, a large cup of milk chocolate: two hou more brings my dinner, where I never fail swallowing good dish (I don't mean plate) of gravy soup, with a

he bread, roots, &c. belonging to it. I then eat a wing nd the whole body of a large fat capon, and a veal sweet-read, concluding with a competent quantity of custard, nd some roasted chesnuts. At five in the afternoon, I take nother dose of asses' milk; and for supper twelve ches-uts (which would weigh two of those in London), one ew-laid egg, and a handsome porringer of white bread nd milk. With this diet, notwithstanding the menaces of y wise doctor, I am now convinced I am in no danger of tarving, and am obliged to Little Pompey for this disco-ery.

I opened my eyes this morning on Leonora, from which defy the greatest chymist in morals to extract any in-truction. The style is most affectedly florid, and naturally sipid, with such a confused heap of admirable characters, hat never are, or can be, in human nature. I flung it side after fifty pages, and laid hold of Mrs. Philips,* here I expected to find at least probable, if not true, facts, nd was not disappointed. There is a great similitude in he genius and adventures (the one being productive of the ther) between Madam Constantia and Lady Vane: the rst-mentioned has the advantage in birth, and, if I am not istaken, in understanding: they have both had scandalous awsuits with their husbands, and are endowed with the ame intrepid assurance. Constantia seems to value her-elf also on her generosity, and has given the same proofs f it. The parallel might be drawn out to be as long as ny of Plutarch's; but I dare swear you are already eartily weary of my remarks, and wish I had not read so uch in so short a time, that you might not be troubled ith my comments; but you must suffer me to say some-hing of the polite Mr. S***, whose name I should never ave guessed by the rapturous description his mistress akes of his person, having always looked upon him as ne of the most disagreeable fellows about town, as odious his outside as stupid in his conversation; and I should s soon have expected to hear of his conquests at the head f an army, as among women; yet he has been, it seems, e darling favourite of the most experienced of the sex, hich shews me I am a very bad judge of merit. But I gree with Mrs. Philips, that, however profligate she may

* Constantia Philips.

have been, she is infinitely his superior in virtue; and if her penitence is as sincere as she says, she may expect their future fate to be like that of Dives and Lazarus.

This letter is of a most immoderate length. It will find you at Caenwood: your solitude there will permit you to peruse, and even to forgive, all the impertinences of your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, June 23, N. S. 1752.

SOON after I wrote my last letter to my dear child, I was seized with so violent a fever, accompanied with many bad symptoms, my life was despaired of by the physician of Gotolingo, and I prepared myself for death with as much resignation as that circumstance admits: some of my neighbours, without my knowledge, sent express for the doctor of this place, whom I have mentioned to you formerly as having uncommon secrets. I was surprised to see him at my bedside. He declared me in great danger, but did not doubt my recovery, if I was wholly under his care; and his first prescription was transporting me hither: the other physician asserted positively I should die on the road. It has always been my opinion, that it is a matter of the utmost indifference where we expire, and I consented to be removed. My bed was placed on a brancard; my servants followed in chaises; and in this equipage I set out. I bore the first day's journey of fifteen miles without any visible alteration. The doctor said, as I was not worse, I was certainly better; and the next day proceeded twenty miles to Isco, which is at the head of this lake. I lay each night at noblemen's houses, which were empty. My cook, with my physician, always preceded two or three hours, and I found my chamber, and all necessaries, ready prepared with the exactest attention. I was put into a bark in my litter bed, and in three hours arrived here. My spirits were not at all wasted (I think rather raised) by the fatigue of my journey. I drank the waters next morning, and with a few doses of physician's prescription, in three days found myself in perfect health, which appeared almost a miracle to all that saw me. You may imagine I am willing to submit to the orders of one that I must acknowledge the instrument of saving my life, though the

are not entirely conformable to my will and pleasure. He has sentenced me to a long continuance here, which, he says, is absolutely necessary to the confirmation of my health, and would persuade me that my illness has been wholly owing to my omission of drinking the waters these two years past. I dare not contradict him, and must own he deserves (from the various surprising cures I have seen) the name given him in this country of the miraculous man. Both his character and practice are so singular, I cannot forbear giving you some account of them. He will not permit his patients to have either surgeon or apothecary: he performs all the operations of the first with great dexterity; and whatever compounds he gives, he makes in his own house: those are very few; the juice of herbs, and these waters, being commonly his sole prescriptions. He has very little learning, and professes drawing all his knowledge from experience, which he possesses, perhaps, in a greater degree than any other mortal, being the seventh doctor of his family in a direct line. His forefathers have all of them left journals and registers solely for the use of their posterity, none of them having published any thing; and he has recourse to these manuscripts on every difficult case, the veracity of which, at least, is unquestionable. His vivacity is prodigious, and he is indefatigable in his industry; but what most distinguishes him is a disinterestedness I never saw in any other: he is as regular in his attendance on the poorest peasant, from whom he never can receive one farthing, as on the richest of the nobility; and, whenever he is wanted, will climb three or four miles on the mountains, in the hottest sun, or heaviest rain, where a horse cannot go, to arrive at a cottage, where, if their condition requires it, he does not only give them advice and medicines gratis, but bread, wine, and whatever is needful. There never passes a week without one or more of these expeditions. His last visit is generally to me. I often see him as dirty and tired as a foot post, having eat nothing all day but a roll or two that he carries in his pocket, yet blest with such a perpetual flow of spirits, he is always gay to a degree above cheerfulness. There is a peculiarity in this character that I hope will incline you to forgive my drawing it.

I have already described to you this extraordinary spot

of land, which is almost unknown to the rest of the world, and indeed does not seem to be destined by nature to be inhabited by human creatures, and I believe would never have been so, without the cruel civil war between the Guelphs and Gibellines. Before that time here were only the huts of a few fishermen, who came at certain seasons on account of the fine fish with which this lake abounds, particularly trouts, as large and red as salmon. The lake itself is different from any other I ever saw or read of, being the colour of the sea, rather deeper tinged with green, which convinces me that the surrounding mountains are full of minerals, and it may be rich in mines yet undiscovered, as well as quarries of marble, from whence the churches and houses are ornamented, and even the streets paved, which, if polished and laid with art, would look like the finest Mosaic work, being a variety of beautiful colours. I ought to retract the honourable title of street, none of them being broader than an alley, and impassable for any wheel carriage, except a wheelbarrow. This town, which is the largest of twenty-five that are built on the banks of the lake of Isco, is near two miles long, and the figure of a semicircle, and situated at the northern extremity. If it was a regular range of building, it would appear magnificent; but, being founded accidentally by those who sought a refuge from the violence of those times, it is a mixture of shops and palaces, gardens and houses, which ascend a mile high, in a confusion which is not disagreeable. After this salutary water was found, and the purity of the air experienced, many people of quality chose it for their summer residence, and embellished it with several fine edifices. It was populous and flourishing, till that fatal plague which over-ran all Europe in the year 1626. It made a terrible ravage in this place: the poor were almost destroyed, and the rich deserted it. Since that time it has never recovered its former splendour; few of the nobility returned; it is now only frequented during the water-drinking season. Several of the ancient palaces are degraded into lodging houses, and others stand empty in a ruinous condition: one of these I have bought. I see you lift up your eyes in wonder at my indiscretion. I beg you to hear my reasons before you condemn me. In my infirm state of health, the unavoidable noise of a public lodging is

very disagreeable; and here is no private one: secondly, and chiefly, the whole purchase is but one hundred pounds, with a very pretty garden in terraces down to the water, and a court behind the house. It is founded on a rock, and the walls so thick, they will probably remain as long as the earth. It is true, the apartments are in most tattered circumstances, without doors or windows. The beauty of the great saloon gained my affection; it is forty-two feet in length by twenty-five, proportionably high, opening into a balcony of the same length, with a marble balustre: the ceiling and flooring are in good repair, but I have been forced to the expense of covering the wall with new stucco; and the carpenter is at this minute taking measure of the windows, in order to make frames for sashes. The great stairs are in such a declining way, it would be a very hazardous exploit to mount them: I never intend to attempt it. The state bed-chamber shall also remain for the sole use of the spiders that have taken possession of it, along with the grand cabinet, and some other pieces of magnificence, quite useless to me, and which would cost a great deal to make habitable. I have fitted up six rooms, with lodgings for five servants, which are all I ever will have in this place; and I am persuaded that I could make a profit if I would part with my purchase, having been very much favoured in the sale, which was by auction, the owner having died without children, and I believe he had never seen this mansion in his life, it having stood empty from the death of his grandfather. The governor bid for me, and nobody would bid against him. Thus I am become a citizen of Louvere, to the great joy of the inhabitants, not (as they would pretend) from their respect for my person, but I perceive they fancy I shall attract all the travelling English; and, to say truth, the singularity of the place is well worth their curiosity; but, as I have no correspondents, I may be buried here thirty years, and nobody know any thing of the matter.

I received the books you were so kind to send me five days ago, but not the china, which I would not venture among the precipices that lead hither. I have only had time to read Lord Orrery's work, which has extremely entertained, and not at all surprised me, having the honour of being acquainted with him, and know him for one of

those danglers after wit, who, like those after beauty, spend their time in humbly admiring, and are happy in being permitted to attend, though they are laughed at, and only encouraged to gratify the insatiate vanity of those professed wits and beauties, who aim at being publicly distinguished in those characters. Dean Swift, by his lordship's own account, was so intoxicated with the love of flattery, that he sought it among the lowest of people, and the silliest of women; and was never so well pleased with any companions, as those that worshipped him, while he insulted them. It is a wonderful condescension in a man of quality to offer his incense in such a crowd, and think it an honour to share a friendship with Sheridan,* &c. especially being himself endowed with such universal merit as he displays in these letters, where he shews that he is a poet, a patriot, a philosopher, a physician, a critic, a complete scholar, and most excellent moralist; shining in private life as a submissive son, a tender father, and zealous friend. His only error has been that love of learned ease, which he has indulged in a solitude, which has prevented the world from being blest with such a general minister, or admiral, being equal to any of these employments, if he would have turned his talents to the use of the public. Heaven be praised, he has now drawn his pen in its service, and given an example to mankind, that the most villainous actions, nay the most arrant nonsense, are only small blemishes in a great genius; I happen to think quite contrary, weak woman as I am. I have always avoided the conversation of those who endeavour to raise an opinion of their understanding, by ridiculing what both law and decency oblige them to revere; but, whenever I have met with any of those bright spirits, who would be smart on sacred subjects, I have ever cut short their discourse by asking them if they had any lights and revelations by which they would propose new articles of faith? Nobody can deny but religion is a comfort to the distressed, a cordial to the sick, and sometimes a restraint on the wicked; therefore, whoever would argue or laugh it out of the world, without giving some equivalent for it, ought to be treated as a common enemy: but, when this language

* Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, esq.

comes from a churchman, who enjoys large benefices and dignities from that very church he openly despises, it is an object of horror for which I want a name, and can only be excused by madness, which I think the dean was always strongly touched with. His character seems to me a parallel with that of Caligula; and, had he had the same power, would have made the same use of it. That emperor erected a temple to himself, where he was his own high-priest, preferred his horse to the highest honours in the state, professed enmity to the human race, and at last lost his life by a nasty jest on one of his inferiors, which I dare swear Swift would have made in his place. There can be no worse picture made of the doctor's morals than he has given us himself in the letters printed by Pope. We see him vain, trifling, ungrateful to the memory of his patron, that of Lord Oxford, making a servile court where he had any interested views, and meanly abusive when they were disappointed, and as he says (in his own phrase), flying in the face of mankind, in company with his adorer Pope. It is pleasant to consider, that, had it not been for the good-nature of these very mortals they contemn, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys. I am of opinion their friendship would have continued, though they had remained in the same kingdom: it had a very strong foundation—the love of flattery on one side, and the love of money on the other. Pope courted with the utmost assiduity all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherly, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, &c. and I do not doubt projected to sweep the dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to die in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up. There cannot be a stronger proof of his being capable of any action for the sake of gain than publishing his literary correspondence, which lays open such a mixture of dulness and iniquity, that one would imagine it visible even to his most passionate admirers, if Lord Orrery did not shew that smooth lines have as much influence over some people as the authority of the church in these coun-

tries, where it can not only excuse, but sanctify any absurdity or villainy whatever. It is remarkable, that his lordship's family have been smatterers in wit and learning for three generations: his grandfather has left monuments of his good taste in several rhyming tragedies, and the romance of Parthenissa. His father begun the world by giving his name to a treatise wrote by Atterbury* and his club, which gained him great reputation;† but (like Sir Martin Marall, who would fumble with his lute when the music was over) he published soon after a sad comedy of his own, and, what was worse, a *dismal* tragedy he had found among the first Earl of Orrery's papers. People could easier forgive his being partial to his own silly works, as a common frailty, than the want of judgment in producing a piece that dishonoured his father's memory.

Thus fell into dust a fame that had made a blaze by borrowed fire. To do justice to the present lord, I do not doubt this fine performance is all his own, and is a public benefit, if every reader has been as well diverted with it as myself. I verily believe it has contributed to the establishment of my health.

I have wrote two long letters to your father, to which I have had no answer. I hope he is well. The prosperity of you and yours is the warmest wish of,

My dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

This letter is of a horrible length; I dare not read it over. I should have told you (to justify my folly as far as I can), here is no ground-rent to be paid, taxes for church and poor, or any imposition whatever on houses. I desire in the next parcel you would send me Lady Frail, the Adventures of G. Edwards, and the Life of Lord Stair, which I suppose very superficial, and partly fictitious; but as he was my acquaintance, I have some curiosity to see how he is represented.

* Bishop of Rochester.

† This refers to the controversy between Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bently, relative to the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, August 20, 1752.

'Tis impossible to tell you to what degree I share with you in the misfortune that has happened. I do not doubt your own reason will suggest to you all the alleviations that can serve on so sad an occasion, and will not trouble you with the common-place topics that are used, generally to no purpose, in letters of consolation. Disappointments ought to be less sensibly felt at my age than yours; yet I own I am so far affected by this, that I have need of all my philosophy to support it. However, let me beg of you not to indulge an useless grief, to the prejudice of your health, which is so necessary to your family. Every thing may turn out better than you expect. We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes. Human prudence is very straitly bounded. What is most in our power, though little so, is the disposition of our own minds. Do not give way to melancholy; seek amusements; be willing to be diverted, and insensibly you will become so. Weak people only place a merit in affliction. A grateful remembrance, and whatever honour we can pay to their memory, is all that is owing to the dead. Tears and sorrow are no duties to them, and make us incapable of those we owe to the living.

I give you thanks for your care of my books. I yet retain, and carefully cherish, my taste for reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions: they afford a constant variety of entertainment, and is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence. I am sorry your sight will not permit you a great use of it: the prattle of your little ones, and friendship of Lord Bute, will supply the place of it. My dear child, endeavour to raise your spirits; and believe this advice comes from the tenderness of your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, Oct. 1, N. S. 1752.

I HAVE wrote five letters to my dear child, of which you have not acknowledged the receipt. I fear some, if not all, of them have miscarried, which may be attributed to Sir James Gray's leaving Venice. You must now direct (at last) recommended *à* Monsieur Smith, consul de S. M. B.

The first of those letters I mention spoke of Lord K*** ; the second had a story of Lady O*** ; the third answered yours relating to the Miss Gunnings; the fourth gave an account of our cardinal; and the last enclosed a note upon Child. You need not excuse to me taking notice of your carpet. I think you have great reason to value yourself on the performance, but will have better luck than I have had, if you can persuade any body else to do so. I could never get people to believe that I set a stitch, when I worked six hours in a day. You will confess my employments much more trifling than yours, when I own to you (between you and I), that my chief amusement is writing the history of my own time. It has been my fortune to have a more exact knowledge both of the persons and facts that have made the greatest figure in England in this age, than is common; and I take pleasure in putting together what I know, with an impartiality that is altogether unusual. Distance of time and place has totally blotted from my mind all traces either of resentment or prejudice; and I speak with the same indifference of the court of Great Britain as I should do of that of Augustus Cæsar. I hope you have not so ill an opinion of me to think I am turning author in my old age. I can assure you I regularly burn every quire as soon as it is finished; and mean nothing more than to divert my solitary hours. I know mankind too well to think they are capable of receiving truth, much less of applauding it: or, were it otherwise, applause to me is as insignificant as garlands on the dead. I have no concern beyond my own family. Pray write as often as you can to your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Brescia, Oct. 10, 1752.

THIS letter will be very dull or very peevish (perhaps both). I am at present much out of humour, being on the edge of a quarrel with my friend and patron, the Cardinal Quirini.* He is really a good-natured and generous man and spends his vast revenue in (what he thinks) the service of his country, beside contributing largely to the building a new cathedral, which, when finished, will stand in the first rank of fine churches (where he has already the comfort of seeing his own busto, finely done within and without). He has founded a magnificent college for one hundred scholars, which I don't doubt he will endow very nobly, and greatly enlarged and embellished his episcopal palace. He has joined to it a public library, which, when I saw it, was a very beautiful room: it is now finished, furnished, and opened twice in a week with proper attendance. Yesterday, here arrived one of his chief chaplains, with a long compliment, which concluded with desiring I would send him my works; having dedicated one of his cases to English books, he intended my labours should appear in the most conspicuous place. I was struck dumb with this astonishing request; when I recovered my vexatious surprise (foreseeing the consequence,) I made answer, I was highly sensible of the honour designed me, but, upon my word, I had never printed a single line in my life. I was answered in a cold tone, that his eminence could send for them to England, but they would be a long time coming, and with some hazard; and that he had flattered himself I would not refuse him such a favour, and I need not be ashamed of seeing my name in the collection where he admitted none but the most eminent authors. It was to no purpose to endeavour to convince him. He would not stay dinner, though earnestly invited; and went away with the air of one that thought he had reason to be offended. I know his master will have the same sentiments, and I shall

* Cardinal Angelo Maria Quirini. He published the works of St. Ephrem Syrus, in six volumes, folio, 1732; and the life of Pope Paul II. quarto, 1740. See De Bure Bibliographie Instructive, &c. For a full account of the cardinal, see the letter from Brescia, dated July 22, 1753.

pass in his opinion for a monster of ingratitude, while it is the blackest of vices in my opinion, and of which I am utterly incapable—I really could cry for vexation.

Sure nobody ever had such various provocations to print as myself. I have seen things I have wrote, so mangled and falsified, I have scarce known them. I have seen poems I never read, published with my name at length; and others, that were truly and singly wrote by me, printed under the names of others. I have made myself easy under all these mortifications, by the reflection I did not deserve them, having never aimed at the vanity of popular applause; but I own my philosophy is not proof against losing a friend, and it may be making an enemy of one to whom I am obliged.

I confess I have often been complimented, since I have been in Italy, on the books I have given the public. I used at first to deny it with some wrath; but, finding I persuaded nobody, I have of late contented myself with laughing whenever I heard it mentioned, knowing the character of a learned woman is far from being ridiculous in this country, the greatest families being proud of having produced female writers; and a Milanese lady,* being now professor of mathematics in the university of Bologna, invited thither by a most obliging letter, wrote by the present pope,† who desired her to accept of the chair, not as a recompense for her merit, but to do honour to a town which is under his protection. To say truth, there is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of men for having engrossed the government: in excluding us from all degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. The small portion of authority that has fallen to my share (only over a few children and servants) has always been a burthen, and never a pleasure; and I believe every one finds it so, who acts from a maxim (I think an indispensable duty) that whosoever is under my power is under my protection. Those who find a joy in inflicting hardships and seeing

* Donna Maria Gaetana Agnesi was professor of mathematics and philosophy at Bologna. Her works, in two volumes, have been lately translated into English by J. Colson.

† Benedict XIV.

objects of misery, may have other sensations; but I have always thought corrections, even when necessary, as painful to the giver as to the sufferer, and am therefore very well satisfied with the state of subjection we are placed in: but I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies, which raise the character of a man, should hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason; if some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd. It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients), when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices, as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth) and a woman. Our modern wits would be so far from quoting, they would scarce own they had read the works of such contemptible creatures, though perhaps they would condescend to steal from them, at the same time they declared they were below their notice. This subject is apt to run away with me; I will trouble you with no more of it.

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Padua, Oct. 20, 1752.

I AM much obliged to you (my dear child) for the concern you express for me in yours of July 10th, which I received yesterday, August 20th, but I can assure you I lose very little in not being visited by the English; boys and governors being commonly (not always) the worst company in the world. I am not otherwise affected by it, than as it has an ill appearance in a strange country, though hitherto I have not found any bad effect from it among my Venetian acquaintance. I was visited, two days ago, by my good friend Cavalier Antonio Mocenigo, who came from Venice to present to me the elected husband of his brother's great grand-daughter, who is a noble Venetian

(Signor Zeno), just of her age, heir to a large fortune, and is one of the most agreeable figures I ever saw; not beautiful, but has an air of so much modesty and good sense, I easily believe all the good Signor Antonio said of him. They came to invite me to the wedding. I could not refuse such a distinction, but hope to find some excuse before the solemnity, being unwilling to throw away money on fine clothes, which are as improper for me as an embroidered pall for a coffin. But I durst not mention age before my friend, who told me that he is eighty-six. I thought him forty years younger; he has all his senses perfect, and is as lively as a man of thirty. It was very pleasing to see the affectionate respect of the young man, and the fond joy that the old one took in praising him. They would have persuaded me to return with them to Venice; I objected that my house was not ready to receive me; Signor Antonio laughed, and asked me, if I did not think he could give me an apartment, (in truth it was very easy, having five palaces on a row, on the great canal, his own being the centre, and the others inhabited by his relations). I was reduced to tell a fib (God forgive me), and pretend a pain in my head; promising to come to Venice before the marriage, which I really intend. They dined here; your health was the first drunk; you may imagine I did not fail to toast the bride. She is yet in a convent, but is to be immediately released, and receive visits of congratulation on the contract, till the celebration of the church ceremony, which perhaps may not be this two months; during which time the lover makes a daily visit, and never comes without a present, which custom (at least sometimes) adds to the impatience of the bridegroom, and very much qualifies that of the lady. You would find it hard to believe a relation of the magnificence, not to say extravagance, on these occasions; indeed it is the only one they are guilty of, their lives in general being spent in a regular handsome economy; the weddings and the creation of a procurator being the only occasions they have of displaying their wealth, which is very great in many houses, particularly this of Mocenigo, of which my friend is the present head. I may justly call him so, giving me proofs of an attachment quite uncommon at London, and certainly disinterested, since I can no way possibly be of use to him. I could tell you

some strong instances of it, if I did not remember you have not time to listen to my stories, and there is scarce room on my paper to assure you I am, my dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Jan. 28, N. S. 1753.

YOU have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is any thing in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England: I mean admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William.* I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of shewing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyle, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady —— not only capable, but desirous of learning: in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education: your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which

* William Pierrepont, second son of Robert earl of Kingston, died 1679, aged 71.

she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned, when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no farther wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured by translations. Two hours application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough beside, to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph I shewed her, that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the

corn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was ery unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no onger in fashion, would have escaped any one of less uni-ersal reading than myself. You should encourage your aughter to talk over with you what she reads: and, as ou are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does ot mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for oetry, which are the common errors of young people, and ave a train of ill consequences. The second caution to e given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is o conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much so-icitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the arade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and onsequently the most inveterate hatred of all he and she ools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of er acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside he amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and earn to be contented with a small expense, which are the ertain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable ven to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, nd will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have ot observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation hat way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever hought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my grand-daughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady——, or Lady——, or Mrs.——: those women are ridiculous not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian, after reading Echard's Roman History; another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's *unintelligible* Essays; and a third an able divine, on the

strength of Whitfield's Sermons: thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it, without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learnt. My over eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see, by hers, that practice will make her a ready writer; she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be, to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier; but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter: she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was

ot your father's intention, and contented myself with en-
eavouring to make your home so easy that you might not
e in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant
tter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it,
eing willing to give you every proof in my power that
am Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Feb. 19, N. S. 1753.

GAVE you some general thoughts on the education of
our children in my last letter; but fearing you should
ink I neglected your request, by answering it with too
uch conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little
know on that subject, and which may perhaps be useful to
ou in a concern, with which you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their children as they build
eir houses, according to some plan they think beautiful,
ithout considering whether it is suited to the purposes
r which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality
e educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is
ten as little to be expected, as an immoderate heat of the
n in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to
onfine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is
ossible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the
appiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all
e instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life;
t 'tis a fatal mistake to do this, without proper restric-
ons. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and
e practice of them followed by the worst of consequences.
ncerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and genero-
ty, are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion,
ecome criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own
l-humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think
ey deserved approbation, by saying, I love to speak truth.
ne of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after
er mother died, to shew she was sincere. I believe your
wn reflection will furnish you with but too many exam-
es of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have
entioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally

recommended to young people without limits or distinction, and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for children. I do not mean you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet, it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power (than it is commonly believed) to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil, I mean, acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think so, which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and shew them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over or under valued. It is the common doctrine of (what are called) good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, &c. which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over eager desire of them. Why they should not look on those things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessaries that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of Lady ——— was in a great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her. 'Tis true, her circumstances and your daughters are very different; they should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good-fortune, if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever

Your affectionate mother,
M. WORTLEY.

I should be glad if you sent me the third volume of Campbell's Architecture, and with it any other entertaining books. I have seen the Duchess of Marlborough's Memoirs, but should be glad of the Apology for a late resignation. As to the ale, 'tis now so late in the year, it is impossible it should come good. You do not mention your father; my last letter from him told me he intended soon for England.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, March 6, 1753.

I CANNOT help writing a sort of apology for my last letter, foreseeing that you will think it wrong, or at least Lord Bute will be extremely shocked, at the proposal of a learned education for daughters, which the generality of men believe to be as great a profanation, as the clergy would do if the laity should presume to exercise the functions of the priesthood. I desire you would take notice, I would not have learning enjoined them as a task, but permitted as a pleasure, if their genius leads them naturally to it. I look upon my grand-daughters as a sort of lay nuns: destiny may have laid up other things for them, but they have no reason to expect to pass their time otherwise than their aunts do at present; and I know, by experience, it is in the power of stody not only to make solitude tolerable, but agreeable. I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the isle of Bute, and can assure you, I have never had half an hour heavy on my hands, for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own mind, will find full employment. Every virtue does not only require great care in the planting, but as much daily solicitude in cherishing, as exotic fruits and flowers. The vices and passions (which I am afraid are the natural product of the soil) demand perpetual weeding.

Add to this, the search after knowledge (every branch of which is entertaining), and the longest life is too short for the pursuit of it; which, though in some regard confined to very strait limits, leaves still a vast variety of amusements to those capable of tasting them, which is utterly impossible to be attained by those that are blinded by prejudice, the certain effect of an ignorant education. My own was one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's; her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost faucy the author was acquainted with her. She took so much pains, from my infancy, to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions, it was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned methodist. Almost all girls are bred after this manner. I believe you are the only woman (perhaps I might say person) that never was either frighted or cheated into any thing by your parents. I can truly affirm, I never deceived any body in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesigned) by speaking plainly, as Earl Stanhope used to say (during his ministry) he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth, which, as they thought *impossible* to come from the mouth of a statesman,* they never failed to write information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is in part from this false reasoning the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantage of learning, the men fancying the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit, or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to

* This state maxim (according to Isaac Walton) had been previously adopted by Sir Henry Wotton.

dance, and the exterior part of what is called good-breeding, which, if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though, I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses (as Doctor Swift has supposed), it would be an established maxim among them, that a mare could *not* be taught to pace. I could add a great deal on this subject, but I am not now endeavouring to remove the prejudices of mankind; my only design is to point out to my grand-daughters the method of being contented with that retreat, to which unforeseen circumstances may oblige them, and which is perhaps preferable to all the show of public life. It has always been my inclination. Lady Stafford (who knew me better than any body else in the world, both from her own just discernment, and my heart being ever as open to her as myself) used to tell me, my true vocation was a monastery: and I now find, by experience, more sincere pleasures with my books and garden, than all the flutter of a court could give me.

If you follow my advice in relation to Lady ——, my correspondence may be of use to her; and I shall very willingly give her those instructions that may be necessary in the pursuit of her studies. Before her age I was in the most regular commerce with my grandmother, though the difference of our time of life was much greater, she being past forty-five when she married my grandfather. She died at ninety-six, retaining to the last the vivacity and clearness of her understanding, which was very uncommon. You cannot remember her, being then in your nurse's arms. I conclude with repeating to you, I only recommend, but am far from commanding, which I think I have no right to do. I tell you my sentiments, because you desired to know them, and hope you will receive them with some partiality, as coming from

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, March 16, N. S. 1753.

I RECEIVED yours of December 20th, this morning, which gave me great pleasure, by the account of your good health, and that of your father. I know nothing else could give me any at present, being sincerely afflicted for the death of the doge.* He is lamented here by all ranks of people, as their common parent. He really answered the idea of Lord Bolingbroke's imaginary patriotic prince, and was the only example I ever knew of having passed through the greatest employments, and most important negotiations, without ever making an enemy. When I was at Venice, which was some months before his election, he was the leading voice in the senate, which would have been dangerous in the hands of a bad man: yet he had the art to silence envy; and I never once heard an objection to his character, or even an insinuation to his disadvantage. I attribute this peculiar happiness to be owing to the sincere benevolence of his heart, joined with an easy cheerfulness of temper, which made him agreeable to all companies, and a blessing to all his dependants. Authority appeared so humble in him, no one wished it less, except himself, who would sometimes lament the weight of it, as robbing him too much of the conversation of his friends, in which he placed his chief delight, being so little ambitious, that, to my certain knowledge, far from caballing to gain that elevation to which he was raised, he would have refused it, if he had not looked upon the acceptation of it as a duty due to his country. This is only speaking of him in the public light. As to myself, he always professed, and gave me every demonstration of the most cordial friendship. Indeed, I received every good office from him I could have expected from a tender father, or a kind brother; and though I have not seen him since my last return to Italy, he never omitted an opportunity of expressing the greatest regard for me, both in his discourse to others, and upon all occasions, where he thought he could be useful to me. I do not doubt that I shall very sensibly miss the influence of his good intentions.

You will think I dwell too long on this melancholy sub-

* Pietro Grimani died 1752. He was elected doge of Venice in 1741, and was succeeded by Francesco Loredano.

ject. I will turn to one widely different, in taking notice of the dress of you London ladies, who I find taking up the Italian fashion of going in the hair; it is here only the custom of the peasants, and the unmarried women of quality, except in the heat of summer, when any cap would be almost insupportable. I have often smiled to myself in viewing our assemblies (which they call conversations) at Louvere; the gentlemen being all in light night-caps and nightgowns (under which I am informed they wear no breeches) and slippers, and the ladies in their stays and smock sleeves, tied with ribands, and a single lutestring petticoat: there is not a hat or a hoop to be seen. It is true this dress is called *vestimenti di confidenza*, and they do not appear in it in town, but in their own chambers, and that only during the summer months.

My paper admonishes me to conclude by assuring you, that I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, May 2, 1753.

I GIVE you thanks, dear child, for the entertaining account of your present diversions. I find the public calamities have no influence on the pleasures of the town. I remember very well the play of the Revenge, having been once acquainted with a party that intended to represent it, not one of whom is now alive. I wish you had told me who acted the principal parts. I suppose Lord Bute was Alonzo, by the magnificence of his dress. I think they have mended their choice in the Orphan: I saw it played at Westminster-school, where Lord Erskine was Monimia, and then one of the most beautiful figures that could be seen. I have had here (in low life) some amusements of the same sort. I believe I wrote you word I intended to go to the opera at Brescia; but the weather being cold, and the roads bad, prevented my journey; and the people of this village (which is the largest I know; the curate tells me he has two thousand communicants) presented me a petition for leave to erect a theatre in my saloon. This house had stood empty many years before I took it, and they were accustomed to turn the stables into a playhouse every carnival:

it is now occupied by my horses, and they had no other place proper for a stage. I easily complied with their request, and was surprised at the beauty of their scenes, which, though painted by a country painter, are better coloured, and the perspective better managed, than in any of the second-rate theatres in London. I liked it so well, it is not yet pulled down. The performance was yet more surprising, the actors being all peasants; but the Italians have so natural a genius for comedy, they acted as well as if they had been brought up to nothing else, particularly the *arlequino*, who far surpassed any of our English, though only the tailor of the village, and I am assured never saw a play in any other place. It is a pity they have not better poets, the pieces being not at all superior to our drolls. The music, habits, and illumination, were at the expense of the parish, and the whole entertainment, which lasted the three days of the carnival, cost me only a barrel of wine, which I gave the actors, and is not so dear as small beer in London. At present as the old song says—

All my whole care,
Is my farming affair,
To make my corn grow, and my apple-trees bear.

My improvements give me great pleasure, and so much profit, that if I could live a hundred years longer, I should certainly provide for all my grand-children: but alas! as the Italians say, *ha sonato ventiquatro 'ora:* and it is not long I must expect to write myself your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, June 3, N.S. 1753.

You see I was not mistaken in supposing we should have disputes concerning your daughters, if we were together, since we can differ even at this distance. The sort of learning that I recommend is not so expensive, either of time or money, as dancing, and in my opinion likely to be of much more use to Lady ———, if her memory and apprehension are what you represent them to me. However, every one has a right to educate their children after their own way,

and I shall speak no more on that subject. I was so much pleased with the character you gave her, that, had there been any possibility of her undertaking so long a journey, I should certainly have asked for her; and I think out of such a number you might have spared her. I own my affection prevailed over my judgment in this thought, since nothing can be more imprudent than undertaking the management of another's child. I verily believe that, had I carried six daughters out of England with me, I could have disposed of them all advantageously. The winter I passed at Rome there was an unusual concourse of English, many of them with great estates, and their own masters: as they had no admittance to the Roman ladies, nor understood the language, they had no way of passing their evenings but in my apartment, where I had always a full drawing-room. Their governors encouraged their assiduities as much as they could, finding I gave them lessons of economy and good conduct; and my authority was so great, it was a common threat amongst them, I'll tell Lady Mary what you say. I was judge of all their disputes, and my decisions always submitted to. While I staid, there was neither gaming, drinking, quarrelling, or keeping. The Abbe Grant (a very honest, good-natured North Briton, who has resided several years at Rome) was so much amazed at this uncommon regularity, he would have made me believe I was bound in conscience to pass my life there, for the good of my countrymen. I can assure you my vanity was not at all raised by this influence over them, knowing very well that had Lady Charlotte de Roussi been in my place, it would have been the same thing. There is that general emulation in mankind, I am fully persuaded if a dozen young fellows bred a bear amongst them, and saw no other creature, they would every day fall out for the bear's favours, and be extremely flattered by any mark of distinction shewn by that ugly animal. Since my last return to Italy, which is now near seven years, I have lived in a solitude not unlike that of Robinson Crusoe; excepting my short trips to Louvere, my whole time is spent in my closet and garden, without regretting any conversation but that of my own family. The study of simples is a new amusement to me. I have no correspondence with any body at London but yourself and your father, whom I have

not heard from a long time. My best wishes attend you and yours, being with great truth your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, June 10, N. S. 1753.

I RECEIVED yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them. I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy-house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farm-house a room for myself, that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basons of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was all ready cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They are easily made, here being a large quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call brusco. I am now writ-

ing to you in one of these arbours, which is so thick shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Guastalla, or Ponte de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and it not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those in France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit-trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining-room of verdure capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and producing a variety of wines. I would send you a pipe, if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needlewomen, and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books: I dare not indulge myself on that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly

dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lute-string awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, who have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life: you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age.

My letter is of an unconscionable length: I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my mode of passing my time; take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,
M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 23, N. S. 1753.

I HAVE just received two letters from you, though the dates are a month distant. The death of Lady ——— naturally raises the mortifying reflection, on how slender a thread hangs all worldly prosperity! I cannot say I am otherwise much touched at it. It is true she was my sister, as it were, and in some sense; but her behaviour to me never gave me any love, nor her general conduct any esteem. I own I cannot forgive her dishonouring her family by her marriage: it may be you will call this an old fashioned way of thinking. The confounding of all ranks, and making a jest of order, has long been growing in Eng-

land; and I perceive, by the books you sent me, has made a very considerable progress. The heroes and heroines of the age are cobblers and kitchen-wenches. Perhaps you will say, I should not take my ideas of the manners of the times from such trifling authors; but it is more truly to be found among them than from any historian: as they write merely to get money, they always fall into the notions that are most acceptable to the present taste. It has long been the endeavour of our English writers to represent people of quality as the vilest and the silliest part of the nation, being (generally) very low-born themselves. I am not surprised at their propagating this doctrine; but I am much mistaken if this levelling principle, does not, one day or other, break out in fatal consequences to the public, as it has already done in many private families. You will think I am influenced by living under an aristocratic government, where distinction of rank is carried to a very great height; but I can assure you my opinion is grounded on reflection and experience; and I wish to God I had always thought in the same manner, though I had ever the utmost contempt for misalliances; yet the silly prejudices of my education had taught me to believe that I was to treat nobody as an inferior, and that poverty was a degree of merit: this imaginary humility has made me admit many a familiar acquaintance, of every one of which I have heartily repented, and the greatest examples I have known of honour and integrity have been among those of the highest birth and fortunes. There are many reasons why it should be so, which I will not trouble you with. If my letter was to be published, I know I should be railed at for pride, and called an enemy of the poor; but I take a pleasure in telling you my real thoughts. I would willingly establish the most intimate friendship between us, and I am sure no proof of it shall ever be wanting on my side. I am sorry for the untimely death of poor Lord C***ry; he had certainly a very good heart: I have often thought it a great pity it was not under the direction of a better head. I had lost his favour some time before I left England on a pleasant account. He came to me one morning with a hat full of paper, which he desired me to peruse, and tell him my sincere opinion: I trembled at

the proposition, foreseeing the inevitable consequence of this confidence. However, I was not so barbarous as to tell him that his verses were extremely stupid (as God knows they were), and that he was no more inspired with the spirit of poetry than that of prophecy. I contented myself with representing to him, in the mildest terms, that it was not the business of a man of quality to turn author, and that he should confine himself to the applause of his friends, and by no means venture on the press. He seemed to take this advice with good-humour, promised to follow it, and we parted without any dispute; but, alas! he could not help shewing his performance to better judges, who, with their usual candour and good-nature, earnestly exhorted him to oblige the world with this instructive piece, which was soon after published, and had the success I expected from it. Pope persuaded him, poor soul! that my declaiming against it occasioned the ill reception it met with, though this is the first time I ever mentioned it in my life, and I did not so much as guess the reason I heard of him no more, till a few days before I left London. I accidentally said to one of his acquaintance, that his visits to me were at an end, I knew not why; and I was let into this weighty secret. My journey prevented all explanation between us, and perhaps I should not have thought it worth any, if I had staid. I am not surprised he has left nothing to the Duchess of Q****y, knowing he had no value for her, though I never heard him name her: but he was of that species of mankind, who, without designing it, discover all they think to any observer that converses with them. His desire of fixing his name to a certain quantity of wall, is one instance, among thousands, of the passion men have for perpetuating their memory: this weakness (I call every sentiment so that cannot be defended by reason) is so universal, it may be looked on as instinct; and as no instinct is implanted but to some purpose, I could almost incline to an opinion, which was professed by several of the fathers, and adopted by some of the best French divines, that the punishment of the next life consists not only in the continuance, but the redoubling our attachment for this, in a more intense manner than we can now have any

notion of. These reflections would carry me very far: for your comfort my paper is at an end, and I have scarce room to tell you a truth which admits of no doubt, that I am your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Brescia, July 22, N.S. 1753.

WHEN I wrote to you last, my dear child, I told you I had a great cold, which ended in a very bad fever, that continued a fortnight without intermission, and you may imagine has brought me very low. I have not yet left my chamber. My first care is to thank you for yours of May 8.

I have not yet lost all my interest in this country by the death of the doge, having another very considerable friend, though I cannot expect to keep him long, he being near fourscore: I mean the Cardinal Quirini, who is archbishop of this diocese, and consequently of great power, there being not one family, high or low, in this province, that has not some ecclesiastic in it, and therefore all of them have some dependence on him. He is of one of the first families of Venice, vastly rich of himself, and has many great benefices beside his archbishopric; but these advantages are little in his eyes, in comparison of being the first author (as he fancies) at this day in Christendom; and, indeed, if the merit of books consisted in bulk and number, he might very justly claim that character. I believe he has published, yearly, several volumes for above fifty years, beside corresponding with all the literati of Europe, and, among these, several of the senior fellows at Oxford, and some members of the Royal Society, that neither you nor I have ever heard of, whom he is persuaded are the most eminent men in England. He is at present employed in writing his own life, of which he has already printed the first tome; and if he goes on in the same style, it will be a most voluminous performance. He begins from the moment of his birth, and tells us that on that day, he made such extraordinary faces, the midwife, chamber-maids, and nurses, all agreed, that there was born a shining light in church and state. You'll think me very merry with the failings of my friend. I

confess I ought to forgive a vanity to which I am obliged for many good offices, since I do not doubt it is owing to that, that he professes himself so highly attached to my service, having an opinion that my suffrage is of great weight in the learned world, and that I shall not fail to spread his fame, at least, all over Great Britain. He sent me a present last week of a very uncommon kind, even his own picture, extremely well done, but so flattering, that it is a young old man, with a most pompous inscription under it. I suppose he intended it for the ornament of my library, not knowing it is only a closet: however, these distinctions he shews me, give me a figure in this town, where every body has something to hope from him; and it was certainly in a view to that, they would have complimented me with a statue; for I would not have you mistake so far as to imagine there is any set of people more grateful or generous than another. Mankind is every where the same: like cherries or apples, they may differ in size, shape, or colour, from different soils, climates, or culture, but are still essentially the same species; and the little black wood cherry is not nearer akin to the may-dukes that are served at great tables, than the wild naked negro to the fine figures adorned with coronets and ribands. This observation might be carried yet farther: all animals are stimulated by the same passions, and act very nearly alike, as far as we are capable of observing them.

The conclusion of your letter has touched me very much. I sympathize with you, my dear child, in all the concern you express for your family: you may remember I represented it to you before you were married; but that is one of the sentiments it is impossible to comprehend till it is felt. A mother only knows a mother's fondness. Indeed, the pain so overbalances the pleasure, that I believe, if it could be thoroughly understood, there would be no mothers at all. However, take care that the anxiety for the future does not take from you the comforts you may enjoy in the present hour: it is all that is properly ours; and yet such is the weakness of humanity, we commonly lose what is, either by regretting the past, or disturbing our minds with fear of what may be. You have many blessings; a husband you love, and who behaves well to

you, agreeable hopeful children, a handsome convenient house, with pleasant gardens, in a good air and fine situation, which I place among the most solid satisfactions of life. The truest wisdom is that which diminishes to us what is displeasing, and turns our thoughts to the advantages which we possess. I can assure you I give no precepts I do not daily practise. How often do I fancy to myself the pleasure I should take in seeing you in the midst of the little people; and how severe do I then think my destiny, that denies me that pleasure! I endeavour to comfort myself by reflecting, that we should certainly have perpetual disputes (if not quarrels) concerning the management of them; the affection of a grandmother has generally a tincture of dotage: you would say I spoilt them, and perhaps not be much in the wrong. Speaking of them calls to my remembrance the token I have so long promised my god-daughter: I am really ashamed of it: I would have sent it by Mr. Anderson, if he had been going immediately to London; but as he proposed a long tour, I durst not press it upon him. It is not easy to find any one who will take the charge of a jewel for a long journey: it may be, the value of it in money, to choose something for herself, would be as acceptable; if so, I will send you a note upon Child. Ceremony should be banished between us. I beg you would speak freely upon that, and all other occasions, to your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, Dairy-house, July 26, N. S. 1753.

I AM really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teazing my acquaintance for their approbation: though I gave you a long account of it lately, I must tell you, that I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of the garden. I enclose you a rough draught of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as

I can cram in; and in the squares designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting any thing disagreeable, either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onions, and garlic. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls: all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me.

I am very glad you are admitted into the conversation of the prince and princess: it is a favour that you ought to cultivate for the good of the family, which is now numerous, and it may one day be of great advantage. I think Lord Bute much in the right to endeavour the continuance of it; and it would be imprudent in you to neglect what may be of great use to your children. I pray God bless both you and them: it is the daily prayer of your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY M.

Now the sea is open we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's* book of Prints of the English Houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good to choose me the best book of Practical Gardening extant.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, Oct. 10, N. S. 1753.

I THINK I now know why our correspondence is so miserably interrupted, and so many of my letters lost to and from England; but I am no happier in the discovery than a man that has found out his complaints proceed from a stone in the kidneys: I know the cause but am entirely ignorant of the remedy, and must suffer my uneasiness with what patience I can.

An old priest made me a visit as I was folding my last packet to my daughter. Observing it to be large, he told me I had done a great deal of business that morning. I

* Vitruvius Britannicus.

made answer, I had done no business at all; I had only wrote to my daughter on family affairs, or such trifles as make up women's conversation. He said gravely, 'People like your excellenza, do not use to write long letters upon trifles.' I assured him, that if he understood English, I would let him read my letter. He replied, with a mysterious smile, 'If I did understand English, I should not understand what you have written, except you would give me the key, which I durst not presume to ask.' What key? (said I, staring) there is not one cypher besides the date. He answered, cyphers were only used by novices in politics, and it was very easy to write intelligibly under feigned names of persons and places, to a correspondent in such a manner as should be almost impossible to be understood by any body else.

Thus I suppose my innocent epistles are severely scrutinized: and when I talk of my grand-children, they are fancied to represent all the potentates of Europe. This is very provoking. I confess there are good reasons for extraordinary caution at this juncture; but 'tis very hard I cannot pass for being as insignificant as I really am.

The house at Acton was certainly left to Lady Carolina;* and whatever Lady Anne left, is so little (when divided into five parts) it is not worth inquiring for, especially after so long silence. I heartily congratulate you on the recovery of your sight. It is a blessing I prefer to life, and will seek for glasses whenever I am in a place where they are sold.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Nov. 27, N. S. 1753.

By the account you give me of London, I think it very much reformed; at least you have one sin the less, and it was a very reigning one in my time, I mean scandal: it must be literally reduced to a whisper, since the custom of living all together. I hope it has also banished the fashion of talking all at once, which was very prevailing when I was in town, and may perhaps contribute to bro-

* The daughters of Evelyn duke of Kingston, by Lady Isabella Bentinck, his second wife. Lady Carolina Pierrepont married Thomas Brand, esq. and died June 9, 1753. Lady Anne died in 1739, unmarried.

therly love and unity, which was so much declined in my memory, that it was hard to invite six people that would not, by cold looks, or piquing reflections, affront one another. I suppose parties are at an end, though I fear it is the consequence of the old almanack prophecy, 'Poverty brings peace;' and I fancy you really follow the French mode, and the lady keeps an assembly, that the assembly may keep the lady, and card-money pay for clothes and equipage, as well as cards and candles. I find I should be as solitary in London as I am here in the country, it being impossible for me to submit to live in a *drum*, which I think so far from a cure of uneasiness, that it is, in my opinion, adding one more to the heap. There are so many attached to humanity, 'tis impossible to fly from them all; but experience has confirmed to me (what I always thought) that the pursuit of pleasure will be ever attended with pain, and the study of ease be most certainly accompanied with pleasures. I have had this morning as much delight in a walk in the sun as ever I felt formerly in the crowded mall, even when I imagined I had my share of the admiration of the place, which was generally soured before I slept by the informations of my female friends, who seldom failed to tell me, it was observed that I had shewed an inch above my shoe heels, or some other criticism of equal weight, which was construed affectation, and utterly destroyed all the satisfaction *my* vanity had given me. I have now no other but in my little housewifery, which is easily gratified in this country, where, by the help of my receipt-book, I make a very shining figure among my neighbours, by the introduction of custards, cheesecakes, and minced pies, which are entirely unknown to these parts, and are received with universal applause, and I have reason to believe will preserve my memory even to future ages, particularly by the art of butter-making, in which I have so improved them, that they now make as good as in any part of England.

My paper is at an end, which I do not doubt you are glad of. I have hardly room for my compliments to Lord Bute, blessing to my grand-children, and to assure you that I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 13, 1753.

I HAVE wrote you so many letters without any return, that if I loved you at all less than I do, I should certainly give over writing. I received a kind letter last post from Lady Oxford, which gives me hopes I shall at length receive yours, being persuaded you have not neglected our correspondence, though I am not so happy to have the pleasure of it.

I have little to say from this solitude, having already sent you a description of my garden, which, with my books, takes up all my time. I made a small excursion last week to visit a nunnery, twelve miles from hence, which is the only institution of the kind in all Italy. It is in a town in the state of Mantua, founded by a princess of the house of Gonzaga, one of whom (now very old) is the present abbess: they are dressed in black, and wear a thin cypress veil at the back of their heads, excepting which, they have no mark of a religious habit, being set out in their hair, and having no guimpe, but wearing *des collets montez*, for which I have no name in English, but you may have seen them in very old pictures, being in fashion both before and after ruffs. Their house is a very large handsome building, though not regular, every sister having liberty to build her own apartment to her taste, which consists of as many rooms as she pleases: they have each a separate kitchen, and keep cooks, and what other servants they think proper, though there is a very fine public refectory: they are permitted to dine in private whenever they please. Their garden is very large, and the most adorned of any in these parts. They have no grates, and make what visits they will, always two together, and receive those of the men as well as ladies. I was accompanied when I went with all the nobility of the town, and they shewed me all the house, without excluding the gentlemen; but what I think the most remarkable privilege is a country house, which belongs to them, three miles from the town, where they pass every vintage, and at any time any four of them may take their pleasure there, for as many days as they choose. They seem to differ from the

Chanoinesse of Flanders only in their vow of celibacy. They take pensioners, but only those of quality. I saw here a niece of General Brown. Those who profess, are obliged to prove a descent noble as the knights of Malta. Upon the whole, I think it the most agreeable community I have seen, and their behaviour more decent than that of the cloistered nuns, who I have heard say themselves, that the grate permits all liberty of speech, since it leaves them no other, and indeed they generally talk as if they thought so. I went to a monastery, which gave me occasion to know a great deal of their conduct, which (though the convent of the best reputation in that town where it is) was such, as I would as soon put a girl into the playhouse for education, as send her among them.

My paper is at an end, and hardly leaves room for my compliments to Lord Bute, blessing to my grand-children, and assurance to yourself of being your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, April 28, 1754.

I AM quite sick with vexation at the interruption of our correspondence. I have sent six letters since the date of the last which you say you have received; and three addresses to my sister, Lady Mar, none of which you say are arrived. You have had no loss farther than in testimonies of my real affection; my long stories of what happens here can be but of little entertainment to you; but every thing from England is interesting to me, who live the life, as I have already told you, of Robinson Crusoe, whose goats and kids were as much his companions as any of the people I see here. My time is wholly dedicated to the care of a decaying body, and endeavouring, as the old song says, 'to grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.' I imagine the Duke of Newcastle* will soon have the treasurer's staff; the title of first commissioner is not equal to his importance. You do not tell me how Mr. Pelham† has disposed of his affairs, and you should be par-

* He was appointed first lord of the treasury in March, 1754.

† Henry Pelham, died March 6, 1754. He had been appointed first lord of the treasury in November, 1743. He succeeded Samuel lord Sandys.

ticular in your relations. I am as ignorant of every thing that passes in London, as if I inhabited the deserts of Africa. My health is so often disordered, that I begin to be as weary of mending it as mending old lace, which, when it is patched in one place, breaks out in another. I am very glad of Lord Mountstuart's* recovery, and pity very much the pain you have suffered during his danger. It would have been terrible to have lost so agreeable a child. I dare not advise you to moderate your tenderness, finding it impossible to overcome my own, notwithstanding my melancholy experience. This letter is incomparably dull. I cannot resolve to own it by setting my name to it.

My compliments to Lord B. God bless you and yours.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, June 23, 1754.

I HAVE promised you some remarks on all the books I have received. I believe you would easily forgive my not keeping my word; however, I shall go on. The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer; he always plods in the beaten road of his predecessors, following the Spectator (with the same pace a pack-horse would do a hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read any thing but such productions, and cannot spare time, from doing nothing, to go through a sixpenny pamphlet. Such gentle readers may be improved by a moral hint, which, though repeated over and over from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives. I should be glad to know the name of this laborious author. H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot

* The present Marquis of Bute.

easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer, or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. I guessed R. Random to be his, though without his name. I cannot think Ferdinand Fathom wrote by the same hand, it is every way so much below it. Sally Fielding has mended her style in her last volume of David Simple, which conveys a useful moral, though she does not seem to have intended it: I mean, shews the ill consequences of not providing against casual losses, which happen to almost every body. Mrs. Orgeuil's character is well drawn, and is frequently to be met with. The Art of Tormenting, the Female Quixote, and Sir C. Goodville, are all sale work. I suppose they proceed from her pen, and I heartily pity her, constrained by her circumstances to seek her bread by a method, I do not doubt, she despises. Tell me, who is that accomplished countess she celebrates? I left no such person in London; nor can I imagine who is meant by the English Sappho mentioned in Betsy Thoughtless, whose adventures, and those of Jemmy Jessamy, gave me some amusement. I was better entertained by the Valet, who very fairly represents how you are bought and sold by your servants. I am now so accustomed to another manner of treatment, it would be difficult to me to suffer them: his adventures have the uncommon merit of ending in a surprising manner. The general want of invention, which reigns among our writers, inclines me to think it is not the natural growth of our island, which has not sun enough to warm the imagination. The press is loaded by the servile flock of imitators. Lord Bolingbroke would have quoted Horace in this place. Since I was born, no original has appeared excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I

believe, have approached nearer to his excellences, if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible ways of getting bread. I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you could tell me his name.

I can't forbear saying something in relation to my grand-daughters, who are very near my heart. If any of them are fond of reading, I would not advise you to hinder them (chiefly because it is impossible) seeing poetry, plays, or romances; but accustom them to talk over what they read, and point out to them, as you are very capable of doing, the absurdity often concealed under fine expressions, where the sound is apt to engage the admiration of young people. I was so much charmed at fourteen, with the dialogue of Henry and Emma, I can say it by heart to this day, without reflecting on the monstrous folly of the story in plain prose, where a young heiress to a fond father, is represented falling in love with a fellow she had only seen as a huntsman, a falconer, and a beggar, and who confesses, without any circumstance of excuse, that he is obliged to run his country, having newly committed a murder. She ought reasonably to have supposed him, at best, a highwayman; yet the virtuous virgin resolves to run away with him, to live among the banditti, and wait upon his trollop, if she had no other way of enjoying his company. This senseless tale is, however, so well varnished with melody of words and pomp of sentiments, I am convinced it has hurt more girls than ever were injured by the worst poems extant.

I fear this counsel has been repeated to you before; but I have lost so many letters designed for you, I know not which you have received. If you would have me avoid this fault, you must take notice of those that arrive, which you very seldom do. My dear child, God bless you and yours. I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, July 24, 1754.

It is always a great pleasure to me, my dear child, to hear of your health, and that of your family. This year has been fatal to the literati of Italy. The Marquis Maffei soon followed Cardinal Quirini. He was in England when you were married. Perhaps you may remember his coming to see your father's Greek inscription:* he was then an old man, and consequently now a great age; but preserved his memory and senses in their first vigour. After having made the tour of Europe in the search of antiquities, he fixed his residence in his native town of Verona, where he erected himself a little empire, from the general esteem, and a conversation (so they call an assembly) which he established in his palace, which is one of the largest in that place, and so luckily situated, that it is between the theatre and the ancient amphitheatre. He made piazzas leading to each of them, filled with shops, where were sold coffee, tea, chocolate, all sorts of sweetmeats, and in the midst a court well kept and sanded, for the use of those young gentlemen who would exercise their managed horses, or shew their mistresses their skill in riding. His gallery was open every evening at five o'clock, where he had a fine collection of antiquities, and two large cabinets of medals, intaglios, and cameos, arranged in exact order. His library joined to it; and on the other side a suit of five rooms, the first of which was destined to dancing, the second to cards (but all games of hazard excluded), and the others (where he himself presided in an easy chair) sacred to conversation, which always turned upon some point of learning, either historical or poetical. Controversy and politics being utterly prohibited, he generally proposed the subject, and took great delight in instructing the young people, who were obliged to seek the medal, or explain the inscription, that illustrated any fact they discoursed of. Those who chose the diversion of the public walks or theatre, went thither, but never failed returning to give an account of the drama, which produced a critical dissertation on that subject, the marquis having given shining proofs of his skill in that art. His tragedy of

* Presented by Mr. Wortley to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Merope, which is much injured by Voltaire's translation, being esteemed a master-piece; and his comedy of the Ceremonies, being a just ridicule of those formal fopperies, it has gone a great way in helping to banish them out of Italy. The walkers contributed to the entertainment by an account of some herb or flower, which led the way to a botanical conversation; or, if they were such inaccurate observers as to have nothing of that kind to offer, they repeated some pastoral description. One day in the week was set apart for music, vocal and instrumental, but no mercenaries were admitted to the concert. Thus, at very little expense (his fortune not permitting a large one), he had the happiness of giving his countrymen a taste of polite pleasure, and shewing the youth how to pass their time agreeably without debauchery; and (if I durst say it) in so doing, has been a greater benefactor to his country than the cardinal, with all his magnificent foundations, and voluminous writings, to support superstition, and create disputes on things, for the most part, in their own nature, indifferent. The Veronese nobility, having no road open to advancement, are not tormented with ambition, or its child, faction, and having learned to make the best of the health and fortune allotted them, terminate all their views in elegant pleasure. They say, God has reserved glory to himself, and permitted pleasure to the pursuit of man. In the autumn, which is here the pleasantest season of the year, a band of about thirty join their hunting equipages, and, carrying with them a portable theatre and a set of music, make a progress in the neighbouring provinces, where they hunt every morning, perform an opera every Sunday, and other plays the rest of the week, to the entertainment of all the neighbourhood. I have had many honourable invitations from my old friend Maffei* to make one of this society; but some accident or other has always prevented me. You, that are accustomed to hear of deep political schemes and wise harangues, will despise, perhaps, this trifling life. I look upon them in another light; as a set of rational philosophers,—

* This was the Marquis Scipione Maffei, the author of the 'Verona Illustrata,' 1733, folio, and the 'Museum Veronense,' 1749, folio, who was very highly esteemed in the literary world as an antiquary and virtuoso.

Who sing and dance, and laugh away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

My paper is out. M. W. M.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, September 20, 1754.

I AM extremely delighted by your last letter. Your pleasure in your daughter's company is exactly what I have felt in yours, and recals to me many tender ideas, perhaps better forgot. You observe very justly, that my affection, which was confined to one, must be still more intense than yours, which is divided among so many. I cannot help being anxious for their future welfare, though thoroughly convinced of the folly of being so. Human prudence is so short-sighted, that it is common to see the wisest schemes disappointed, and things often take a more favourable turn than there is any apparent reason to expect. My poor sister Gower, I really think, shortened her life by fretting at the disagreeable prospect of a numerous family, slenderly provided for; yet you see how well fortune has disposed of them. You may be as lucky as Lady Selina Bathurst.* I wish Lady Mary's destiny may lead her to a young gentleman I saw this spring. He is son to Judge Hervey, but takes the name of Desbouverie, on inheriting a very large estate from his mother. He will not charm at first sight; but I never saw a young man of better understanding, with the strictest notions of honour and morality, and, in my opinion, a peculiar sweetness of temper. Our acquaintance was short, he being summoned to England on the death of his younger brother. I am persuaded he will never marry for money, nor even for beauty. Your daughter's character perfectly answers the description of what he wished for his bride. Our conversation happened on the subject of matrimony, in his last visit, his mind being much perplexed on that subject, supposing his father, who is old and infirm, had sent to him with some view of that sort.

You will laugh at the castles I build in relation to my grand-children; and will scarcely think it possible that

* Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of Robert earl Ferrers, wife of Peter Bathurst, esq. of Clarendon-park, county of Wilts.

those I have never seen should so much employ my thoughts. I can assure you that they are, next to yourself, the objects of my tenderest concern; and it is not from custom, but my heart, when I send them my blessing, and say, that I am your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, 1754.

I RECEIVED yours of September 15, this morning, Oct. 9, and am exceedingly glad of the health of you and your family. I am fond of your little Louisa: to say truth, I was afraid of a Bess, a Peg, or a Suky, which all give me the idea of washing-tubs and scowering of kettles.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton, which is, according to the academy of compliments, more his goodness than my deserts: I saw him but twice, and both times in mixed company: but I am surprised you have never mentioned Lord Roseberry,* by whom I sent a packet to you, and took some pains to shew him civilities: he breakfasted with me at Padua: I gave him bread and butter of my own manufacture, which is the admiration of all the English. He promised to give you full information of myself and all my employments. He seemed delighted with my house and gardens, and perhaps has forgot he ever saw me, or any thing that belonged to me. We have had many English here. Mr. G***le, his lady, and her suit of adorers, deserve particular mention: he was so good as to present me with his curious book: since the days of the honourable Mr. Edward Howard, nothing has ever been published like it. I told him the age wanted an Earl of Dorset to celebrate it properly; and he was so well pleased with that speech, that he visited me every day, to the great comfort of madame, who was entertained, meanwhile, with parties of pleasure of another kind, though I fear I lost his esteem at last by refusing to correspond with him. However, I qualified my denial by complaining of my bad eyes not permitting me to multiply my correspondents. I could give you the characters of many other travellers, if I thought it would be of any use to you. It is melancholy

* John Primerose, earl of Roseberry, died November 28, 1755

to see the pains our pious minister takes to debauch the younger sort of them: but, as you say, all is melancholy that relates to Great Britain. I have a high value for Mr. Pitt's* probity and understanding, without having the honour of being acquainted with him. I am persuaded he is able to do whatever is within the bounds of possibility; but there is an Augæan stable to be cleaned, and several other labours, that I doubt if Hercules himself would be equal to.

If the Duke of Kingston only intends to build a hunting-seat at Thorsby, I think it is most proper for the situation, which was certainly by nature never designed for a palace. I hope he will not employ the same architect that built his house in London. You see I am not entirely divested of family prejudices, though I thank the Lord they are not lively enough to give me violent uneasiness. I cannot help wishing well to my ever dear brother's children: however, I have the conscious satisfaction of knowing I have done my duty towards them as far as my power extended. Nobody can be served against their will. May all your young ones grow up an honour to you! My paper is out: I have scarce room to assure you, my dear child, that I am ever your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To Mr. Wortley.

Louvere, Dec. 19, N. S. 1754.

I RECEIVED yours of October 6, yesterday, which gave me great pleasure. I am flattered by finding that our sentiments are the same in regard to Lord Bolingbroke's writings, as you will see more clearly, if you ever have had the long letter I have wrote to you on that subject. I believe he never read Horace, or any other author, with a design of instructing himself, thinking he was born to give precepts, and not to follow them: at least, if he was not mad enough to have this opinion, he endeavoured to impose it on the rest of the world. All his works, being well considered, are little more than a panegyric on his own universal genius; many of his pretensions are as preposterously inconsistent as if Sir Isaac Newton had aimed at being a critic

* The late Earl of Chatham.

in fashions, and wrote for the information of tailors and mantua makers. I am of opinion that he never looked into half the authors he quotes, and am much mistaken if he is not obliged to Mr. Bayle for the generality of his criticisms; for which reason he affects to despise him, that he may steal from him with the less suspicion. A diffusive style (though admired as florid by all half-witted readers) is commonly obscure, and always trifling. Horace has told us, that where words abound, sense is thinly spread; as trees overcharged with leaves bear little fruit.

You do not mention Lord Orrery, or perhaps would not throw away time in perusing that extraordinary work, addressed to a son, whom he educates with an intention that he should be a first minister, and promises to pray to God for him if ever he plays the knave in that station. I perceive that he has already been honoured with five editions. I wish that encouragement may prevail with him to give the world more memoirs. I am resolved to read them all, though they should multiply to as many tomes as Erasmus.

Here are no newspapers to be had but those printed under this government; consequently I never learn the births or deaths of private persons. I was ignorant of that of my poor friend the Duke of Bolton,* when my daughter's last letter told me the death of the duke, and the jointure he has left his second duchess.

I am very glad your health is so good. May that and every other blessing be ever yours. M. W. M.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Jan. 1, 1755, N.S.

I WISH you many new years, accompanied with every blessing that can render them agreeable; and that it was in my power to send you a better new year's gift than a dull letter: you must, however, accept it as well meant, though ill performed. I am glad you have found a house to please you. I know nothing of that part of the town you mention. I believe London would appear to me as strange as any place I have passed in my travels, and the

* He died August 26, 1754. His second wife was Lavinia Fenton, the celebrated Polly Peachum in Gay's Beggar's Opera, whom he married in 1751.

streets as much altered as the inhabitants. I did not know Lady H. Wentworth* was married, though you speak of her children: you see my total ignorance: it would be amusing to me to hear various things that are as indifferent to you as an old almanack. I am sorry my friend Smollett† loses his time in translations: he has certainly a talent for invention, though I think it flags a little in his last work. Don Quixote is a difficult undertaking: I shall never desire to read any attempt to new-dress him. Though I am a mere piddler in the Spanish language, I had rather take pains to understand him in the original than sleep over a stupid translation.

I thank you for your partiality in my favour. It is not my interest to rectify mistakes that are so obliging to me. To say truth, I think myself an uncommon kind of creature, being an old woman without superstition, peevishness, or censoriousness. I am so far from thinking my youth was past in an age of more virtue and sense than the present, that I am of opinion the world improves every day. I confess I remember to have dressed for St. James's chapel with the same thoughts your daughters will have at the opera; but am not of the Rambler's mind, that the church is the proper place to make love in; and the peepers behind a fan, who divided their glances between their lovers and their prayer-book, were not at all modester than those that now laugh aloud in public walks. I tattle on, and forget you're in town, and consequently I ought to shorten my letters, knowing very well that the same letter that would be read thrice over in the country, will be crammed into the pocket before 'tis half gone through, when people are in a hurry to go to the court or playhouse. My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessings to you and yours, to whom I am ever a most affectionate mother.

M. WORTLEY M.

* Lady Harriet Wentworth, daughter of Thomas earl of Straf ford, was married to Henry Vernon, esq. 1743.

† Dr. Tobias Smollett published 'Roderick Random' in 1748 'Peregrine Pickle' in 1751; from 1756 to 1763 was the origina manager of the 'Critical Review;' 'Ferdinand Count Fathom' i 1753; translation of 'Don Quixote' 1754; 'History of England, 1758; 'Sir Launcelot Greaves,' 1762; 'Adventures of an Atom, 1769; 'Travels in France and Italy,' 1770; and 'Humphr Clinker,' 1771. He died at Leghorn, Oct. 21, 1771, where he i buried.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, Jan. 23, N. S. 1755.

I AM very sorry for your past indisposition, and to say truth, not heartily glad of your present condition; but I neither do nor will admit of your excuses for your silence. I have already told you, some ten or twelve times over, that you should make your eldest daughter your secretary; it would be an ease to yourself, and highly improving to her, in every regard: you may, if you please, at once oblige your mother and instruct your daughter, by only talking half an hour over your tea in a morning.

The Duchess of Queensberry's* misfortune would move compassion in the hardest heart; yet, all circumstances coolly considered, I think the young lady deserves most to be pitied, being left in the terrible situation of a young and (I suppose) rich widowhood, which is walking blindfold upon stilts amidst precipices, though perhaps as little sensible of her danger as a child of a quarter old would be in the paws of a monkey leaping on the tiles of a house. I believe, like all others of your age, you have been long convinced there is no real happiness to be found or expected in this world. You have seen a court near enough to know neither riches nor power can secure it; and all human endeavours after felicity are as childish as running after sparrows to lay salt on their tails; but I ought to give you another information, which can only be learned by experience, that liberty is an idea equally chimerical, and has no real existence in this life. I can truly assure you, I have never been so little mistress of my own time and actions, as since I have lived alone. Mankind is placed in a state of dependency, not only on one another (which all are in some degree), but so many inevitable accidents thwart our designs, and limit our best laid projects. The poor efforts of our utmost prudence, and political schemes, appear, I fancy, in the eyes of some superior beings, like

* The calamity here alluded to, was the death of Charles earl of Drumlanrig, the eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry. He married Lady Mary Hope, daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, July 10, 1754, and was killed by the sudden explosion of a pistol, on the 20th of October, in the same year. It was a case which deserved sympathy and commiseration.

the pecking of a young linnet to break a wire cage; or the climbing of a squirrel in a hoop; the moral needs no explanation: let us sing as cheerfully as we can in our impenetrable confinement, and crack our nuts with pleasure from the little store that is allowed us.

My old friend, Cardinal Quirini, is dead of an apoplectic fit, which I am sorry for, notwithstanding the disgust that happened between us, on the ridiculous account of which I gave you the history a year ago. His memory will, probably, last as long as this province, having embellished it with so many noble structures, particularly a public library well furnished, richly adorned, and a college built for poor scholars, with salaries for masters, and plentifully endowed; many charitable foundations, and so large a part of the new cathedral (which will be one of the finest churches in Lombardy) has been built at his expense, he may be almost called the founder of it. He has left a considerable annuity to continue it, and deserves an eminent place among the few prelates that have devoted what they received from the church to the use of the public, which is not here (as in some countries) so ungrateful to overlook benefits. Many statues have been erected, and medals cast to his honour, one of which has the figures of Piety, Learning, and Munificence, on the reverse, in the attitude of the three Graces. His funeral has been celebrated by the city with all the splendour it was capable of bestowing, and waited on by all ranks of inhabitants.

You told me, some months since, that a box was made up for me. I have never had the bill of lading, and know not whether you have received the little bill of exchange sent by your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, March 1, 1755.

I PITY Lady Mary Coke* extremely. You will be surprised at this sentiment, when she is the present envy of her sex, in the possession of youth, health, wealth, wit,

* Lady Mary Coke is the fifth daughter of John duke of Argyle, and was married to Edward lord viscount Coke, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, who died in 1755. The title became extinct in that family in 1759.

beauty, and liberty. All these seeming advantages will prove snares to her. She appears to me, as I observed in a former instance, to be walking blindfolded upon stilts amidst precipices. She is at a dangerous time of life, when the passions are in full vigour, and, we are apt to flatter ourselves, the understanding arrived at maturity. People are never so near playing the fool, as when they think themselves wise: they lay aside that distrust which is the surest guard against indiscretion, and venture on many steps they would have trembled at, at fifteen; and, like children, are never so much exposed to falling, as when they first leave off leading-strings. I think nothing but a miracle, or the support of a guardian angel, can protect her. It is true (except I am much mistaken), nature has furnished her with one very good defence. I took particular notice of her, both from my own liking her, and her uncommonly obliging behaviour to me. She was then of an age not capable of much disguise, and I thought she had a great turn to economy: it is an admirable shield against the most fatal weaknesses. Those who have the good fortune to be born with that inclination seldom ruin themselves, and are early aware of the designs laid against them. Yet with all that precaution, she will have so many plots contrived for her destruction, that she will find it very difficult to escape; and if she is a second time unhappily engaged, it will make her much more miserable than the first; as all misfortunes, brought on by our own imprudence, are the most wounding to a sensible heart. The most certain security would be that diffidence which naturally arises from an impartial self-examination. But this is the hardest of all tasks, requiring great reflection, long retirement, and is strongly repugnant to our own vanity, which very unwillingly reveals, even to ourselves, our common frailty, though it is every way a useful study. Mr. Locke, who has made a more exact dissection of the human mind than any man before him, declares, that he gained all his knowledge from the consideration of himself. It is indeed necessary to judge of others. You condemn Lord Cornbury without knowing what he could say in his justification. I am persuaded he thought he performed an act of rigid justice, in excluding the Duchess of Queensberry from an inheritance to which she had no natural, though a legal right; espe-

cially having had a large portion from her real father. I have heard him talk on that subject without naming names, and call it a robbery with the law. He carried that notion to a great height. I agreed with him, that a woman who produced a false child into a family, incurred the highest degree of guilt (being irreparable); but I could not be of his opinion, that it was the duty of the child, in such a case, to renounce the fortune the law entitled it to. You see he has acted by a maxim he imagined just. Lady E***x being, inside and out, resembling Lord Clarendon; and whoever remembers Lord Carleton's eyes, must confess they now shine in the Duchess' face. I am not bribed, by Lord Cornbury's behaviour to me, to find excuses for him; but I have always endeavoured to look on the conduct of my acquaintance without any regard to their way of acting towards me. I can say, with truth, I have strictly adhered to this principle, whenever I have been injured; but I own, to my shame be it spoken, the love of flattery has sometimes prevailed on me, under the mask of gratitude, to think better of people than they deserved, when they have professed more value for me than I was conscious of meriting. I slide, insensibly, into talkiug of myself, though I always resolve against it. I will rescue you from so dull a subject, by concluding my letter with my compliments to Lord Bute, my blessing to my grand-children, and the assurance of my being ever your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 20, N. S. 1755.

I HAVE now read over the books you were so good to send, and intend to say something of them all, though some are not worth speaking of. I shall begin, in respect to his dignity, with Lord Bolingbroke, who is a glaring proof how far vanity can blind a man, and how easy it is to varnish over to one's self the most criminal conduct. He declares he always loved his country, though he confesses he endeavoured to betray her to popery and slavery; and loved his friends, though he abandoned them in distress, with all the blackest circumstances of treachery. His account of the peace of Utrecht is almost equally unfair or partial;

I shall allow that, perhaps, the views of the whigs at that time were too vast, and the nation, dazzled by military glory, had hopes too sanguine; but surely the same terms that the French consented to, at the treaty of Gertruydenberg, might have been obtained; or if the displacing of the Duke of Marlborough raised the spirits of our enemies to a degree of refusing what they had before offered, how can he excuse the guilt of removing him from the head of a victorious army, and exposing us to submit to any articles of peace, being unable to continue the war? I agree with him, that the idea of conquering France is a wild extravagant notion, and would, if possible, be impolitic; but she might have been reduced to such a state, as would have rendered her incapable of being terrible to her neighbours for some ages: nor should we have been obliged, as we have done almost ever since, to bribe the French ministers to let us live in quiet. So much for his political reasonings, which I confess are delivered in a florid easy style; but I cannot be of Lord Orrery's opinion, that he is one of the best English writers. Well turned periods, or smooth lines, are not the perfection either of prose or verse; they may serve to adorn, but can never stand in the place of good sense. Copiousness of words, however arranged, is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some sort of understandings. How many readers and admirers has Madame de Sevigné, who only gives us, in a lively manner, and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions? Sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse, always tittle-tattle; yet so well gilt over by airy expressions, and a flowing style, she will always please the same people to whom Lord Bolingbroke will shine as a first-rate author. She is so far to be excused, as her letters were not intended for the press; while he labours to display to posterity all the wit and learning he is master of, and sometimes spoils a good argument by a profusion of words, running out into several pages a thought that might have been more clearly expressed in a few lines; and, what is worse, often falls into contradiction and repetitions, which are almost unavoidable to all voluminous writers, and can only be forgiven to those retailers, whose necessity compels them to diurnal scribbling, who load their meaning with epi-

thets, and run into digressions, because (in the jockey phrase) it rids ground, that is, covers a certain quantity of paper, to answer the demand of the day. A great part of Lord Bolingbroke's letters are designed to shew his reading, which, indeed, appears to have been very extensive; but I cannot perceive that such a minute account of it can be of any use to the pupil he pretends to instruct: nor can I help thinking he is far below either Tillotson or Addison, even in style, though the latter was sometimes more diffuse than his judgment approved, to furnish out the length of a daily Spectator. I own I have small regard for Lord Bolingbroke as an author, and the highest contempt for him as a man. He came into the world greatly favoured both by nature and fortune, blest with a noble birth, heir to a large estate, endowed with a strong constitution, and, as I have heard, a beautiful figure, high spirits, a good memory, and a lively apprehension, which was cultivated by a learned education; all these glorious advantages being left to the direction of a judgment stifled by unbounded vanity, he dishonoured his birth, lost his estate, ruined his reputation, and destroyed his health by a wild pursuit of eminence even in vice and trifles.

I am far from making misfortune a matter of reproach. I know there are accidental occurrences not to be foreseen or avoided by human prudence, by which a character may be injured, wealth dissipated, or a constitution impaired; but I think I may reasonably despise the understanding of one who conducts himself in such a manner as naturally produces such lamentable consequences, and continues in the same destructive paths to the end of a long life, ostentatiously boasting of morals and philosophy in print, and with equal ostentation bragging of the scenes of low debauchery in public conversation, though deplorably weak both in mind and body, and his virtue and his vigour in a state of non-existence. His confederacy with Swift and Pope puts me in mind of that of Bessus and his swordmen, in the King and no King, who endeavour to support themselves by giving certificates of each other's merit. Pope has triumphantly declared that they may do and say whatever silly things they please, they will still be the greatest geniuses nature ever exhibited. I am delighted with the comparison given of their benevolence, which is

indeed most aptly figured by a circle in the water, which widens till it comes to nothing at all; but I am provoked at Lord Bolingbroke's misrepresentation of my favourite Atticus, who seems to have been the only Roman that, from good sense, had a true notion of the times in which he lived, in which the republic was inevitably perishing, and the two factions, who pretended to support it, equally endeavouring to gratify their ambition in its ruin. A wise man, in that case, would certainly declare for neither, and try to save himself and family from the general wreck, which could not be done but by a superiority of understanding acknowledged on both sides. I see no glory in losing life or fortune by being the dupe of either, and very much applaud that conduct which could preserve an universal esteem amidst the fury of opposite parties. We are obliged to act vigorously, where action can do any good; but in a storm, when it is impossible to work with success, the best hands and ablest pilots may laudably gain the shore if they can. Atticus could be a friend to men, without awaking their resentment, and be satisfied with his own virtue without seeking popular fame; he had the reward of his wisdom in his tranquillity, and will ever stand among the few examples of true philosophy, either ancient or modern.

You must forgive this tedious dissertation. I hope you read in the same spirit I write, and take as proofs of affection whatever is sent you by your truly affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

I must add a few words on the Essay on Exile, which I read with attention, as a subject that touched me. I found the most abject dejection under a pretended fortitude. That the author felt it, can be no doubt to one that knows (as I do) the mean submissions and solemn promises he made to obtain a return, flattering himself (I suppose) he must of course appear to be at the head of the administration, as every ensign of sixteen fancies he is in a fair way to be a general, on the first sight of his commission.

You will think I have been too long on the character of Atticus. I own I took pleasure in explaining it. Pope thought himself covertly very severe on Addison, by giving him that name; and I feel indignation whenever he is

abused, both from his own merit, and because he was ever your father's friend; besides that it is naturally disgusting to see him lampooned after his death by the same man who paid him the most servile court while he lived, and was besides highly obliged to him.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Sept. 22, 1755.

I RECEIVED, two days ago, the box of books you were so kind to send; but I can scarce say whether my pleasure or disappointment was the greater. I was much pleased to see before me a fund of amusement, but heartily vexed to find your letter consisting only of three lines and a half. Why will you not employ Lady ——— as secretary, if it is troublesome to you to write? I have told you over and over, you may at the same time oblige your mother and improve your daughter, both which I should think very agreeable to yourself. You can never want something to say. The history of your nursery, if you had no other subject to write on, would be very acceptable to me. I am such a stranger to every thing in England, I should be glad to hear more particulars relating to the families I am acquainted with:—if Miss Liddel* marries the Lord Euston I knew, or his nephew, who has succeeded him; if Lord Berkley† has left children; and several trifles of that sort, that would be a satisfaction to my curiosity. I am sorry for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so, the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. I should think it a nobler and less nauseous employment to be one of the staff-officers that conduct the nocturnal weddings. His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it) made him forget every thing when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaign; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than

* She married Augustus Henry, earl of Euston, Jan. 29, 1756, who succeeded his grandfather as Duke of Grafton in May, 1757.

† Augustus earl of Berkley died Jan. 9, 1755, leaving two sons and two daughters.

any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret. There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage both in learning, and, in my opinion, genius: they both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends, and would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them was so formed for happiness, it is a pity he was not immortal. I have read the Cry; and if I would write in the style to be admired by good Lord Orrery, I would tell you, 'The Cry' made me ready to cry, and the 'Art of Tormenting,' tormented me very much. I take them to be Sally Fielding's, and also the Female Quixote: the plan of that is pretty, but ill executed: on the contrary, the fable of the Cry is the most absurd I ever saw, but the sentiments generally just; and I think, if well dressed, would make a better body of ethics than Bolingbroke's. Her inventing new words, that are neither more harmonious or significant than those already in use, is intolerable. The most edifying part of the Journey to Lisbon, is the history of the kitten: I was the more touched by it, having a few days before found one, in deplorable circumstances, in a neighbouring vineyard. I did not only relieve her present wants with some excellent milk, but had her put into a clean basket, and brought to my own house, where she has lived ever since very comfortably.

I desire to have Fielding's posthumous works, with his Memoirs of Jonathan Wild, and Journey to the next World; also, the Memoirs of Versorand, a man of pleasure, and those of a young lady. You will call this trash, trumpery, &c. I can assure you I was more entertained by G. Edwards than H. St. John, of whom you have sent me duplicates. I see new story books with the same pleasure your eldest daughter does a new dress, or the youngest a new baby. I thank God I can find play-things for my age. I am not of Cowley's mind, that this world is—

A dull ill-acted comedy:

Nor of Mrs. Philips's, that it is—

A too-well acted tragedy.

I look upon it as a very pretty farce, for those that can

see it in that light. I confess a severe critic, that would examine by ancient rules, might fix many defects; but 'tis ridiculous to judge seriously of a puppet-shew. Those that can laugh, and be diverted with absurdities, are the wisest spectators, be it of writings, actions, or people.

The Stage Coach has some grotesque figures that amuse: I place it in the rank of Charlotte Summers, and perhaps it is by the same author. I am pleased with Sir Herald for recording a generous action of the Duke of Montagu, which I know to be true, with some variation of circumstances. You should have given me a key to the Invisible Spy, particularly to the catalogue of books in it. I know not whether the conjugal happiness of the Duke of B****d is intended as a compliment or an irony.

This letter is as long and as dull as any of Richardson's. I am ashamed of it, notwithstanding my maternal privilege of being tiresome.

I return many thanks to Lord Bute for the china, which I am sure I shall be very fond of, though I have not yet seen it. I wish for three of Pinchbec's watches, shagreen cases, and enamelled dial-plates. When I left England, they were five guineas each. You may imagine they are for presents; one for my doctor, who is exactly Parson Adams in another profession, and the others for two priests, to whom I have some obligations.

This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of Clarissa touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady, what I have heard of my mother, and seen of my father.

This letter is grown (I know not how) into an immeasurable length. I answer it to my conscience as a just judgment on you, for the shortness of yours. Remember my unalterable maxim—where we love we have always something to say; consequently my pen never tires when expressing to you the thoughts of your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, March 2, N.S. 1756.

I HAD the happiness of a letter from your father last post, by which I find you are in good health, though I have not heard from you for a long time. This frequent interruption of our correspondence is a great uneasiness to me: I charge it on the neglect or irregularity of the post. I sent you a letter by Mr. Anderson a great while ago, to which I never had any answer: neither have I ever heard from him since, though I am fully persuaded he has wrote concerning some little commissions I gave him. I should be very sorry if he thought I neglected to thank him for his civilities. I desire Lord Bute would inquire about him, I saw him in company with a very pretty pupil, who seemed to me a promising youth. I wish he would fall in love with my grand-daughter. I dare say you laugh at this early design of providing for her: take it as a mark of my affection for you and yours, which is without any mixture of self-interest, since, with my age and infirmities, there is little probability of my living to see them established. I no more expect to arrive at the age of the Duchess of Marlborough than to that of Methusalem; neither do I desire it. I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away; and it is gone; for I think there are very few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call these melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell you this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me, that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those are only unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth, which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you, that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper which shortens the sermon. M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Venice, March 22, 1756.

I HAVE received but this morning the first box of china Lord Bute has been so obliging to send me. I am quite charmed with it, but wish you had sent in it the note of the contents; it has been so long deposited, that it is not impossible some diminution may have happened. Every thing that comes from England is precious to me, to the very hay that is employed in packing. I should be glad to know any thing that could be an agreeable return from hence. There are many things I could send; but they are either contraband, or the customs would cost more than they are worth. I look out for a picture; the few that are in this part of Italy are those that remain in families, where they are entailed, and I might as well pretend to send you a palace. I am extremely pleased with the account you gave of your father's health. I have wrote to desire his consent in the disposal of poor Lady Oxford's legacy; I do not doubt obtaining it. It has been both my interest and my duty to study his character, and I can say, with truth, I never knew any man so capablo of a generous action.

A late adventure here makes a great noise from tho rank of the people concerned: the Marchioness Licinia Bentivoglio, who was heiress of one branch of the Martinenghi, and brought ten thousand gold sequins to her husband, and the expectation of her father's estate, three thousand pounds sterling per annum, the most magnificent palace in Brescia (finer than any in London), another in the country, and many other advantages of woods, plate, jewels, &c. The Cardinal Bentivoglio, his uncle, thought he could not choose better, though his nephew might certainly have chose among all the Italian ladies, being descended from the sovereigns of Bologna, actually a grandee of Spain, a noble Venetian, and in the possession of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling per annum, with immense wealth in palaces, furniture, and absolute dominion in some of his land. The girl was pretty, and the match was with the satisfaction of both families; but she brought with her such a diabolical temper, and such *Luciferan*

pride, that neither husband, relations, or servants, had ever a moment's peace with her. After about eight years' warfare, she eloped one fair morning, and took refuge in Venice, leaving her two daughters, the eldest scarce six years old, to the care of the exasperated marquis. Her father was so angry at her extravagant conduct, that he would not for some time receive her into his house; but, after some months, and much solicitation, parental fondness prevailed, and she remained with him ever since, notwithstanding all the efforts of her husband, who tried kindness, submission, and threats, to no purpose. The cardinal came twice to Brescia, her own father joined his entreaties, nay *his holiness* wrote a letter with his own hands, and made use of the church authority, but he found it harder to reduce one woman than ten heretics. She was inflexible, and lived ten years in this state of reprobation. Her father died last winter, and left her his whole estate for life, and afterwards to her children. Her eldest was now marriageable, and disposed of to the nephew of Cardinal Valentino Gonzagua, first minister at Rome. She would neither appear at the vedding, nor take the least notice of a dutiful letter sent by the bride. The old cardinal (who was passionately fond of his illustrious name) was so much touched with the apparent extinction of it, that it was thought to have hastened his death. She continued in the enjoyment of her ill-humour, living in great splendour, though almost solitary, having, by some impertinence or other, disgusted all her acquaintance, till about a month ago, when her woman brought her a bason of broth, which she usually drank in her bed. She took a few spoonfuls of it, and then cried out, it was so bad it was impossible to endure it. Her chambermaids were so used to hear her exclamations, that they ate it up very comfortably; they were both seized with the same pangs, and died the next day. She sent for physicians, who judged her poisoned; but, as she had taken a small quantity, by the help of antidotes she recovered, yet is still in a languishing condition. Her cook was examined, and racked, always protesting entire innocence, and swearing he had made the soup in the same manner he was accustomed. You may imagine the noise of this affair; she loudly accused her husband, it

being the interest of no other person to wish her out of the world: he resides at Ferrara (about which the greatest part of his lands lie), and was soon informed of this accident. He sent doctors to her, whom she would not see, sent vast alms to all the convents to pray for her health, and ordered a number of masses to be said in every church of Brescia and Ferrara. He sent letters to the senate at Venice, and published manifestoes in all the capital cities, in which he professes his affection for her, and abhorrence of any attempt against her, and has a cloud of witnesses that he never gave her the least reason of complaint, and even since her leaving him has always spoken of her with kindness, and courted her return. He is said to be remarkably sweet tempered, and has the best character of any man of quality in this country. If the death of her women did not seem to confirm it, her accusation would gain credit with nobody. She is certainly very sincere in it herself, being so persuaded he has resolved her death, that she dare not take the air, apprehending to be assassinated, and has imprisoned herself in her chamber, where she will neither eat nor drink any thing that she does not see tasted by all her servants. The physicians now say, that perhaps the poison might fall into the broth accidentally; I confess I do not perceive the possibility of it. As to the cook suffering the rack, that is a mere jest, where people have money enough to bribe the executioner. I decide nothing; but such is the present destiny of a lady, who would have been one of Richardson's heroines, having never been suspected of the least gallantry; hating, and being hated universally; of a most noble spirit, it being proverbial—'as proud as the Marchioness Licinia.'

I am afraid I have tired you with my long story: I thought it singular enough to amuse you. I believe your censure will be different from that of the ladies here, who all range themselves in the party of the Marquis Guido. They say he is a handsome man, little past forty, and would easily find a second wife, notwithstanding the suspicion raised on this occasion. Many customs, and some laws, are as extraordinary here as the situation of the capital.

I would write to Lord Bute to thank him, if I did not think it would be giving him trouble. I have not less gra-

titude: I desire you would assure him of it, and that I am to you both

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

London, 1756.

YOURS of the 8th of March came hither on the 28th, which is the time in which letters usually pass between London and Venice. I bundle up all your letters, and keep a list of the dates of what I send you: so that I cannot mistake as to either. I do not remember that any letter sent to me from a foreign country, beside yours, ever miscarried. As to those I send abroad, I always send two servants with them to the post; so that I do not trust to one servant's honesty: and the officer of the post sees that there is evidence of the delivery; so that his neglect or fraud may easily appear. This method is taken by all foreign ministers of state.

I have now something to mention that I believe will be agreeable to you: I mean some particulars relating to Lord Bute, which you have not learned from the prints, nor from our minister at Venice. He stood higher in the late Prince of Wales's favour than any man. His attendance was frequent at Leicester-house, where this young prince has resided, and since his father's death has continued without intermission, till new officers were to be placed about him. It is said that another person was designed to be groom of the stole; but that the prince's earnest request was complied with in my lord's favour. It is supposed that the governors, preceptors, &c. who were before about him, will be now set aside, and that my lord is his principal adviser. It is not easy to express how well-bred and reasonable the prince always appears at his public levee, which is every Thursday, and on all other occasions. The King of France and the Empress of Germany always shew themselves to great advantage; and this young prince's behaviour is equal to that of either of them. He is supposed to know the true state of this country, and to have the best inclinations to do all in his power to make it flourish.

These appearances do much honour to my lord; and the continuance of his favour is, I believe, wished by all that are unconnected with some of those who have been ministers of state.

E. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, May 30, 1756.

I SENT you a long letter very lately, and enclosed one to Lady Jane. I fear I cannot prevail on Mr. Prescot to take care of my letters; if he should do it, I beg you would be very obliging to him; remember civility costs nothing, and buys every thing; your daughters should engrave that maxim in their hearts.

I am sorry Sir William Lowther* died unmarried; he ought to have left some of his breed, which are almost extinct: he died unluckily for his acquaintance, though I think fortunately for himself, being yet ignorant of the ingratitude and vileness of mankind. He knew not what it was to lament misplaced obligations, and thought himself blessed in many friends, whom a short time would have shewn to be worthless, mercenary, designing scoundrels. The most tender disposition grows callous by miserable experience: I look upon it as the reason why so many old people leave immense wealth, in a lump, to heirs they neither love nor esteem; and others, like Lord S****n, leave it at random, to they know not who. He was not a covetous man, but had seen so little merit and was so well acquainted with the vices of mankind, I believe he thought there was none among them deserved any particular distinction. I have passed a long life, and may say, with truth, have endeavoured to purchase friends: accident has put it in my power to confer great benefits, yet I never met with any return, nor indeed any true affection, but from dear Lady Oxford, who owed me nothing. Did not these considerations restrain natural generosity, I am of opinion we should see many Sir William Lowthers; neither

* Sir William Lowther, who died in 1756, bequeathed 100,000*l.* in legacies to his several friends with whom he was chiefly associated. The censure which this letter passes on his friends is severe, but just and well-founded.

is it saying much in favour of the human heart: it is certain that the highest gratification of vanity is found in bestowing; but, when we plainly foresee being exposed by it to insults, nay, perhaps, abuses, which are often liberally dispersed, by those who wish to hide that they are obliged, we abandon the pleasure rather than suffer the consequence. The first shocks received from this conduct of protesting friends are felt very severely. I now expect them, and they affect me with no more surprise than rain after sunshine. The little good I do is scattered with a sparing hand, against my inclination; but I now know the necessity of managing the hopes of others, as the only links that bind attachment, or even secure us from injuries. Was it possible for me to elevate any body from the station in which they are born, I now would not do it: perhaps it is rebellion against that Providence that has placed them there; all we ought to do is to endeavour to make them easy in the rank assigned them.

I hope you will not forget to send me the bill of lading, without which I may chance to lose the box, which is very precious to, my dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Venice, Nov. 8, 1756.

You are extremely good to take so much care of my trifling commissions in the midst of so many important occupations. You judged very right on the subject of Mr. W. I saw him often both at Florence and Genoa, and you may believe I know him. I am not surprised at the character of poor Charles F***'s son. The epithet of *fair* and *foolish* belonged to the whole family; and, as he was over persuaded to marry an ugly woman, I suppose his offspring may have lost the beauty, but retained the folly in full bloom. Colonel Otway, younger brother to Lady Bridget's spouse, came hither with Lord Mandeville; he told me that she has a daughter with the perfect figure of Lady Vinchelsea. I wish she may meet with as good friends as I was to her aunt; but I won't trouble you with old stories.

I have, indeed, my head so full of one, that I hardly know what to say about it. I am advised to tell it you, though I had resolved not to do it. I leave it to your prudence to act as you think proper; commonly speaking, silence and neglect are the best answer to defamation, but this is a case so peculiar, that I am persuaded it never happened to any one but myself.

Some few months before Lord William Hamilton married, there appeared a foolish song, said to be wrote by a poetical great lady, who I really think was the character of Lady Arabella, in the Female Quixote (without the beauty); you may imagine such a conduct, at court, made him superlatively ridiculous. Lady Delawar, a woman of great merit, with whom I lived in much intimacy, shewed this fine performance to me; we were very merry in supposing what answer Lord William would make to these passionate addresses; she bid me to say something for a poor man, who had nothing to say for himself. I wrote *extempore* on the back of the song, some stanzas, that went perfectly well to the tune. She promised they should never appear as mine, and faithfully kept her word. By what accident they have fallen into the hands of that thing Dodsley* I know not, but he has printed them as addressed, by me, to the last man I should have addressed them to, and my own words as to his answer. I do not believe either Job or Socrates ever had such a provocation. You will tell me, it cannot hurt me with any acquaintance I ever had: it is true; but it is an excellent piece of scandal for the same sort of people that propagate, with success, that your nurse left her estate, husband, and family, to go with me to England; and, that then I turned her to starve, after defrauding her of God knows what. I thank God witches are out of fashion, or I should expect to have it deposed by several credible witnesses, that I had been seen flying through the air on a broom-stick, &c.

I am really sick with vexation, but ever your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

* Dodsley's Collection of Poems was published in three volumes in 1748. The fourth volume appeared in 1749, and the fifth and sixth in 1756. In the sixth volume, p. 230, the dialogue (if it may be so called) between Sir William Young and Lady Mary is printed, and very erroneously applied.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, Dec. 28, 1756.

I RECEIVED yours, of November 29th, with great pleasure, some days before I had the box of books, and am highly delighted with the snuff-box: that manufacture is at present as much in fashion at Venice, as at London. In general, all the shops are full of English merchandise, and they boast of every thing as coming from London, in the same style as they used to do from Paris. I was shewn a set of furniture, of their own invention, in a taste entirely new; it consists of eight large arm chairs, the same number of sconces, a table, and prodigious mirror, all of glass. It is impossible to imagine their beauty: they deserve to be placed in a prince's dressing-room, or grand cabinet; the price demanded is 400*l*. They would be a very proper decoration for the apartment of a prince so young and beautiful as ours.*

The present ministry promises better counsels than have been followed in my time. I am extremely glad to hear the continuation of your father's health, and that you follow his advice. I am really persuaded (without any dash of partiality) no man understands the interest of England better, or has it more at heart. I am obliged to him for whatever he does for you. I will not indulge myself in troubling you with long letters or commissions, when you are charged with so much business at home and abroad; I shall only repeat the Turkish maxim, which I think includes all that is necessary in a *court* life; 'Caress the favourites, avoid the unfortunate, and trust nobody.' You may think the second rule ill-natured; melancholy experience has convinced me of all the ill consequence of mistaking distress for merit; there is no mistake more productive of evil. I could add many arguments to enforce this truth, but will not tire your patience.

I intend to correspond with Lady J. I confess I was much pleased with her little letter; and, supposing Lady M. is commenced fine lady, she may have no leisure to read or answer an old grandmother's letters. I presume Lady J. is to play least in sight till her sister is disposed

* His majesty George III.

of: if she loves writing, it may be an employment not disagreeable to herself, and will be extremely grateful to me.

I congratulate my grand-daughters on being born in an age so much enlightened. Sentiments are certainly extremely silly, and only qualify young people to be the bubbles of all their acquaintance. I do not doubt but that the frequency of assemblies has introduced a more enlarged way of thinking. It is a kind of public education, which I have always thought as necessary for girls as boys. A woman married at five-and-twenty, from under the eye of a strict parent, is commonly as ignorant as she was at five and no more capable of avoiding the snares, or struggling with the difficulties, she must infallibly meet with in the commerce of the world. The knowledge of mankind (the most useful of all knowledge) can only be acquired by conversing with them. Books are so far from giving that instruction, that they fill the head with a set of wrong notions, from whence springs a tribe of Clarissas, Harriets &c. Yet such was the method of education when I was in England, which I had it in my power to correct.

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Louvere, June 10, 1757.

It is very true, my dear child, we cannot now maintain a family with the product of a flock; though I do not doubt the present sheep afford as much wool and milk as any of their ancestors, and 'tis certain our natural wants are not more numerous than formerly; but the world is past its infancy, and will no longer be contented with spoon-meat. Time has added great improvements, but those very improvements have introduced a train of artificial necessities. A collective body of men make a gradual progress in understanding, like that of a single individual. When I reflect on the vast increase of useful, as well as speculative knowledge the last three hundred years have produced, and that the peasants of this age have more conveniences than the first emperors of Rome had any notion of, I imagine we are now arrived at that period which answers to fifteen. I cannot think we are older, when I recollect the many palpable follies which are still (almost) universally

persisted in: I place that of war as senseless as the boxing of school-boys, and whenever we come to man's estate (perhaps a thousand years hence) I do not doubt it will appear as ridiculous as the pranks of unlucky lads. Several discoveries will then be made, and several truths made clear, of which we have now no more idea, than the ancients had of the circulation of the blood, or the optics of Sir Isaac Newton.

You will believe me in a very dull humour when I fill my letter with such whims, and indeed so I am. I have just received the news of Sir J. Gray's departure, and am exceedingly vexed I did not know of his designed journey. I suppose he would have carried my token;* and now I utterly despair of an opportunity of sending it, and therefore enclose a note, on Child, for the value of it.

When you see Lady Rich pray do not fail to present my thanks and compliments. I desire the same to every body that thinks it worth while to inquire after me. You mention a Colonel Rich as her son; I thought he had been killed in Scotland. You see my entire ignorance of all English affairs, and consequently whatever you tell me of my acquaintance has the merit of novelty to me, who correspond with nobody but yourself and Lady Oxford, whose retirement and ill health does not permit her to send me much news.

I expect a letter of thanks from my grand-daughter. I wrote to my grandmother long before her age. I desire you would not see it, being willing to judge of her genius. I know I shall read it with some partiality, which I cannot avoid to all that is yours, as I am your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Padua, Sep. 5, 1757.

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear child, in answer to that letter Mr. Hamilton brought me: he was so obliging to come on purpose from Venice to deliver it, as I believe I told you: but I am so highly delighted with this, dated August 4, giving an account of your little colony, I cannot help setting pen to paper, to tell you the melancholy joy I

* Lady Mary sent a present annually to one of her grand-children.

had in reading it. You would have laughed to see the old fool weep over it. I now find that age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but, as surely as a large nose grows larger, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though, perhaps, reason may have restrained the appearance of it, till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness; for weakness it is to indulge any attachment at a period of life when we are sure to part with life itself, and a very short warning. According to the good English proverb, young people may die, but old must. You see I am very industrious in finding comfort to myself in my exit, and to guard, as long as I can, against the peevishness which makes age miserable in itself, and contemptible to others. 'Tis surprising to me, that, with the most inoffensive conduct, I should meet enemies, when I cannot be envied for any thing, and have pretensions to nothing.

Is it possible the old Colonel Duncombe I knew, should be Lord Feversham, and married to a young wife? As to Lord Ranelagh, I confess it must be a very bitter draught to submit to take his name, but his lady has had a short purgatory, and now enjoys affluence with a man she likes, who I am told is a man of merit, which I suppose she thinks preferable to Lady Selina's nursery. Here are no old people in this country, neither in dress or gallantry. I know only my friend Antonio,* who is true to the memory of his adored lady; her picture is always in his sight, and he talks of her in the style of *pastor fido*. I believe I owe his favour to having shewn him her miniature, by Rosalba, which I bought at London; perhaps you remember it in my little collection; he is really a man of worth and sense. Hearing it reported, I need not say by whom, that my retirement was owing to having lost all my money at play, at Avignon, he sent privately for my chief servant and desired him to tell him naturally if I was in any dis

* Mocenigo.

tress; and not only offered, but pressed, him to lay 3000 sequins on my toilet. I don't believe I could borrow that sum, without good security, among my great relations. I thank God I had no occasion to make use of this generosity; but I am sure you will agree with me, that I ought never to forget the obligation. I could give some other instances, in which he has shewn his friendship, in protecting me from mortifications, invented by those that ought to have assisted me; but 'tis a long tiresome story. You will be surprised to hear the general does not yet know these circumstances; he arrived at Venice but a few days before I left it; and, promising me to come to Padua, at the fair, I thought I should have time sufficient to tell him my history. Indeed I was in hopes he would have accepted my invitation of lodging in my house; but his multiplicity of affairs hindered him from coming at all. 'Tis only a few days since that he made me a visit, in company with Mr. Hamilton, before whom I did not think it proper to speak my complaints. They are now gone to drink the waters at Vicenza; when they return, I intend removing to Venice, and then shall relate my grievances, which I have more reason to do than ever. I have tired you with this disagreeable subject: I will release you, and please myself, in repeating the assurance of my being ever, while I have a being, your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

My dear child, do not think of reversing nature by making me presents. I would send you all my jewels and my toilet, if I knew how to convey them, though they are in some measure necessary in this country, where it would be, perhaps, reported I had pawned them, if they did not sometimes make their appearance. I know not how to send commissions for things I never saw; nothing of price I would have, as I would not new furnish an inn I was on the point of leaving, for such is this world to me. Though china is in such high estimation here, I have sometimes an inclination to desire your father to send me the two large jars, that stood in the windows at Cavendish-square. I am sure he don't value them, and believe they would be of no use to you. I bought them at an auction, for two guineas, before the Duke of Argyle's example had made all china more or less fashionable.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Sept. 30, 1757.

LORD BUTE has been so obliging as to let me know your safe delivery, and the birth of another daughter :* may she be as meritorious in your eyes as you are in mine! I can wish nothing better to you both, though I have some reproaches to make you. Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner, that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker, with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion: he fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my years by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.

* Lady Louisa Stewart.

I have not heard from your father of a long time. I hope he is well, because you do not mention him.

I am ever, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Oct. 20, 1757.

I HAVE read over Richardson—he sinks horridly in his third volume (he does so in his story of Clarissa). When he talks of Italy, it is plain he is no better acquainted with it than he is with the kingdom of Mancomingo. He might have made his Sir Charles's amour with Clementina begin in a convent, where the pensioners sometimes take great liberties; but that such familiarity should be permitted in her father's house, is as repugnant to custom, as it would be in London for a young lady to dance on the ropes at Bartholomew fair: neither does his hero behave to her in a manner suitable to his nice notions. It was impossible a discerning man should not see her passion early enough to check it, if he had really designed it. His conduct puts me in mind of some ladies I have known, who could never find out a man to be in love with them, let him do or say what he would, till he made a direct attempt; and then they were so surprised, I warrant you! nor do I approve Sir Charles's offered compromise (as he calls it). There must be a great indifference as to religion on both sides, to make so strict a union as marriage tolerable between people of such distinct persuasions. He seems to think women have no souls, by agreeing so easily that his daughters should be educated in bigotry and idolatry. You will perhaps think this last a hard word; yet it is not difficult to prove, that either the papists are guilty of idolatry, or the pagans never were so. You may see in Lucian (in his vindication of his images), that they did not take their statues to be real gods, but only the representations of them. The same doctrine may be found in Plutarch; and it is all the modern priests have to say in excuse for their worshipping wood and stone, though they cannot deny, at the same time, that the vulgar are apt to confound that distinction. I always, if possible, avoid

controversial disputes: whenever I cannot do it, they are very short. I ask my adversary if he believes the Scripture? when that is answered affirmatively, their church may be proved, by a child of ten years old, contradictory to it, in their most important points. My second question is, if they think St. Peter and St. Paul knew the true Christian religion? The constant reply is, O yes. Then, say I, purgatory, transubstantiation, invocation of saints, adoration of the Virgin, relics (of which they might have had a cart load), and observation of Lent, is no part of it, since they neither taught nor practised any of these things. Vows of celibacy are not more contrary to nature, than to the positive precept of St. Paul. He mentions a very common case, in which people are obliged, by conscience, to marry. No mortals can promise that case shall never be theirs, which depends on the disposition of the body as much as a fever; and 'tis as reasonable to engage never to feel the one as the other. He tells us, the marks of the Holy Spirit are charity, humility, truth, and long suffering. Can any thing be more uncharitable than damning eternally so many millions for not believing what they never heard? or prouder than calling their head a Vice-god? Pious frauds are avowedly permitted, and persecution applauded: these maxims cannot be dictated by the spirit of peace, which is so warmly preached in the gospel. The creeds of the apostles, and council of Nice, do not speak of the mass, or real presence, as articles of belief; and Athanasius asserts, whosoever believes according to them shall be saved. Jesus Christ, in answer to the lawyer, bids him love God above all things, and his neighbour as himself, as all that is necessary to salvation. When he describes the last judgment, he does not examine what sect, or what church, men were of, but how far they had been beneficial to mankind. Faith cannot determine reward or punishment, being involuntary, and only the consequence of conviction: we do not believe what we please, but what appears to us with the face of truth. As I do not mistake exclamation, invective, or ridicule, for argument, I never recriminate on the lives of their popes and cardinals, when they urge the character of Henry the Eighth; I only answer, good actions are often done by ill men through interested motives, and 'tis the common

method of Providence to bring good out of evil: history, both sacred and profane, funishes many examples of it. When they tell me I have forsook the worship of my ancestors, I say I have had more ancestors Heathen than Christian, and my faith is certainly ancienter than theirs, since I have added nothing to the practice of the primitive professors of Christianity. As to the prosperity or extent of the dominion of the church, which Cardinal Bellarmin counts among the proofs of its orthodoxy, the Mahometans, who have larger empires, and have made a quicker progress, have a better plea for the visible protection of heaven. If the fopperies of their religion were only fopperies, they ought to be complied with, wherever it is established, like any ridiculous dress in fashion; but I think them impieties; their devotions are a scandal to humanity from their nonsense; the mercenary deceits and barbarous tyranny of their ecclesiastics, inconsistent with moral honesty. If they object to the diversity of our sects as a mark of reprobation, I desire them to consider, that that objection has equal force against Christianity in general. When they thunder with the names of fathers and councils, they are surprised to find me as well (often better) acquainted with them, than themselves. I shew them the variety of their doctrines, their violent contests and various factions, instead of that union they boast of. I have never been attacked a second time in any of the towns where I have resided, and perhaps shall never be so again after my last battle, which was with an old priest, a learned man, particularly esteemed as a mathematician, and who has a head and a heart as warm as poor Whiston's. When I first came hither, he visited me every day, and talked of me every where with such violent praise, that, had we been young people, God knows what would have been said. I have always the advantage of being quite calm on a subject which they cannot talk of without heat. He desired I would put on paper what I had said. I immediately wrote one side of a sheet, leaving the other for his answer. He carried it with him, promising to bring it the next day, since which time I have never seen it, though I have often demanded it, being ashamed of my defective Italian. I fancy he sent it to his friend the Archbishop of Milan. I have given over asking for it, as a desperate debt. He still

visits me, but seldom, and in a cold sort of a way. When I have found disputants I less respected, I have sometimes taken pleasure in raising their hopes by my concessions: they are charmed when I agree with them in the number of the sacraments; but are horridly disappointed when I explain myself by saying the word sacrament is not to be found either in Old or New Testament; and one must be very ignorant not to know it is taken from the listing oath of the Roman soldiers, and means nothing more than a solemn, irrevocable engagement. Parents vow, in infant baptism, to educate their children in the Christian religion, which they take upon themselves by confirmation; the Lord's supper is frequently renewing the same oath. Ordination and matrimony are solemn vows of a different kind; confession includes a vow of revealing all we know, and reforming what is amiss: extreme unction, the last vow, that we have lived in the faith we were baptized: in this sense they are all sacraments. As to the mysteries preached since, they were all invented long after, and some of them repugnant to the primitive institution. This digression has carried me far from my criticism. You will laugh at my making any, on a work below examination. It may be of use to my grand daughters. I am persuaded Richardson is a favourite author in all the nurseries in England, and has done much harm in the boarding-schools, therefore ought to have his absurdities detected. You will think me angry with him for repeating a saying of mine, accompanied with a description of my person, which resembles me as much as one of the giants in Guildhall, and plainly shews he never saw me in his life. Indeed, I think, after being so many years dead and buried, I might be suffered to enjoy the right of the departed, and rest in peace. I cannot guess how I can possibly have incurred his indignation, except he takes for truth the literary correspondence between me and the Mrs. Argens, whom I never saw, and who, with many high compliments, have attributed to me sentiments that never came into my head, and among them a criticism on Pamela, who is, however, more favourably treated than she deserves.

The book of letters I mention never came to my hands till some time after it was printed, accidentally at Thoulouse.

I have need of all my philosophy on these occasions; though they happen so often, I ought to be accustomed to them. When I print, I submit to be answered, and criticised; but as I never did, 'tis hard to be abused for other people's follies. A light thing said in gay company, should not be called upon for a serious defence, especially when it injures nobody. It is certain there are as many marriages as ever. Richardson is so eager for the multiplication of them, I suppose he is some parish curate, whose chief profit depends on weddings and christenings. He is not a man-midwife; for he would be better skilled in physic than to think fits and madness any ornament to the characters of his heroines: though this Sir Charles had no thoughts of marrying Clementina till she had lost her wits, and the divine Clarissa never acted prudently till she was in the same condition, and then very wisely desired to be carried to Bedlam, which is really all that is to be done in that case. Madness is as much a corporeal distemper as the gout or asthma, never occasioned by affliction, or to be cured by the enjoyment of extravagant wishes. Passion may indeed bring on a fit, but the disease is lodged in the blood, and it is not more ridiculous to attempt to relieve the gout by an embroidered slipper, than to restore reason by the gratification of wild desires.

Richardson is as ignorant in morality as he is in anatomy, when he declares abusing an obliging husband, or an indulgent parent, to be an innocent recreation. His Anna How and Charlotte Grandison are recommended as patterns of charming pleasantry, and applauded by his saint-like dames, who mistake folly for wit and humour, and impudence and ill nature for spirit and fire. Charlotte behaves like a humoursome child, and should have been used like one, and well whipped in the presence of her friendly confidante Harriet. Lord Halifax very justly tells his daughter, that a husband's kindness is to be received by a wife, even when he is drunk, and though it is wrapped up in never so much impertinence. Charlotte acts with an ingratitude that I think too black for human nature, with such coarse jokes and low expressions as are only to be heard among the lowest class of people. Women of that rank often plead a right to beat their husbands, when they don't cuckold them; and I believe this author was

never admitted into higher company, and should confine his pen to the amours of housemaids, and the conversation at the steward's table, where I imagine he has sometimes intruded, though oftener in the servant's hall: yet, if the title be not a puff, this work has passed three editions. I do not forgive him his disrespect of old china, which is below nobody's taste, since it has been the Duke of Argyle's, whose understanding has never been doubted either by his friends or enemies.

Richardson never had probably money enough to purchase any, or even a ticket for a masquerade, which gives him such an aversion to them; though this intended satire against them is very absurd on the account of his Harriet, since she might have been carried off in the same manner if she had been going from supper with her granddame. Her whole behaviour, which he designs to be exemplary, is equally blameable and ridiculous. She follows the maxim of Clarissa, of declaring all she thinks to all the people she sees, without reflecting that in this mortal state of imperfection, fig leaves are as necessary for our minds as our bodies, and 'tis as indecent to shew all we think, as all we have. He has no idea of the manners of high life: his old Lord M. talks in a style of a country justice, and his virtuous young ladies romp like the wenches round a maypole. Such liberties as pass between Mr. Lovelace and his cousins, are not to be excused by the relation. I should have been much astonished if Lord Denbigh should have offered to kiss me; and I dare swear Lord Trentham never attempted such an impertinence to you.

With all my contempt I will take notice of one good thing; I mean his project of an English monastery. It was a favourite scheme of mine when I was fifteen; and had I then been mistress of an independent fortune, would certainly have executed it, and elected myself lady abbess. There would you and your ten children have been lost for ever. Yet such was the disposition of my early youth: so much was I unlike those girls that declare, if they had been born of the male kind they should have been great rakes, which is owning they have strong inclinations to ———— and drinking, and want only opportunity and impunity to exert them vigorously.

This tedious miscellany of a letter is promised to be de-

livered into your own hand; nay farther, that I shall have an account how you look, how you are dressed, and in what manner your room is furnished. Nothing relating to you is indifferent to me; and if the performance answers the engagement, it will be a vast pleasure to your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

Venice, Jan. 20, 1758.

I AM always glad to hear of my dear child's health, and daily pray for the continuance of it, and all other blessings on you and your family. The carnival hitherto has been clouded by extremely wet weather, but we are in hopes that the sunshine is reserved for the second part of it, when the morning masquerades give all the ladies an opportunity of displaying both their magnificence and their taste, in the various habits that appear at that time. I was very well diverted by them last year. I hear Rome is crammed with Britons, and suppose we shall see them all in their turns. I cannot say that the rising generation gives any general prospect of improvement either in the arts or sciences, or in any thing else. I am exceedingly pleased that the Duchess of Portland is happy in her son-in-law. I must ever interest myself in what happens to any descendant of Lady Oxford. I expect that my books and china should set out: they may be a great amusement to me, I mix so little with the gay world, and at present my garden is quite useless.

Venice is not a place to make a man's fortune in. As for those who have money to throw away, they may do it here more agreeably than in any town I know; strangers being received with great civility, and admitted into all their parties of pleasure. But it requires a good estate and good constitution to play deep, and pass so many sleepless nights, as is customary in the best company.

I am invited to a great wedding to-morrow, which will be in the most splendid manner, to the contentment of both the families, every thing being equal, even the indifference of the bride and bridegroom, though each of them is extremely pleased, by being set free from governors or governesses. To say truth, I think they are less likely to be

disappointed, in the plan they have formed, than any of our romantic couples, who have their heads full of love and constancy.

I stay here, though I am on many accounts better pleased with Padua. Our greatest minister, the resident, affects to treat me as one in the opposition. I am inclined to laugh rather than be displeased at his political airs; yet, as I am among strangers, they are disagreeable; and, could I have foreseen them, would have settled in some other part of the world; but I have taken leases of my houses, been at much pains and expense in furnishing them, and am no longer of an age to make long journies. I saw, some months ago, a countryman of yours (Mr. Adam*), who desires to be introduced to you. He seemed to me, in one short visit, to be a man of genius, and I have heard his knowledge of architecture much applauded. He is now in England.

Your account of the changes in ministerial affairs do not surprise me; but nothing could be more astonishing than their all coming in together. It puts me in mind of a friend of mine, who had a large family of favourite animals; and, not knowing how to convey them to his country-house in separate equipages, he ordered a Dutch mastiff, a cat and her kittens, a monkey, and a parrot, all to be packed up together in one large hamper, and sent by a waggon. One may easily guess how this set of company made their journey; and I have never been able to think of the present compound ministry without the idea of barking, scratching, and screaming. 'Tis too ridiculous a one I own for the gravity of their characters, and still more for the situation the kingdom is in; for, as much as one may encourage the love of laughter, 'tis impossible to be indifferent to the welfare of one's native country. Adieu.

Your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

* Mr. Robert Adam, who built Caen-Wood, Luton-Park, &c. and the Adelphi in conjunction with his brother. His designs are published.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, April 3, 1758.

SEVERAL English are expected here at the ascension, and I hope to find an opportunity of sending you your pearl necklace. I have been persuaded to take a small house here, as living in lodgings is really very disagreeable. However, I shall still retain my favourite palace at Padua, where I intend to reside the greater part of the year. In the mean time, I amuse myself with buying and placing furniture, in which I only consult neatness and convenience, having long since renounced (as it is fit I should) all things bordering upon magnificence. I must confess I sometimes indulge my taste in baubles, which is as excusable in second childhood as in the first. I am sorry the Duchess of Portland has not received my thanks for her obliging letter. I also desire to know the name of the merchant, to whom the Duke consigned the legacy left me by Lady Oxford. I saw in the newspapers the names of many novels. I do not doubt, but that the greater part of them are trash, lumber, &c. &c.; however, they will serve to kill idle time. I have written you several letters lately; indeed I seldom fail to do it once in a fortnight. Unavoidable visits, together with the occupation of fitting and furnishing, hardly leaves any time to dispose of to my own taste, which is (as it ought to be) more solitary than ever. I left my hermitage (at Louvere), that what effects I have, might not be dissipated by servants, as they would have been, had I died there.

Sir James Gray was, as I am told, universally esteemed, during his residence here; but, alas! he is gone to Naples. I wish the maxims of Queen Elizabeth were received, who always chose men whose birth or behaviour would make the nation respected, people being apt to look upon them as a sample of their countrymen. If those now employed are so—Lord have mercy upon us! I have seen only Mr. Villette, at Turin, who knew how to support his character. How much the nation has suffered by false intelligence, I believe you are very sensible of; and how impossible it is to obtain truth either from a fool or a knave.

Company forces me upon an abrupt conclusion.

I am ever, my dear child, &c. &c.

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Venice, 1758.

I RECEIVED yours of the 20th of Feb. yesterday (May the 2d), so irregular is the post. I could forgive the delay, but I cannot pardon the loss of so many that have never arrived at all. Mr. Hamilton is not yet come, nor perhaps will not for some months. I hear he is at Leghorn. General Graham has been dangerously ill; but I am told he is now on his return. We have at present the most extravagant weather that has been known for some years; it is as cold and wet as an English November. Thursday next is the ceremony of the ascension: the show will be entirely spoilt if the rain continues, to the serious affliction of the fine ladies, who all make new clothes on that occasion. We have had lately two magnificent weddings; Lord Mandeville* had the pleasure of dancing at one of them. I appeared at neither, being formal balls, where no masks were admitted, and all people set out in high dress, which I have long renounced, as it is very fit I should; though there were several grandmothers there, who exhibited their jewels. In this country nobody grows old till they are bed-rid.

I wish your daughters to resemble me in nothing but the love of reading, knowing, by experience, how far it is capable of softening the cruelest accidents of life; even the happiest cannot be passed over without many uneasy hours; and there is no remedy so easy as books, which, if they do not give cheerfulness, at least restore quiet to the most troubled mind. Those that fly to cards or company for relief, generally find they only exchange one misfortune for another.

You have so much business on your hands, I will not take you from more proper employment by a long letter. I am, my dear child, with the warmest affection, ever your tender mother,

M. WORTLEY.

* George Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of Robert Duke of Manchester.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, July 17, 1758.

I RECEIVED yours last night, which gave me a pleasure beyond what I am able to express; (this is not according to the common expression, but a simple truth). I had not heard from you for some months, and was in my heart very uneasy, from the apprehension of some misfortune in your family; though, as I always endeavour to avoid the anticipation of evil, which is a source of pain, and can never be productive of any good, I stifled my fear as much as possible, yet it cost me many a midnight pang. You have been the passion of my life; you need thank me for nothing; I gratify myself whenever I can oblige you.

How important is the charge of youth! and how useless all the advantages of nature and fortune without a well-turned mind! I have lately heard of a very shining instance of this truth, from two gentlemen (very deserving ones they seem to be), who have had the curiosity to travel into Muscovy, and now return to England with Mr. Archer. I inquired after my old acquaintance Sir Charles Williams, who I hear is much broken, both in his spirits and constitution. How happy might that man have been, if there had been added to his natural and acquired endowments a dash of morality! If he had known how to distinguish between false and true felicity; and, instead of seeking to increase an estate already too large, and hunting after pleasures that have made him rotten and ridiculous, he had bounded his desires of wealth, and followed the dictates of his conscience. His servile ambition has gained him two yards of red ribbon, and an exile into a miserable country, where there is no society and so little taste, that I believe he suffers under a dearth of flatterers. This is said for the use of your growing sons, whom I hope no golden temptations will induce to marry women they cannot love, or comply with measures they do not approve. All the happiness this world can afford, is more within reach than is generally supposed. Whoever seeks pleasure will undoubtedly find pain; whoever will pursue ease will as certainly find pleasures. The world's esteem is the highest gratification of human vanity; and this is more easily obtained in a moderate fortune than an overgrown one, which is seldom

possessed, never gained without envy. I say esteem; for, as to applause it is a youthful pursuit, never to be forgiven after twenty, and naturally succeeds the childish desire of catching the setting sun, which I can remember running very hard to do; a fine thing truly if it could be caught; but experience soon shews it to be impossible. A wise and honest man lives to his own heart, without that silly splendor that makes him a prey to knaves, and which commonly ends in his becoming one of the fraternity. I am very glad to hear Lord Bute's decent economy sets him above any thing of that kind. I wish it may become national. A collective body of men differs very little from a single man; and frugality is the foundation of generosity. I have often been complimented on the English heroism, who have thrown away so many millions, without any prospect of advantage to themselves, purely to succour a distressed princess. I never could hear these praises without some impatience: they sounded to me like the panegyrics made by the dependants on the Duke of Newcastle and poor Lord Oxford, bubbled when they were commended, and laughed at when they were undone. Some late events will, I hope, open your eyes: we shall see we are in an island, and endeavour to extend our commerce rather than the Quixote reputation of redressing wrongs and placing diadems on heads that should be equally indifferent to us. When time has ripened mankind into common sense, the name of conqueror will be an odious title. I could easily prove that, had the Spaniards established a trade with the Americans, they would have enriched their country more than by the addition of twenty-two kingdoms, and all the mines they now work. I do not say possess; since, though they are the proprietors, others enjoy the profit.

My letter is too long; I beg your pardon for it: 'tis seldom I have an opportunity of speaking to you, and I would have you know all the thoughts of your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, July 14, 1758.

I HOPE this will find you in perfect health. I had a letter from your father last post, dated from Newbold, which tells

me a very agreeable piece of news, that the contests of parties so violent formerly (to the utter destruction of peace, civility, and common sense), are so happily terminated, that there is nothing of that sort mentioned in good company. I think I ought to wish you and my grand-children joy on this general pacification, when I remember all the vexation I have gone through, from my youth upwards, on the account of those divisions, which touched me no more than the disputes between the followers of Mahomet and Ali, being always of opinion that politics and controversy were as unbecoming to our sex as the dress of a prize-fighter; and I would as soon have mounted Fig's theatre, as have stewed all night in the gallery of a committee, as some ladies of bright parts have done. Notwithstanding the habitual (I believe I might say natural) indifference, here am I involved in adventures, as surprising as any related in Amadis de Gaul, or even by Mr. Glanville.* I can assure you I should not be more surprised at seeing myself riding in the air on a broomstick, than in the figure of a first-rate politician. You will stare to hear that your nurse keeps her corner (as Lord Bolingbroke used to say of Miss Oglethorp) in this illustrious conspiracy. I really think the best head of the junto is an English washer-woman, who has made her fortune with all parties, by her compliance in changing her religion, which gives her the merit of a new convert; and her charitable disposition, of keeping a house of fair reception, for the English captains, sailors, &c. that are distressed by long sea-voyages (as sir Samson Legend remarks, in Love for Love), gains her friends among all public-spirited people: the scenes are so comic, they deserve the pen of a Richardson to do them justice. I begin to be persuaded the surest way of preserving reputation, and having powerful protectors, is being openly lewd and scandalous. I will not be so censorious, to take examples from my own sex; but you see Doctor Swift, who set at defiance all decency, truth, or reason, had a crowd of admirers, and at their head the virtuous and ingenious Earl of Orrery, the polite and learned Mr. Greville, with a number of ladies of fine taste and unblemished characters; while the Bishop of Salisbury (Burnet I mean), the most indulgent parent, the most generous churchman, and the most

* The hero of the Female Quixote.

zealous asserter of the rights and liberties of his country, was all his life defamed and vilified, and after his death most barbarously calumniated, for having had the courage to write a history without flattery. I knew him in my very early youth, and his condescension, in directing a girl in her studies, is an obligation I can never forget. *Apropos* of obligations; I hope you remember yours to Lady Knatchbull.* Her only son is here; his father has been dead nine years; he gave me the first news of it (so little do I know of what passes among my acquaintance). I made him the bad compliment of receiving him with tears in my eyes, and told him bluntly I was extremely sorry for the loss of so good a friend, without reflecting that it was telling him I was sorry he was in possession of his estate; however, he did not seem offended, but rather pleased at the esteem I expressed for his parents. I endeavoured to repair the blunder by all the civilities in my power, and was very sincere in saying I wished him well, for the sake of his dead and living relations. He appears to me to be what the Duke of Kingston was at Thorsby, though more happy in his guardian and governor. The gentleman who is with him is a man of sense, and, I believe, has his pupil's interest really at heart; but there is so much pains taken to make him despise instruction, I fear he will not long resist the allurements of pleasures which his constitution cannot support.

Here is great joy in the nomination of Mr. Mackenzie for Turin, his friends hoping to see him on his journey. My token for you lies dormant, and is likely so to do some time. None of the English have visited me (excepting Sir Wyndham Knatchbull), or in so cold a way, that it would be highly improper to ask favours of them. He is going to Rome; and it may be, I may be obliged to wait till he returns, next ascension, before I have an opportunity of conveying it. Such is the behaviour of my loving countrymen! In recompense, I meet with much friendship amongst the noble Venetians, perhaps the more from being no favourite of a man they dislike. It is the peculiar glory of Mr. Mackenzie that the whole Sardinian court rejoice

* Sir Wyndham Knatchbull, resided at Mersham-Hatch, in Kent, succeeded his father in 1749, and died, unmarried, September 26, 1763. His mother was Catharine, daughter of James Harris, of Salisbury, Esq.

in the expectation of his arrival, notwithstanding they have been very well pleased with Lord Bristol. To say truth, they are the only young men I have seen abroad, that have found the secret of introducing themselves into the best company. All the others now living here (however dignified and distinguished), by herding together, and throwing away their money on worthless objects, have only acquired the glorious title of Golden Asses; and, since the birth of the Italian drama, Goldoni has adorned his scenes with *gli milordi Inglesi*, in the same manner as Moliere represented his Parisian marquises. If your agreeable brother-in-law is still at London, I desire you would wish him joy in my name. If it be no trouble to him, you may take that occasion of sending me some books, particularly two small volumes lately written by Mr. Horace Walpole.* My dear child, I ask your pardon for the intolerable length of this trifling letter. You know age is tattling, and something should be forgiven to the sincere affection with which I am ever Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

DEAR CHILD, Venice, Oct. 13, 1758.

I AM sorry for the death of Lord Carlisle.† He was my friend as well as acquaintance; a man of uncommon probity and good-nature. I thank you for your kind intention of sending me books, but let there be no more duplicates. As well as I love nonsense, I do not desire to have the same twice over—no translation—no periodical papers—though I confess some of the 'World' entertain me very much, particularly Lord Chesterfield and Horry Walpole; but, whenever I met Dodsley, I wished him *out of the world*, with all my heart. The title was a very lucky one, being, as you see, productive of puns, '*world without end*,' which is all the species of wit some people can either practise or understand. Smith‡ has lately married Murray's§ sister, a beauteous virgin of forty, who, after

* Royal and Noble Authors, 8vo. 1758.

† He died September 4, 1758.

‡ Joseph Smith, Esq. consul at Venice. He made a large collection of pictures and gems, which were purchased by his late majesty for 20,000l. The 'Dactyliotheca Smithiana,' in 2 vols. 4to. was published in 1765.

§ John Murray, Esq. at that time the king's resident at Venice;

having refused all the peers in England, because the nicety of her conscience would not permit her to give her hand when her heart was untouched, remained without a husband till the charms of that fine gentleman determined her to change her condition, who is only eighty-two. In short, they are, as Lord Orrery says of Swift and company, 'an illustrious groupe.' I should be sorry to offend a man of such strict honour as Lord H***sse, who, like a great politician, has provided for a worthless relation, without expense. It has long been a maxim not to consider if a man be fit for a place, but if the place be fit for him; and we see the fruits of these Machiavelian proceedings.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Walpole at Florence, and indeed he was particularly civil to me. I am encouraged to ask a favour of him, if I did not know, that few people have so good memories as to remember so many years backwards as have passed since I have seen him. If he has treated the character of Queen Elizabeth with disrespect, all the women should tear him in pieces, for abusing the glory of her sex.* Neither is it just to put her in the list of authors, having never published any thing, though we have Mr. Camden's authority, that she wrote many valuable pieces, chiefly translations from the Greek. I wish all monarchs would bestow their leisure hours on such studies: perhaps they would not be very useful to mankind; but, it may be asserted, as a certain truth, that their own minds would be more improved than by the amusements of quadrille or cavagnole.

I desire you would thank your father for the china jars; if they arrive safely, they will do me great honour in this country. The patriarch died here lately. He had a large temporal estate; and, by long life and extreme parsimony, has left four hundred thousand sequins in his coffers, which is inherited by two nephews; and I suppose will be dissipated as scandalously as it was accumulated. The town is full of faction, for the election of his successor; and the ladies are always very active on these occasions. I have observed that they have ever had more influence in republics than in a monarchy. 'Tis true, a king has often

he was afterwards ambassador at the Porte, and died, in the zaretto, at Venice, in 1777, upon his return to England.

* This is an allusion to the character of Queen Elizabeth, i his Royal and Noble Authors.

powerful mistress, but she is governed by some male favourite. In commonwealths, votes are easily acquired by the fair; and she, who has most beauty or art, has a great sway in the senate. I run on troubling you with stories very insignificant to you, and taking up your time, which I am very certain is taken up in matters of more importance than my old wives' tales. My dear child, God bless you and yours. I am, with the warmest sentiments of my heart, your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, Nov. 19, 1758.

I AM glad to hear Lady Betty Mackenzie is so amiable. I have dined with her at the Duke of Argyle's, and seen her several times, but she was then of an age when young ladies think silence becoming in the presence of their parents. Lady Mary,* hardly passed her childhood, was more free, and I confess was my favourite in the family. The rejoicings in this town, for the election of the Pope,† who was archbishop of this city, are not yet over, and have been magnificent to the last degree; the illuminations, fire-works, and assemblies, have been finer than any known of many years. I have had no share in them, going to bed at the hour they begun. It is remarkable that the present pope‡ has his mother still living, at Venice; his father died only last winter. If he follows the steps of his predecessor, he will be a great blessing to his dominions. I could, with pleasure to myself, enlarge on the character of the deceased prelate, which was as extraordinary as that of the Czar Peter, being equally superior to the prejudices of education, but you would think me bribed by the civilities I received from him. I had the honour of a most obliging message, by his particular order, the post before that which brought news of his death.

Lord Carlisle was the most intimate friend of my father; they were of the same age, and, if he had not been dedicated to retirement, would have been one of the Duke of King-

* Lady Mary Coke.
† Upon the death of Cardinal Lambertini, Benedict XIV.
‡ Cardinal Rezzonico, who assumed the name of Clement XIII.

ston's guardian's; and I firmly believe would have acted in a different manner from those who were intrusted, being (with all his failings) a man of great honour.

I am very glad to hear of your father's health; mine is better than I ought to expect at my time of life. I believe Mr. Anderson talks partially of me, as to my looks; I know nothing of the matter, as it is eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future, and shall continue that resolution to my life's end. To indulge all pleasing amusements, and avoid all images that give disgust, is, in my opinion, the best method to attain or confirm health. I ought to consider yours, and shorten my letter, while you are in a condition that makes reading uneasy to you.

God bless you and yours, my dear child, is the most ardent wish of your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Dec. 11, 1758.

I ASSURE you I live as agreeably here as any stranger in my circumstances possibly can do; and indeed, a repetition of all the civilities I have received here would sound more like vanity than truth. I am sensible that I owe a great part of them to Grimani, who is in the first esteem and authority in this republic; and, as he takes pains to appear my friend, his relations and allies, of both sexes (who are the most considerable people here), endeavour to oblige me in all sorts of ways. The carnival is expected to be more brilliant than common, from the great concourse of noble strangers. The Princess of Holstein and the Prince of Wolfenbuttle (nephew of the Empress) are already arrived, and the Electoral Prince of Saxony is expected next week. If my age and humour would permit me much pleasure in public amusements, here are a great variety of them. I take as little share of them as I can.

'Frui paratis et valido mihi
Latoe dones, et precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.'—*Hor. Od.* l. 1. o. 31.

You see I have got a Horace, which is borrowed of the consul, who is a good scholar; but I am very impatient for my own books. I could wish you to send me the cushions that were used at Constantinople; they would be very useful to me here. As to what regards ———, I have long since fixed my opinion concerning him. Indeed, I am not insensible of the misfortune, but I look upon it as the loss of a limb, which should cease to give solicitude by being irretrievable.

Lord Brudenel* is here, and appears to be in an extremely bad state of health, and unwilling to return to England, being apprehensive of the air. I fear his friends will have the affliction of losing him, as he seems highly disposed, if not actually fallen into, a consumption. I have had a letter from Mr. Mackenzie, who is excessively liked at Turin. I cannot contrive to go there, but heartily wish I could contrive to see him and Lady Betty in some other place. I am determined on account of my health, to take some little jaunt next spring; perhaps on the side of the Tyrol, which I have never seen, but here it is an exceedingly fine country. To say truth, I am tempted by the letters of Lady F. Stewart and Sir James. I never knew people more to my taste. They reside in a little town, only two days' journey from Padua, where it will be easy to find a lodging for the summer months, and I am sure of being pleased in their company. I have found, wherever I have travelled, that the pleasantest spots of ground have been in the vallies which are encompassed with high mountains.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, Feb. 21, 1759.

If half of the letters I have sent to you have reached you, I believe you think I have always a pen in my hand; but, I am really so uneasy by your long silence, I cannot forbear inquiring the reason of it, by all the methods I can imagine. My time of life is naturally inclined to fear; and though I resist (as well as I can) all the infirmities incident to age, I feel but too sensibly the impressions of melancholy, when I have any doubt of your welfare. You

* John, lord Brudenel, marquis of Monthermer, only son of George, earl of Cardigan and duke of Montagu, was created lord Montagu of Boughton in 1762, and died unmarried in 1770.

fancy, perhaps, that the public papers give me information enough; and that when I do not see in them any misfortune of yours, I ought to conclude you have none. I can assure you I never see any, excepting by accident. Our resident has not the good breeding to send them to me and, after having asked for them once or twice, and being told they were engaged, I am unwilling to demand a trifle at the expense of thanking a man who does not desire to oblige me; indeed, since the ministry of Mr. Pitt, he is so desirous to signalize his zeal for the contrary faction he is perpetually saying ridiculous things, to manifest his attachment; and, as he looks upon me (nobody knows why) to be the friend of a man I never saw, he has not visited me once this winter. The misfortune is not great. I cannot help laughing at my being mistaken for a politician. I have often been so, though I ever thought politics far removed from my sphere. I cannot accuse myself of dabbling in them, even when I heard them talked over in all companies; but, as the old song says,

> Tho' through the wide world we should range,
> 'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly.

I forget myself and tattle on, without remembering you are too much employed to throw away time on reading insignificant letters; you should however forgive them, in consideration of the real affection of your very loving mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To Mr. Wortley.

Venice, Feb. 24, 1759.

I RETURN you many thanks for yours of the 5th instant. I never have received any in so short a time from England. I am very sincerely, heartily, glad to hear of your health, but will not trouble you with reading a long letter, which may be uneasy to you, when I write so often and fully to your daughter. I have not heard from her of some time; I hope her silence is not occasioned by any indisposition. I hear her and her family praised very much by every Briton that arrives here. I need not say what comfort I receive from it. It is now finer weather than I ever saw in the season (Naples excepted); the sun shines with as

much warmth as in May. I walk in my little garden every morning. I hope you do the same at Bath.

The carnival is now over, and we have no more ridotto or theatrical amusements. Diversions have taken a more private, perhaps a more agreeable, turn here. It is the fashion to have little houses of retreat, where the lady goes every evening, at seven or eight o'clock, and is visited by all her intimates of both sexes, which commonly amount to seventy or eighty persons, where they have play, concerts of music, sometimes dancing, and always a handsome collation. I believe you will think these little assemblies very pleasing; they really are so. Whoever is well acquainted with Venice, must own that it is the centre of pleasure; not so noisy. and, in my opinion, more refined than Paris. The young Earl of Northampton* is now at Florence, and was here in the carnival. He is lively and good natured, with what is called a pretty figure. I believe he is of a humour likely to fall in love with many; the first agreeable girl he meets with in London. I send this by a gentleman who is just returned from making a very extraordinary journey. I dined with him yesterday at General Graham's. He is a sensible man, and gives a good account of his plan. Almost all books are either defective or fabulous. I have observed, that the only true intelligence of distant countries is to be had from those who have passed them, without a design of publishing their remarks.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, May 29, 1759.

I AM always pleased to hear from you, but particularly so when I have any occasion of congratulation. I sincerely wish you joy of your infants having gone happily through the small-pox. I had a letter from your father before he left London. He does not give so good an account of his

* Charles Compton, seventh earl of Northampton, succeeded his uncle in 1758. He married lady Anne Somerset, daughter of Charles Noel, duke of Beaufort, and was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Venice, 1761. He died on his return from that embassy in 1763, leaving an only daughter, lady Elizabeth Compton, afterwards married to lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, youngest brother of William, the fifth duke of Devonshire.

spirits as you do, but I hope his journeys will restore them I am convinced nothing is so conducive to health, and absolutely necessary to some constitutions. I am not surprised, as I believe you think I ought to be, at Lord L***r's leaving his large estate to his Lady, notwithstanding the contempt with which he always treated her, and her real inability of managing it. I expect you should laugh at me, for the exploded notion of predestination, yet I confess I am inclined to be of the opinion, that nobody makes their own marriage or their own will: it is what I have often said to the Duchess of Marlborough, when she has been telling me her last intentions, none of which she has performed; choosing Lord Chesterfield for her executor, whose true character she has many times enlarged upon. I could say much more to support this doctrine, if it would not lengthen my letter beyond a readable size.

Building is the general weakness of old people; I have had a twitch of it myself, though certainly it is the highest absurdity, and as sure a proof of dotage as pink-coloured ribands, or even matrimony. Nay, perhaps there is more to be said in defence of the last: I mean in a childish old man; he may prefer a boy born in his own house, though he knows it is not his own, to disrespectful or worthless nephews or nieces. But there is no excuse for beginning an edifice he can never inhabit, or probably see finished. The Duchess of Marlborough used to ridicule the vanity of it, by saying one might always live upon other people's follies: yet you see she built the most ridiculous house I ever saw, since it really is not inhabitable, from the excessive damps; so true it is, the things that we would do, those we do not; and the things we would not do, those do we daily. I feel in myself a proof of this assertion, being much against my will at Venice, though I own it is the only great town where I can properly reside; yet here I find so many vexations, that, in spite of all my philosophy, and (what is more powerful) my phlegm, I am oftener out of humour than among my plants and poultry in the country. I cannot help being concerned at the success of iniquitous schemes, and grieve for oppressed merit. You, who see these things every day, think me as unreasonable, in making them matter of complaint, as if I seriously lamented the change of seasons. You should consider I have lived almost

a hermit ten years, and the world is as new to me as to a country girl transported from Wales to Coventry. I know I ought to think my lot very good, that can boast of some sincere friends among strangers.

Sir Wyndham Knatchbull, and his governor, Mr. de Vismes, are at length parted. I am very sorry for them both. I cannot help wishing well to the young man, who really has merit, and would have been happy in a companion that sincerely loved him and studied his interest. My letter is so long, I am frightened at it myself. I never know when to end when I write to you. Forgive it amongst the other infirmities of your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, June 14, 1759.

I HAVE this minute received yours of May 24. I am glad the little picture pleased Lady Mary. It is a true representation of the summer deshabille of the Venetian ladies. I could heartily wish to see your brother-in-law and Lady Betty Mackenzie, and fancy that I have a thousand questions to ask them, in relation to their nephews and nieces. Whatever touches you is important to me. I fear I must not expect that satisfaction, as they are obliged to reside at Turin: and I cannot resolve to appear in a court, where old people always make an ill figure, even though they may have business there.

Lord Fordwich* is arrived here: he made me a visit yesterday, and appears a well-disposed youth. Lord Brudenel continues here, and seems to have no desire to visit his native land. I suppose you are now at Kew, with all your rising family around you: may they ever be blessings to you! I believe you, who see them every day, scarcely think more of them than I do.

This town is at present very full of company, though the opera is not much applauded. I have not yet seen it, nor do I intend to break my rest for its sake; it being about the hour I go to sleep. I continue my college-hours, by which custom I am excluded from many fashionable amusements; but, in recompense, I have better health and spirits

* The late earl Cowper.

than many younger ladies, who pass their nights at the ridotto, and days in spleen for their losses there. Play is the general plague of Europe. I know no corner of it entirely free from the infection. I do not doubt but that the familiarities of the gaming table contribute very much to that decay of politeness of which you complain; for the pouting and quarrels, which naturally arise from disputes there, must put an end to all complaisance, or even good-will towards each other. If they plead necessity, it is one proof among many that no one should trust their virtue to necessity, the force of which is never known till it is felt; and it is therefore one of our first duties to avoid the temptation of it. I am not pleading for avarice—far from it. A prudential care of one's own affairs, or to go farther, a desire to be in circumstances to do good to one's own friends, is not only excusable, but highly laudable; never blamed but by those who would persuade others to throw away their money, in hopes to pick up a share of it. The greatest declaimers for disinterestedness, I have ever known, have been themselves capable of the vilest actions, on the least view of profit; and the greatest instances of true generosity, given by those who were regular in their expenses, and superior to the vanities in fashion. I believe you are tired of my dull moralities, but I confess I am in low spirits. My blessing to yours.

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Padua, Aug. 10, 1759.

SINCE you tell me my letters (such as they are) are agreeable to you, I shall, for the future, indulge myself in thinking upon paper, when I write to you. There are preparations, at Venice, for a regatta: it can hardly be performed till the middle of next month. I shall remove thither to see it, though I have already seen that which was exhibited in compliment to the Prince of Saxony. It is by far the finest sight in Europe (not excepting our own coronations), and it is hardly possible to give you a just notion of it by description. General Graham has shewn me a letter from Lord Bute, very obliging to me, and which gives a very good impression both of his head

and heart, from the honest resolutions and just reflections that are in it. My time here is entirely employed in riding, walking, and reading. I see little company, not being in a humour to join in their diversions. I feel greatly the loss of Sir James Stewart and Lady Fanny, whose conversation was equally pleasing and instructive. I do not expect to have it soon replaced, as there are few such couples. One of my best friends at Venice, I believe your father remembers. He is Signor Antonio Mocenigo, widower of that celebrated beauty, the procuratessa Mocenigo, and is eighty-two, in perfect health and spirits. His eloquence is much admired in the senate, where he has great weight. He still retains a degree of that figure which once made him esteemed as one of the handsomest men in the republic. I am particularly proud of being admitted into the number of seven or eight friends, nearly of his own age, who pass their evenings with him.

I was as well acquainted with ———'s *two first* wives, as the great difference of our ages permitted, and I fancy they have both broken their hearts, by being chained to such a companion. 'Tis really terrible for a well-bred virtuous young woman to be confined to the conversation of the object of her contempt. There is but one thing to be done in that case, which is a method I am sure you have observed practised by some ladies, with success. I need not name that they associate the husband with the lap-dog, and manage so, that they make just the same figure in the family. My Lord and *Dell* tag after madam to all indifferent places, and stay at home together whenever she goes into company where they would be troublesome.

Compliments to Lord Bute. I am to you both an affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Genoa, Dec. 8, 1759.

I RECEIVED yours, of October 24, yesterday, which gave me great pleasure, by account of the good health of you and yours; I need not say how near that is to my heart. I had the satisfaction of an entertaining letter from your father, out of Germany, by which I find he has had both

benefit and amusement from his travels. I hope he is now with you.

I find you have many wrong notions of Italy, which I do not wonder at. You can take your ideas of it only from books or travellers; the first are generally antiquated or confined to trite observations, and the other yet more superficial; they return no more instructed than they might have been at home, by the help of a map. The boys only remember where they met with the best wine or the prettiest women; and the governors (I speak of the most learned amongst them) have only remarked situations and distances, or, at most, statues and edifices; as every girl that can read a French novel, and boy that can construe a scene in Terence, fancies that they have attained to the French and Latin languages, when, God knows, it requires the study of a whole life to acquire a perfect knowledge of either of them: so, after a tour (as they call it) of three years, round Europe, people think themselves qualified to give exact accounts of the customs, politics, and interests of the dominions they have gone through post; when a very long stay, a diligent inquiry, and a nice observation, are requisite even to a moderate degree of knowing a foreign country, especially here, where they are naturally very reserved. France, indeed, is more easily seen through, the French always talking of themselves; and the government being the same, there is little difference from one province to another: but, in Italy, the different laws make different customs and manners. There are many things very particular here, from the singularity of the government; some of which I do not care to touch upon, and some are still in use here, though obsolete in some other place, as the estates of all the great families being unalienable, as they were formerly in England. This would have made them very potent, if it were not balanced by another law, that divides whatever land the father dies possessed of among all the sons, the eldest having no advantage but the finest house and the best furniture, which occasions numerous branches and few large fortunes, with a train of consequences you may imagine. But I cannot let pass in silence the prodigious alteration, since Misson's writing, in regard to our sex. This reformation (or, if you please, depravation) begun so lately as the year 1732, when

the French over-ran this part of Italy; but it has been carried on with such fervour and success, that the Italians go far beyond their patterns, the Parisian ladies, in the extent of their liberty. I am not so much surprised at the women's conduct, as I am amazed at the change in the men's sentiments. Jealousy, which was once a point of honour among them, is exploded to that degree, that it is become the most infamous and ridiculous of all characters; and you cannot more affront a gentleman, than to suppose him capable of it. Divorces are also introduced, and frequent enough; they have long been in fashion at Genoa, several of the finest and greatest ladies there having two husbands alive.

I am afraid you will think this a long letter; but you tell me you are without company, and in solitude, though yours appears to me to be a sort of paradise. You have an agreeable habitation, a pleasant garden, a man you love and who loves you, and are surrounded with a numerous and hopeful progeny. May they all prove comforts to your age! That and all other blessings are daily wished for you by, my dear child,

Your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, March 18, 1760.

I AM afraid some letters both of yours and mine are lost, nor am I much surprised at it, seeing the managements here. In this world much must be suffered, and we ought all to follow the rule of Epictetus, 'Bear and forbear.' General Wolfe* is to be lamented, but not pitied. I am of your opinion, that compassion is only owing to his mother and intended bride, who I think the greatest sufferers (however sensible I am of a parent's tenderness). Disappointments in youth are those which are felt with the greatest anguish, when we are all in expectation of happiness, perhaps not to be found in this life. I am very much diverted with the adventures of the three graces who are coming to London, and am heartily sorry their mother has not learning enough to write memoirs. She might make the

* General Wolfe was killed at the siege of Quebec, September 16, 1759.

fortune of half a dozen Dodsleys. The youngest girl (called here *Bettina*) is taller than the Duchess of Montagu, and as red and white as any German alive. If she has sense enough to follow good instructions, she will be irresistible, and may produce very glorious novelties. Our great minister has her picture in his collection—*basta!*

My health is better than I can reasonably expect at my age, but my life is so near a conclusion, that where or how I pass it (if innocently) is almost become indifferent to me. I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance; and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle, after my long retirement, would be disagreeable to me. Yet, if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture the shortening the insignificant days of your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, Nov. 6, 1760.

I AM afraid you will think me very troublesome, and that I do not enough consider the various duties you are now obliged to. Indeed I am thoroughly sensible you have little time to throw away, but I am (privately) solicited to mention a thing to you, which, in my opinion, I ought not to omit.

The senate have appointed two procurators of St. Mark to compliment his majesty on his accession. They are of the first families here, Contarini, and Morosini, and are neither of them married. Madame Capello has been so ridiculous, both at London and Rome, that I believe they will not often send ambassadresses. These cavaliers are of such a character as will do honour to their country; they are vastly rich, and desirous to shew their magnificence in the court of England. They apprehend (I know not why) that they shall be thanked, and not permitted to come. I am far from a politician, God knows, but it seems to me, both in public and private life, civilities should never be refused, when they are sincerely meant as proofs of respect. I have no personal interest in this affair, nor can receive any advantage from their embassy, but an opportunity of sending some trifles to my grand-daughter, which I hoped

to do by Lord Titchfield,* who has been long at Turin. I am now told he will not take Venice in his road, when he returns to London.

I am sorry to tell you I fear General Graham is in a declining state of health. I suppose you know poor Mr. Hamilton is at Petersburg. I am ever, my dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

To the Countess of Bute.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, Nov. 18, 1760.

THE three fine ladies I mentioned set out for London three days ago. The father's name was W*ne, of Yorkshire, and the Signora Madre is a Greek, and, I believe, once remarkably handsome. I should have said much more about them, if you had been at Caen Wood, and in full leisure to read novels. The story deserves the pen of my dear Smollett, who, I am sorry, disgraces his talent by writing those stupid romances, commonly called history. Shebbeare does yet worse, and dabbles in filthy politics, instead of making more Lydias for my entertainment.

I thank God I can live here in a quiet retirement. I am very far from any view beyond tranquillity; and if I have been so much vexed at M**'s behaviour, I desire not his ruin. I am told he gives political reasons for his conduct towards me, which, if true, I ought to pardon him by all the maxims of modern ethics.

I give you thanks for your information of the death of the king. You may imagine how I am affected by it, but I will not trouble you at this time with a long letter.

My health is very precarious; may yours long continue, and the prosperity of your family. I bless God that I have lived to see you so well established, and am ready to sing my 'Nunc dimittis' with pleasure.

My dear child, I am ever

Your affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

* The late Duke of Portland.

POEMS.

JULIA TO OVID.

Written at Twelve Years of Age, in Imitation of Ovid's Epistles.

ARE love and power incapable to meet?
And must they all be wretched who are great?
Enslav'd by titles, and by forms confin'd,
For wretched victims to the state design'd.

What rural maid, that my sad fortune knows,
Would quit her cottage to embrace my woes?
Would be this cursed sacrifice to power,
This wretched daughter of Rome's emperour?
When sick with sighs to absent Ovid given,
I tire with vows the unrelenting Heaven,
Drown'd in my tears, and with my sorrows pale,
What then do all my kindred gods avail?
Let proud Augustus the whole world subdue,
Be mine to place all happiness in you;
With nobler pride I can on thrones look down,
Can court your love, and can despise a crown.—

O Love! thou pleasure never dearly bought!
Whose joys exceed the very lover's thought;
Of that soft passion, when you teach the art,
In gentle sounds, it steals into the heart;
With such sweet magic does the soul surprise,
'Tis only taught us better by your eyes.

O Ovid! first of the inspired train,
To Heaven I speak in that enchanting strain,
So sweet a voice can never plead in vain.
Apollo will protect his favourite son,
And all the little Loves unto thy succour run.
The Loves and Muses in thy prayer shall join,
And all their wishes and their vows be thine;
Some God will soften my hard Father's breast,
And work a miracle to make thee blest.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Hard as this is, I even this could bear,
But greater ills than what I feel I fear.
My fame—my Ovid—both for ever fled,
What greater evil is there left to dread!
Yes, there is one — — — — — — — —
Avert it, Gods, who do my sorrows see!
Avert it, thou, who art a god to me!
When back to Rome your wishing eyes are cast,
And on the lessening towers you gaze your last—
When fancy shall recal unto your view
The pleasures now for ever lost to you,
The shining court, and all the thousand ways
To melt the nights and pass the happy days—
Will you not sigh, and hate the wretched maid,
Whose fatal love your safety has betrayed?
Say that from me your banishment does come,
And curse the eyes that have expell'd you Rome?
Those eyes, which now are weeping for your woes,
The sleep of death shall then for ever close.

IRREGULAR VERSES TO TRUTH.

Written at Fourteen Years of Age.

WHERE, lovely Goddess, dost thou dwell?
In what remote and silent shade?
Within what cave or lonely cell?
With what old hermit, or unpractis'd maid?
In vain I've sought thee all around,
But thy unfashionable sound
In crowds was never heard,
Nor ever has thy form in town or court appear'd.

The sanctuary is not safe to thee,
Chas'd thence by endless mystery;
Thy own professors chase thee thence,
And wage eternal war with thee and sense;
Then in perplexing comments lost,
E'en when they would be thought to shew the most.
Most beautiful when most distress'd,
Descend, O Goddess, to my breast;
There thou may'st reign, unrivall'd and alone,
My thoughts thy subjects, and my heart thy throne.

SONG.

How happy is the harden'd heart,
Where interest is the only view!
Can sigh and meet, or smile and part,
Nor pleas'd, nor griev'd, nor false, nor true—
Yet, have they truly peace of mind?
Or do they ever truly know
The bliss sincerer tempers find,
Which truth and virtue can bestow?

THE LADY'S RESOLVE.

Written on a Window, soon after her Marriage, 1713.

WHILST thirst of praise and vain desire of fame,
In every age, is every woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each proud fop bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursued,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame that has been try'd—
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

TOWN ECLOGUES.*

Written in the Year 1715.

MONDAY.

ROXANA; OR, THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ROXANA, from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. James's gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
Not her own chairman with more weight oppress'd;
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in these gentle sounds express'd her care.

* Written as a parody upon the Pastorals of Pope and Philips, which had then their full share of fame. The same idea was afterwards pursued by C. Jenner, and his Town Eclogues are printed in Dodsley's Collection.

'Was it for this that I these roses wear?
For this new-set the jewels for my hair?
Ah! Princess!* with what zeal have I pursued!
Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
Thinking I never could attend too soon,
I've miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.
For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?
My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.
I sacrific'd both modesty and ease,
Left operas and went to filthy plays;
Double-entendres shock my tender ear;
Yet even this for thee I choose to bear.
In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
And every joy of life before me lay,
By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd:
Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe
Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.

'Alas! how chang'd—with the same sermon-mien
That once I pray'd, the *What d' ye-call't*† I've seen.
Ah! cruel Princess, for thy sake I've lost
That reputation which so dear had cost:
I, who avoided every public place,
When bloom and beauty bade me shew my face,
Now near thee constant every night abide
With never-failing duty by thy side;
Myself and daughters standing on a row,
To all the foreigners a goodly show!
Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
And merchants' wives close by the chair been seen,
Had not I amply fill'd the empty space,
And sav'd your Highness from the dire disgrace.

'Yet Coquetilla's artifice prevails,
When all my merit and my duty fails:
That Coquetilla, whose deluding airs
Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares;
So sunk her character, so lost her fame,
Scarce visited before your Highness came:
Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you choose,
When zeal and fame and virtue you refuse.

* The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.
† A farce, by Gay.

Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train
Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain!
Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,
And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs!
Let Iris leave her paint and own her age,
And grave Suffolka wed a giddy page!
A greater miracle is daily view'd,
A virtuous Princess with a court so lewd.

'I know thee, court! with all thy treach'rous wiles,
Thy false caresses and undoing smiles!
Ah! Princess, learn'd in all the courtly arts,
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts!

'Large lovely bribes are the great statesman's aim;
And the neglected patriot follows fame.
The prince is ogled; some the king pursue;
But your Roxana only follows you.
Despis'd Roxana, cease, and try to find
Some other, since the Princess proves unkind:
Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
If not a greater, a more firm support.'

TUESDAY.—ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

SILLIANDER AND PATCH.

THOU, who so many favours hast receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believed,
Oh! Hervey,* to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boastingly contend;
Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. James's bell had toll'd some wretches in
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could sin),
The happier sinners now their charms recruit,
And to their manteaus their complexion suit;
The opera queens had finish'd half their faces,
And city dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds, to see the Lion, run;
The beauties stay still the first act's begun,
And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.

* Lord Viscount Hervey.

No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house remain'd
But pensive Patch, who on the window lean'd;
And Silliander, that, alert and gay,
First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say:

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs? ah! why so pensive grown?
Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.
Does hapless passion all this sorrow move?
Or dost thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue,
'Tis true at least I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they slight.
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toast the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With cheerful pledges round the room it run,
'Till the young Silvia, press'd to drink it too,
Started, and vow'd she knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! she died with shame:
Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates pursue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miss Flippy's fan I did not tear,
And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.
A lady (but she is too great to name),
Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,
With gentle strugglings let me force this ring;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could say something—see this billet-doux—
And as for presents—look upon my shoe—

These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young countess fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue:
This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,
And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide;
She laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,
With affectation cramm'd it down her stays;
Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,
I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her Grace,
Drinking delicious poison from her face,
The soft enchantress did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With sudden art some secret did pretend,
Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,
While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose,
And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)
I drank bohea in Celia's dressing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown fasten'd with a single pin;
Her night-clothes tumbled with resistless grace,
And her bright hair play'd careless round her face;
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See Titiana driving to the park!
Haste! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark:
In her all beauties of the spring are seen,
Her cheeks are rosy and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See Tintoretta to the opera goes!
Haste! or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in Celia's stockings shine?
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus Patch continued his heroic strain,
While Silliander but contends in vain;
After a contest so important gain'd,
Unrivall'd Patch in every ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.—THE TETE-A-TETE.

DANCINDA.

'No, fair Dancinda, no; you strive in vain
To calm my care, and mitigate my pain;
If all my sighs, my cares, can fail to move,
Ah! soothe me not with fruitless vows of love.'
Thus Strephon spoke. Dancinda thus replied;
'What must I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet still you teaze me with some new complaint.
Oh! would to heaven!—but the fond wish is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!
But such a passion breaks through all disguise,
Love reddens on my cheek, and wishes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the secret conflict of my mind?
You cannot know what secret pain I prove,
When I, with burning blushes, own I love.
You see my artless joy at your approach,
I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your absence all the world I shun;
I hate mankind, and curse the cheering sun;
Still as I fly, ten thousand swains pursue;
Ten thousand swains I sacrifice to you.
I shew you all my heart without disguise:
But these are tender proofs that you despise—
I see too well what wishes you pursue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:

You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would seek a cure in my eternal shame;
And, not content my honour to subdue,
Now strive to triumph o'er my virtue too.
O Love! a god indeed to womankind,
Whose arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blast these traitors that profane thy name;
Who, by pretending to thy sacred fire,
Raise cursed trophies to impure desire.

'Have you forgot with what ensnaring art
You first seduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
"Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
Why all these doubts? why this distrustful fear?
No impious wishes shall offend your ear:
Nor ever shall my boldest hopes pretend
Above the title of a tender friend;
Blest, if my lovely goddess will permit
My humble vows thus sighing at her feet.
The tyrant, Love, that in my bosom reigns,
The god himself submits to wear your chains;
You shall direct his course, his ardour tame,
And check the fury of his wildest flame."

'Unpractis'd youth is easily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd and believ'd:
Now quite forgot that soft submissive fear,
You dare to ask what I must blush to hear.

'Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wishes, fearless of disgrace;
Could passion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preserve your heart (which still must be,
False as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched she, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he must despise.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then should see you shun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.

Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,
What more would strike me with the last despair,
With this reflection would my soul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel scorn.

'Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear?
Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere?
Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze;
Love is a child, and like a child he plays.

'O Strephon! if you would continue just,
If love be something more than brutal lust,
Forbear to ask what I must still deny,
This bitter pleasure, this destructive joy,
So closely follow'd by the dismal train
Of cutting shame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.'

She paus'd, and fix'd her eyes upon her fan!
He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began:
'Madam, if love——' but he could say no more,
For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door.
The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
—'Begone,' she cries, 'I'm sure I hear my lord.'
The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,
To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves:
The sighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While Strephon, cursing, slips down the back stairs.

THURSDAY.—THE BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA AND CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Bassette-Table* spread, the Tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in her dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the Tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah! madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *alpiu*.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavier heart sustains.
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd,
In one bad *deal* three *septlevas* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine!
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone;
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone!

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care:
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare.
The knave of clubs thrice lost: oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke! this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See! Betty Loveit, very *a-propos*,
She all the care of *love* and *play* does know;
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial she shall say who suffers most,
By *cards' ill usage*, or by *lovers lost*.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'orth!) bought.
See on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine;
The metal, and the workmanship divine!

SMILINDA.

This *snuff-box*, once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;

At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shewn:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *snuff-box*—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
This *snuff-box* will I stake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the *queen* he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The *knave* won Sonica which I had chose;
And the next *pull* my *septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears:
An awkward thing when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red.
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my int'rest Cosins made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would *punt* no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Bassette, and remain unwarm'd?
When *kings, queens, knaves,* are set in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open *rouleaus* lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Bassette, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then when he trembles, when his blushes rise,
When awful love seems melting in his eyes,
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves, I whisper to myself, *he loves!*
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears:
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast,
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-porter's,* batter'd bullies play,
Some *dukes* at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice, compares
To Bassette's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea too strong.

Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *equipage* shall grace Smilinda's side:
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree:
Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

FRIDAY.—THE TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the Park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilet half undrest.
The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
Nor chairs, nor coaches, crowd the silent door;
Now at the window all her mornings pass,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass:
Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sate,
And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.
'O youth! O spring of life, for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast:
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame:
Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.

'What shall I do to spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there appears at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled tow'rs,
And gray religious maids? My presence there,
Amidst that sober train, would own despair:
Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance
As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Through India shops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd;
There careless lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold.
But then, alas! I must be forc'd to pay,
And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away!

'How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn!
My lover's triumph, and my sex's scorn!
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
False are the loose coquet's inveigling airs;
False is the crafty courtier's plighted word;
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board;
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.

'For what young flirt, base man, am I abus'd?
To please your wife am I unkindly us'd?
'Tis true her face may boast the peach's bloom;
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is formed to please;
But don't you see her unconfin'd by stays?
She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Insipid, servile thing! whom I disdain!
Her phlegm can best support the marriage chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife:
He games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife by turns supply his need;
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
Powder'd with diamonds, free from spleen or care,
She can a sullen husband's humour bear;
Her credulous friendship, and her stupid ease,
Have often been my jest in happier days;
How Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains!
To her he's faithful; 'tis to me he feigns.
Am I that stupid thing to bear neglect,
And force a smile, not daring to suspect?
No, perjur'd man! a wife may be content;
But you shall find a mistress can resent.'

Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd; her maid appears,
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears;
(The cestus, that reform'd inconstant Jove,
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)
'How well this riband's gloss becomes your face!'
She cries in rapture; 'then so sweet a lace!

[ow charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'is to your eyes the head-dress owes its air!'
trait Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks;
nd at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

SATURDAY.—THE SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

HE wretched Flavia, on her couch reclin'd,
hus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind,
. glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,
or now she shunn'd the face she sought before.

'How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
. frightful spectre, to myself unknown!
'here's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,
hat promis'd happiness for years to come?
hen with what pleasure I this face survey'd!
o look once more, my visits oft delay'd!
harm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,
nd a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!

'Ah! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore;
las! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
he greatest good the gods on men bestow,
v'n youth itself, to me is useless now.
here was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
'hen opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
nd at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,
'he earliest cherries of the spring were mine.
'itness, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell,
[ow much japan these eyes have made ye sell.
'ith what contempt ye saw me oft despise
'he humble offer of the raffled prize;
'or at each raffle still each prize I bore,
'ith scorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
'ow beauty's fled, and presents are no more!

'For me the patriot has the house forsook,
nd left debates to catch a passing look:
'or me the soldier has soft verses writ:
'or me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.

For me the wit to nonsense was betray'd;
The gamester has for me his dun delay'd,
And overseen the card he would have play'd.
The bold and haughty, by success made vain,
Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
The bashful 'squire, touched by a wish unknown,
Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own:
Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore;
Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

'As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise.
Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
The face disfigure, and the canvas tear:
That picture which with pride I us'd to shew,
The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
And thou, my toilette! where I oft have sate,
While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate
How curls should fall, or where a patch to place;
If blue or scarlet best became my face:
Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow;
On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow!
No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore;
Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!

'Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine;
Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine:
But 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,
'Tis to my ruin all your charms ye owe.
Would pitying Heav'n restore my wonted mien,
Ye still might move unthought of and unseen:
But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast
Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!
What now is left but, weeping, to deplore
My beauty fled, and empire now no more!

'Ye cruel chemists, what withheld your aid?
Could no pomatum save a trembling maid?
How false and trifling is that art ye boast!
No art can give me back my beauty lost.
In tears, surrounded by my friends, I lay
Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day;

Mirmillio came my fortune to deplore
(A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore),
Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore!
Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more!

'Galen, the grave officious Squirt, was there,
With fruitless grief and unavailing care;
Machaon too, the great Machaon, known
By his red cloak and his superior frown;
And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair?
You shall again be well, again be fair;
Believe my oath (with that an oath he swore);
False was his oath; my beauty was no more!

'Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,
Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway:
All strive to serve, and glory to obey:
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
Men mock the idol of their former vow.

'Adieu! ye parks—in some obscure recess,
Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,
Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
There let me live in some deserted place,
There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
Plays, operas, circles, I no more must view!
My toilette, patches, all the world, adieu!'

VERSES,

Written in the Chiosk of the British Palace, at Pera, overlooking the city of Constantinople, Dec. 26, 1718.

GIVE me, great God! said I, a little farm,
In summer shady, and in winter warm;
Where a clear spring gives birth to murm'ring brooks,
By nature gliding down the mossy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd cascade,
Pure and unsully'd winding through the shade.
All bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer,
A softer climate and a purer air.

Our frozen isle now chilling winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting winds;
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,
By driving storms their verdant beauty lost;
The trembling birds their leafless covert shun,
And seek in distant climes a warmer sun:
The water-nymphs their silent urns deplore,
Ev'n Thames, benumb'd, 's a river now no more:
The barren meads no longer yield delight,
By glist'ring snows made painful to the sight.

Here summer reigns with one eternal smile,
Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil;
Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given.
No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
The springing flowers no coming winter fear.
But as the parent rose decays and dies,
The infant buds with brighter colours rise,
And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.

Near them the violet grows with odours blest,
And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest;
The rich jonquils their golden beams display,
And shine in glory's emulating day;
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,
And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,
Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual spring.

Here, at my window, I at once survey
The crowded city and resounding sea;
In distant views the Asian mountains rise,
And lose their snowy summits in the skies;
Above these mountains proud Olympus tow'rs,
The parliamental seat of heavenly pow'rs!
New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire
Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,
The marble mosques, beneath whose ample domes
Fierce warlike sultans sleep in peaceful tombs;
Those lofty structures, once the Christians' boast,
Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost;

Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous zeal of savage foes defac'd;
Soph'a alone, her ancient name retains,
Though unbelieving vows her shrine profanes;
Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,
Where monarchs pray'd, the frantic dervise dwells.
How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of Roman glory now?
Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd?
Where Grecian artists all their skill display'd,
Before the happy sciences decay'd;
So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,
So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors profess'd of old,
The labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;
Vain monuments of them that once were great,
Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate;
One little spot the tenure small contains,
Of Greek nobility the poor remains.
Where other Helens, with like powerful charms,
Had once engag'd the warring world in arms;
Those names which royal ancestors can boast,
In mean mechanic arts obscurely lost;
Those eyes a second Homer might inspire,
Fix'd at the loom, destroy their useless fire;
Griev'd at a view, which struck upon my mind
The short-liv'd vanity of humankind.

In gaudy objects I indulge my sight,
And turn where Eastern pomp gives gay delight;
See the vast train in various habits drest,
By the bright scimitar and sable vest,
The proud vizier distinguish'd o'er the rest!
Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
His bridle rich with gems, and stirrups gold;
His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride,
Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side,
These top the plumy crest Arabian courtiers guide.
With artful duty all decline their eyes,
No bellowing shouts of noisy crowds arise;
Silence, in solemn state, the march attends,
Till at the dread divan the slow procession ends.

Yet not these prospects all profusely gay,
The gilded navy that adorns the sea,
The rising city in confusion fair,
Magnificently form'd, irregular,
Where woods and palaces at once surprise,
Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise,
And endless beauties tire the wand'ring eyes,
So soothe my wishes, or so charm my mind,
As this retreat secure from humankind.
No knave's successful craft does spleen excite,
No coxcomb's tawdry splendour shocks my sight;
No mob-alarm awakes my female fear,
No praise my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,
Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here;
Impertinence, with all her tattling train,
Fair-sounding flattery's delicious bane;
Censorious folly, noisy party rage,
The thousand tongues with which she must engage
Who dares have virtue in a vicious age.

EPILOGUE* TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Designed to be spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

WHAT could luxurious woman wish for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
Their every wish was in this Mary seen,
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.
Vain useless blessings with ill-conduct join'd!
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!
Queen Bess had wisdom, council, power, and laws;
How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!
Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize;
Contemn the idle flatt'rers of your eyes.

* This epilogue was intended for a play on the story of Mary queen of Scots, which Philip duke of Wharton began to write, but never finished. No part of the play now remains, but these four lines:

Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms
Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent,
When life was the reward of every look.

Walpole's Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 134.

The brightest object shines but while 'tis new :
That influence lessens by familiar view.
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,
All strive to serve, and glory to obey ;
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shewn to-day,
To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
What long repentance to short joys is due ;
When reason rules, what glory must ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
Love for amusement, like those traitors, men.
Think that the pastime of a leisure hour
She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,
If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
The world will still the noble act applaud,
Though victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;
And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face ;
By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,
They cruel hunters are, we trembling game.
Trust me, dear ladies (for I know 'em well),
They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :
Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that sell.
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
Superior art should meet superior force :
Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still :
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

You see in ancient Rome what folly reign'd ;
A folly British men would have disdain'd.
Here's none so weak to pity Cato's case,
Who might have liv'd, and had a handsome place ;
But rashly vain, and insolently great,
He perish'd by his fault—and not his fate.
Thank Heav'n ! our patriots better ends pursue,
With something more than glory in their view.

Poets write morals—priests for martyrs preach—
Neither such fools to practise what they teach.

Though your dear country much you wish to serve,
For bonny Britons 'tis too hard to starve;
Or what's all one, to any generous mind,
From girls, champagne, and gaming, be confin'd;
Portius might well obey his sire's command,
Returning to his small paternal land;
A low estate was ample to support
His private life, far distant from the court!
Far from the crowd of emulating beaux,
Where Martia never wanted birth-day clothes.

For you, who live in these more polish'd days,
To spend your money, lo! ten thousand ways;
Dice may run ill, or duns demand their due,
And ways to get (God knows) are very few;
In times so differing, who shall harshly blame
Our modern heroes, not to act the same.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS TRAVELS.

From this vile town, immers'd in smoke and care,
To you who brighten in a purer air,
Your faithful friend conveys her tenderest thought
(Though now perhaps neglected and forgot).
May blooming health your wonted mirth restore,
And every pleasure crown your every hour;
Caress'd, esteem'd, and lov'd, your merit known,
And foreign lands admire you, like your cwn:
Whilst I in silence various fortunes bear,
Distracted with the rage of bosom-war:
My restless fever tears my changeful brain,
With mix'd ideas of delight and pain;
Sometimes soft views my morning dreams employ
In the faint dawn of visionary joy;
Which rigid reason quickly drives away—
I seek the shade and fly from rising day:
In pleasing madness meet some moments' ease,
And fondly cherish my belov'd disease.

If female weakness melt my woman's mind,
At least no weakness in the choice I find;

Not sooth'd to softness by a warbling flute,
Nor the bought merit of a birth-day suit;
Not lost my heart by the surprising skill
In opera tunes, in dancing, or quadrille.
The only charm my inclination moves
Is such a virtue, Heaven itself approves!
A soul superior to each vulgar view,
Great, steady, gentle, generous, and true.
How I regret my trifling hours past,
And look with sorrow o'er the dreary waste!
In false pursuits and vanity bestow'd,
The perfect image of a dirty road;
Through puddles oft, o'er craggy rocks I stray,
A tiresome dull uncomfortable way:
And after toiling long through thick and thin
To reach some meanly mercenary inn,
The bills are high, and very bad the fare,
I curse the wretched entertainment there:
And, jogging on, resolve to stop no more
Where gaudy signs invite me to the door.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH old in ill, the traitor sure should find
Some secret sting transfix his guilty mind.
Though bribes or favour may protect his fame,
Or fear restrain invectives on his name;
None 'quits himself—his own impartial thought
Condemns—and conscience shall record the fault.
Yet more, my friend! your happy state may bear
This disappointment, as below your care.
For what you have, return to Heav'n your thanks;
Few share the prizes, many draw the blanks.
Of breach of promise loudly you complain,
Have you then known the world so long in vain?
Worse than the iron age, our impious times
Have learn'd to laugh at most flagitious crimes.
Are you to know that 'tis a jest to find
Unthinking honesty pervade the mind?
At best, they say, the man is strangely odd
Who keeps his oath, and can believe a God.
This was the cant when Edward held the throne,
Before Spinosa wrote, or Hobbes was known;

When the gilt Bible was the king's delight,
When prayer preceded day, and hymns the night.
Now softening eunuchs sing Italian airs,
The dancing dame to midnight ball repairs.

Now, if an honest man (like you) I view,
Contemning interest, and to virtue true,
I deem, he deviates from nature's rules,
Like burning hills, or petrifying pools.
I stand astonish'd at the strange portent,
And think some revolution the event;
As all grave heads were startled, as they heard
That a new comet in the west appear'd;
When, from a human mother* rabbits sprung,
And Ward his pills like hand-granadoes flung;
When *gratis* scattering cures amidst the crowd—
A miracle! as Charteris† swears aloud—
A greater miracle I daily see,
The ancient faith of Pius reign in thee.

Observe the wretch, who has that faith forsook,
How clear his voice, and how assur'd his look!
Like innocence, and as serenely bold,
Conscious protection of almighty gold!
Whilst thus he reasons to relieve his fears:
'Oft I've deceiv'd, yet still have kept my ears.
I have been threat'ned for a broken vow,
And yet successively have laugh'd till now,
And will laugh on, my fortune's not the worse,
When starving cullies rail, or vainly curse.'
Shall then the villain 'scape? such knaves as he
Be rich and safe, and from all vengeance free?
Consider, friend, but coolly, and you'll find
Revenge the frailty of a feeble mind;
Nor think he 'scapes though he should never feel
The pangs of poison, or the force of steel.
There is a time when conscience shakes the soul,
When Toland's tenets cannot fear control,
When secret anguish fills the anxious breast,
Vacant from business, nor compos'd by rest;

* Mary Tofts, the celebrated rabbit-woman of Godalmin.
† Colonel Charteris, of infamous memory, satirized by Pope and Arbuthnot.

Then dreams invade, the injured gods appear
All arm'd with thunder, and awake his fear;
The wretch will start at every flash that flies,
Grow pale at the first murmur of the skies;
Then, if a fever fires corrupted blood,
In every fit he feels the hand of God.
Trembling, and sunk into the last despair,
He dares not offer one repenting prayer;
For how can hope with desperate guilt agree?
And the worst beast is worthier life than he;
This, at the best, will be his certain fate,
Or Heav'n may sooner think his crimes complete.

FRAGMENT TO

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

LET mules and asses in that circle tread,
And proud of trappings toss a feather'd head;
Leave you the stupid business of the state,
Strive to be happy, and despise the great:
Come where the Graces guide the gentle day,
Where Venus rules amidst her native sea,
Where at her altar gallantries appear,
And even Wisdom dares not shew severe.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TO MR. ————

FOR ever blest be that prolific brain
Which can such store of images contain!
Thus the charg'd trees, with blooming odours crown'd,
Shed their fair blossoms with profusion round;
So swells the brook with heav'n-descended rain,
And flows meand'ring on the thirsty plain;
Such various talents were by Heav'n design'd
(Too vast a treasure for a single mind),
To please, astonish, and instruct mankind.
With a delight not to be told, I view
Themes long exhausted in your hands grow new;
Past all describing your descriptions are,
So full, so just, so bold, yet regular;
The style so varied that it wants a name,
Which ever differing, ever is the same;

You raise or calm our passions as you please,
The human heart your powerful pen obeys.
When eager Trasimond pursues the course,
We hear the whip, and see the foaming horse;
With soft Sophronia we have wept and smil'd,
So soon offended—sooner reconcil'd.

Go on, great author! that the world may see
How bright, when from pedantic fetters free,
True genius shines, and shines alone in thee.
Give new editions, with a noble scorn
Of insect critics, who'd obscure thy morn;
Neglect their censures, nor thy work delay,
The owls still sicken at the sight of day.

JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the proud Frenchman's strong rapacious hand
Spread over Europe ruin and command,
Our sinking temples and expiring law
With trembling dread the rolling tempest saw;
Destin'd a province to insulting Gaul,
This Genius rose, and stopp'd the ponderous fall.
His temperate valour form'd no giddy scheme,
No victory rais'd him to a rage of fame;
The happy temper of his even mind
No danger e'er could shock, or conquest blind.
Fashion'd alike by Nature and by Art,
To please, engage, and int'rest ev'ry heart.
In public life by all who saw approv'd,
In private hours by all who knew him lov'd.

A CHARACTER.

Though a strong vanity may you persuade—
You are not for a politician made;
Your tropes are drawn from Robin Walpole's head,
Your sense is but repeating what he said;
A useful puppy, eminently known,
As proud to father what he will not own.
Some arguments he leaves you to expose,
So valets flutter in my lord's old clothes.
But, should he strip you of his borrow'd sense,
How poorly thin your boasted eloquence!

Know your own talents better, I advise;
Be brisk, yet dull, but aim not to look wise;
In low insipid rhymes place your delight;
Laugh without jests, and without reading write.
Despis'd by men, in ladies' ruelles sit,
Where country coquettes bolster up your wit.
May all your minuets applauses meet!
An able coxcomb only in your feet.
By fawning lies, in leagues with court-knaves grow,
And smile on beauties whom you *do not know*.
Then, acting all the coyness of a lover,
Your *no-intrigue* endeavour to discover.
Aiming at wit, in many an evil hour,
Have the perpetual will without the power.
Conceit for *breeding*, rude for easy take,
Horseplay for wit, and noise for mirth mistake.
Love's perfect joys to perfect men belong;
Seek you but *the occasion for a song*.
Thus to the end of life may you remain
A merry blockhead, treacherous and vain.

AN ANSWER TO A LOVE LETTER, IN VERSE.

Is it to me this sad lamenting strain?
Are Heaven's choicest gifts bestow'd in vain?
A plenteous fortune and a beauteous bride,
Your love rewarded, and content your pride;
Yet, leaving her, 'tis me that you pursue,
Without one single charm—but being new.
How vile is man! how I detest the ways
Of covert falsehood and designing praise!
As tasteless, easier happiness you slight,
Ruin your joy, and mischief your delight,
Why should poor Pug (the mimic of your kind)
Wear a rough chain, and be to box confin'd?
Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,
While moves, unpunish'd, the destroyer man;
Not bound by vows, and unrestrain'd by shame,
In sport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
Not that your art can be successful here,
Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear.
Nor sighs, nor charms, nor flattery, can move,
Too well secur'd against a second love.

Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind,
To reason deaf, to observation blind,
I idly hop'd (what cannot Love persuade!)
My fondness equall'd and my truth repaid:
Slow to distrust, and willing to believe;
Long hush'd my doubts, I would myself deceive.
But oh! too soon—this tale would ever last—
Sleep on my wrongs, and let me think them past.
For you, who mourn with counterfeited grief,
And ask so boldly, like a begging thief,
May soon some other nymph inflict the pain
You know so well with cruel art to feign.
Though long you've sported with Dan Cupid's dart,
You *may* see eyes, and you *may* feel a heart.
So the brisk wits who stop the evening-coach,
Laugh at the fear that follows their approach;
With idle mirth and haughty scorn despise
The passenger's pale cheek, and staring eyes;
But, seiz'd by justice, find a fright no jest,
And all the terror doubled in their breast.

LORD HERVEY TO MR. FOX.

Written at Florence, 1729, in imitation of the sixth ode of the second book of Horace.

'Septimi Gades aditure mecum.'

THOU dearest youth, who taught me first to know
What pleasures from a real friendship flow;
Where neither int'rest nor deceit have part,
But all the warmth is native of the heart;
Thou know'st to comfort, soothe, or entertain,
Joy of my health, and cordial to my pain.
When life seem'd failing in her latest stage,
And fell disease anticipated age;
When wasting sickness, and afflictive pain,
By Æsculapius' sons oppos'd in vain,
Forc'd me reluctant, desperate to explore
A warmer sun, and seek a milder shore,
Thy steady love, with unexampled truth,
Forsook each gay companion of thy youth,
Whate'er the prosperous or the great employs,
Business and interest, and love's softer joys,

The weary steps of misery to attend,
To share distress, and make a wretch thy friend.
If o'er the mountain's snowy top we stray,
Where Carthage first explor'd the vent'rous way;
Or through the tainted air of Rome's parch'd plains,
Where want resides and superstition reigns;
Cheerful and unrepining still you bear
Each dangerous rigour of the varying year;
And kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
Lament his sufferings, and forget thy own.
Oh! would kind Heaven, those tedious sufferings past,
Permit me, Ickworth, rest and health at last!
In that lov'd shade, my youth's delightful seat,
My early pleasure, and my late retreat,
Where lavish Nature's favourite blessings flow,
And all the seasons all their sweets bestow;
There might I trifle carelessly away
The milder ev'ning of life's clouded day;
From business and the world's intrusion free,
With books, with love, with beauty, and with thee;
No farther want, no wish, yet unpossess'd,
Could e'er disturb this unambitious breast.
Let those who Fortune's shining gifts implore,
Who sue for glory, splendour, wealth, or power,
View this inactive state with feverish eyes,
And pleasure they can never taste, despise;
Let them still court that goddess' falser joys,
Who, while she grants their pray'r, their peace destroys.
I envy not the foremost of the great,
Not Walpole's self, directing Europe's fate;
Still let him load ambition's thorny shrine,
Fame be his portion, and contentment mine.
But if the gods, sinister still, deny
* To live in Ickworth, let me there but die;
Thy hands to close my eyes in Death's long night,
Thy image to attract their latest sight:
Then to the grave attend thy Poet's hearse,
And love his memory as you lov'd his verse.

* In Suffolk, the seat of the Earl of Bristol.

CONTINUATION

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

So sung the poet in a humble strain,
With empty pockets, and a head in pain,
Where the soft clime inclin'd the soul to rest,
And past'ral images inspir'd the breast.
Apollo listen'd from his heavenly bower,
And, in his health restor'd, express'd his power.
Pygmalion thus before the Paphian shrine,
With trembling vows address'd the power divine;
Durst hardly make his hopeless wishes known,
And scarce a greater miracle was shewn—
Returning vigour glow'd in every vein,
And gay ideas flutter'd in the brain;
Back he returns to breathe his native air,
And all his firm resolves are melted there!

AN EPISTLE

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

How happy you! who varied joys pursue;
And every hour presents you something new!
Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For six long months have gain'd upon your heart;
Of colonnades, of corridores you talk,
The winding staircase and the cover'd walk;
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:
But the dull workman's slow-performing hand
But coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,
Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made,
Bow'rs of retreat, and galleries of shade;
The shaven turf presents a lively green;
The bordering flowers in mystic knots are seen:
With studied art on nature you refine—
The spring beheld you warm in this design,
But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze:

You quit the grove so lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd;
Post to the city you direct your way;
Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay:
Ambition shews you power's brightest side,
'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide:
Though certain pains attend the cares of state,
A good man owes his country to be great;
Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,
Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.
With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek,
Full of new projects for almost a week;
You then despise the tinsel-glittering snare,
Think vile mankind below a serious care.
Life is too short for any distant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame:
Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
And love is all the blessing Heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new passion you address the fair,
Survey the opera as a gay parterre;
Young Chloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a sidelong glance from Celia's eyes:
Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
In dying sighs a long three hours are past;
To some assembly with impatient haste,
With trembling hope, and doubtful fear, you move,
Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:
But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,
Easy her shape, attracting all her airs;
A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound;
Her melting voice has music in the sound;
Her every motion wears resistless grace;
Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face:
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Chloe and Celia unregarded move.
Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impress remains;
The slightest leaf can leave its figure there;
The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.

So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind;
Oh! how unlike the Heav'n my soul design'd!
Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move;
Not wishing praise, insensible of love;
No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire;
Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driv'n o'er the rock;
No print is left of all the passing flock:
So sings the wind around the solid stone;
So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dares attempt to fix impressions there:
But should some swain, more skilful than the rest,
Engrave his name upon this marble breast,
Not rolling ages could deface that name;
Through all the storms of life 'tis still the same:
Though length of years with moss may shade the ground,
Deep, though unseen, remains the secret wound.

VERSES*

ADDRESSED TO THE IMITATOR OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

In two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is strip'd with English rage;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought,
And on the other how he never wrote;
Who can believe, who view the bad, the good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men,
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

* These verses are said to have been the joint performance of Lady M. W. Montagu and Lord Hervey, who considered themselves as called upon to reply to Pope's covert satire.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.*

If *he* has thorns, they all on roses grow;
Thine like thistles, and mean brambles shew;
With this exception, that, though rank the soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produc'd by toil.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen:
Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, but not the talent to abuse;
And is in *hate*, what *love* is in the stews.
'Tis the gross *lust* of hate, that still annoys,
Without distinction, as gross love enjoys:
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd,
The object of thy spleen is humankind:
It preys on all who yield, or who resist;
To thee 'tis provocation to exist.

But if thou seest† a great and generous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor dignity nor innocence is spar'd,
Nor age, nor sex, nor thrones, nor graves, rever'd.
Nor only justice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand;
To this or that alike in vain we trust,
Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust.

Not even youth and beauty can control
The universal rancour of thy soul;
Charms that might soften superstition's rage,
Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.
But how should'st thou by beauty's force be mov'd,
No more for loving made than to be lov'd?
It was the equity of righteous Heav'n,
That such a soul to such a form was giv'n;

* This reflection was just. Pope, with all his pretensions to 'gentle birth,' could not prove the most distant connexion with the family of Pope, earls of Downe, of which he boasted.

† Taste, an Epistle, in which are the reflections upon the Duke of Chandos.

And shews the uniformity of fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate.

When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve;
To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war.
But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,
And whilst you *bruise their heel*, beware your head.
Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence,
The female scold's protection in offence.
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.
And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain,
The reason is, not that the world wants eyes,
But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise:
When fretful *porcupine*, with ranc'rous will,
From mounted back shoots forth a harmless quill,
Cool the spectators stand; and all the while
Upon the angry little monster smile.
Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently safe,
You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze?
One over-match'd by ev'ry blast of wind,
Insulting and provoking all mankind.

Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the law?
Is this *the ridicule* to live so long,
The deathless satire, and *immortal song?*
No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.

If none do yet return th' intended blow,
You all your safety to your dulness owe:
But whilst that armour thy poor corse defends,
'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy friends:

Those, who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy art,
Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhorr'd thy heart:
Chose thee to read, but never to converse,
And scorn'd in prose him whom they priz'd in verse;
Ev'n they shall now their partial error see,
Shall shun thy writings like thy company;
And to thy books shall ope their eyes no more
Than to thy person they wou'd do their door.

Nor thou the justice of the world disown,
That leaves thee thus an outcast, and alone;
For though in law to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will:
Then whilst with coward-hand you stab a name,
And try at least t' assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassins be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land.

UNFINISHED SKETCHES

OF A LARGER POEM.

Now, with fresh vigour, morn her light displays,
And the glad birds salute her kindling rays;
The opening buds confess the sun's return,
And rous'd from night all nature seems new-born;
When ponderous Dulness slowly wing'd her way,
And with thick fogs oppos'd the rising day.
Phœbus retir'd as from Thyestes' feasts,
Droop'd all the flow'rs, th' aerial music ceas'd.
Pleas'd with her influence, she exults with pride,
'Shall mortals then escape my power?' she cried:
'Nay, in this town where smoke and mists conspire
To cloud the head, and damp the poet's fire,
Shall Addison my empire here dispute,
So justly founded, lov'd, and absolute?
Explode my children, ribaldry and rhyme,
Rever'd from Chaucer's down to Dryden's time?
Distinguish 'twixt false humour and the true,
And wit make lovely to the vulgar view?

No—better things my destiny ordains,
For Oxford has the wand, and Anna reigns.'
She ended, and assum'd Duke Disney's grin,
With broad plump face, pert eyes, and ruddy skin,
Which shew'd the stupid joke which lurk'd within.

In this lov'd form she knock'd at St. John's* gate,
Where crowds already for his levee wait;
And wait they may, those wretches that appear
To talk of service past and long arrear:
But the proud partner of his pleasure goes
Through crowds of envious eyes and servile bows.
And now approaching where the statesman lay,
To his unwilling eyes reveal'd the day.
Starting, he wak'd, and, waking, swore by God,
'This early visit, friend, is wond'rous odd!
Scarce have I rested two small hours in bed,
And fumes of wine oppress my aching head.
By thee I'm sure my soul is understood
Too well to plague me for the public good.
Let stupid patriots toil to serve the brutes,
And waste the fleeting hours in vain disputes;
The use of power supreme I better know,
Nor will I lose the joys the gods bestow;
The sparkling glass, soft flute, and willing fair
Alternate guard me from the shocks of care.
'Tis the prerogative of wit like mine
To emulate in ease the pow'rs divine;
And while I revel, leave the busy fools
To plot like chemists, or to trudge like tools.'

'Believe me, lord! (replies his seeming friend)
Some difficulties every state attend.
Cares must surround the men that wealth possess,
And sorrow mingles ev'n with love's success.
Great as you are, no greatness long is sure,
Advancement is but pain if not secure.
All your long schemes may vanish in an hour,
Oh tremble at the sad reverse of pow'r!
How will these slaves that waiting watch your eye
Insulting smile or pass regardless by?

* Lord Bolingbroke.

Nor is this thought the creature of my fears,
Approaching ruin now most strong appears.
Men must be dull who passively obey,
And ignorance fixes arbitrary sway;
Think of this maxim, and no more permit
A dangerous * writer to retail his wit.
The consequence of sense is liberty,
And if men think aright, they will be free;
Encourage you the poet † I shall bring,
Your Granville he already tries to sing;
Nor think, my lord, I only recommend
An able author, but an useful friend;
In verse his phlegm, in puns he shews his fire,
And skill'd in pimping to your heart's desire.'

'I thank thee, duke (replies the drowsy peer),
But cannot listen to thy childish fear.
This Addison, 'tis true, debauch'd in schools,
Will sometimes oddly talk of musty rules.
Yet here and there I see a master line,
I feel and I confess the power divine.
In spite of interest charm'd into applause,
I wish for such a champion in our cause:
Nor shall your reasons force me to submit
To patronise a bard of meaner wit;
Men can but say wit did my judgment blind,
And wit's the noblest frailty of the mind.'

The disappointed goddess, swell'd with spite,
Dropping her borrow'd form, appears in open light.
So the sly nymph in masquerade disguise,
The faith of her suspected lover tries;
But when the perjury too plain appears,
Her eyes are filled with mingled rage and tears;
No more remembers the affected tone,
Sinks the feign'd voice, and thunders in her own.

'How hast thou dar'd my party then to quit,
Or dost thou, wretch, presume thou art a wit?
Read thy own works, consider well each line,
In each dull page, how palpably I shine!

* The Spectator was in course of publication at that time. This is an allusion to it.

† Pope.

'Tis I that to thy eloquence affords
Such empty thoughts wrapt in superfluous words;
To me alone your pamphlet-praise you owe,
'Tis I your tropes and florid sense bestow;
After such wreaths bestow'd, such service done,
Dare you refuse protection to my son?
The time shall come, though now at court ador'd,
When still a writer, though no more a lord,
On common stalls thy darling works be spread,
And thou shalt answer them to make them read.'

She said, and turning shew'd her wrinkled neck,
In scales and colour like a roach's back.

THE COURT OF DULNESS.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

HER palace plac'd beneath a muddy road,
And such the influence of the dull abode,
The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag his load.
Here chose the goddess her belov'd retreat,*
Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate;
Adorn'd within with shells of small expense,
(Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense)
Perpetual fogs enclose the sacred cave,
The neighbouring sinks their fragrant odours gave;
In contemplation here she pass'd her hours,
Closely attended by subservient powers:
Bold Profanation with a brazen brow,—
Much to this great ally does Dulness owe:
But still more near the goddess you attend,
Naked Obscenity! her darling friend.
To thee for shelter all the dull still fly,
Pert double meanings e'en at school we try.
What numerous writers owe their praise to thee,
No sex—no age—is from thy influence free;
By thee how bright appears the senseless song,
By thee the book is sold, the lines are strong,

* Alluding to Pope's grotto at Twickenham.

The heaviest poet, by thy powerful aid,
Warms the brisk youth and charms the sprightly maid;
Where breathes the mortal who's not prov'd thy force
In well-bred pun, or waiting-room discourse?

Such were the chiefs who form'd her gloomy court,
Her pride, her ornament, and her support:
Behind attended such a numerous crowd
Of quibbles strain'd, old rhymes, and laughter loud,
Throngs that might even make a goddess proud.
Yet pensive thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
And fear, the mate of power, her mind oppress'd.
Oft she revolv'd—for oh, too well she knew
What Merlin sung, and part long since prov'd true,
When Harry's brows the diadem adorn,
From reformation learning shall be born;
Slowly in strength the infant shall improve,
The parent's glory and its country's love:
Free from the thraldom of monastic rhymes,
In bright progression bless succeeding times;
Milton free poesy from the monkish chain,
And Addison that Milton shall explain;
Point out the beauties of each living page;
Reform the taste of a degen'rate age;
Shew that true wit disdains all little art,
And can at once engage and mend the heart;
Knows even popular applause to gain,
Yet not malicious, wanton, or profane.'

This prophecy perplex'd her anxious head;
And, yawning thrice, thus to her sons she said;
'When such an author honour'd shall appear,
'Tis plain, the hour of our destruction's near!
And public rumour now aloud proclaims
At universal monarchy he aims.
What to this hero, whom shall we oppose?
A strong confederacy of stupid foes—
Such brave allies as are by nature fit
To check the progress of o'erflowing wit;
Where envy and where impudence are join'd
To contradict the voice of humankind.
At Dacier's ignorance shall gravely smile,
And blame the coarseness of Spectator's style;

Shall swear that Tickell understands not Greek,
That Addison can't write, nor Walpole speak.'

Fir'd by this project Profanation rose—
'One leader, Goddess, let me here propose;
In a near realm, which owns thy gentle sway,
My darling son now chaunts his pleasing lay,
Trampling on order, decency, and laws,
And vaunts himself the champion of my cause.
Him will I bring to teach the callow youth
To scorn dry morals—laugh at sacred truth.
All fears of future reckonings he shall quench,
And bid them bravely drink and freely wench.
By his example much, by precept more,
They learn 'tis wit to swear, and safe to wh—re.

* * * * *

Mocks Newton's schemes, and Tillotson's discourse,
And imitates the virtues of a horse.
With this design to add to his renown,
He wears the rev'rend dress of band and gown.'*
The Goddess, pleas'd, bestow'd a gracious grin,
When thus does fair Obscenity begin:
'My humbler subjects are not plac'd so high,
They joke in kitchens, and in cellars ply;
Yet one I have, bred in those worthy schools,
Admir'd by shoals of male and female fools;
In ballads what I dictate he shall sing,
And troops of converts to my banners bring.
Bold in my cause, and most profanely dull,
With smooth unmeaning rhymes the town shall lull;
Shall sing of worms in great Arbuthnot's strain,
In lewd burlesque the sacred Psalms profane;
To maids of honour songs obscene address,
Nor need we doubt his wonderful success.
Long have I watch'd this genius yet unknown,
Inspir'd his rhyme, and mark'd him for my own;
His early youth in superstition bred,
And monkish legends all the books he read.
Tinctur'd by these, proceeds his love of rhyme,
Milton he scorns, but Crambo thinks divine.
And oh! 'tis sure (our foes confess this truth)
The old Cambronians yield to this stupendous youth.

* This character is drawn for Dr. Swift.

But present want obscures the poet's name,
Be it my charge to talk him into fame.
My Lansdowne (whose love songs so smoothly run,
My darling author, and my fav'rite son)
He shall protect the man* whom I inspire,
And Windsor-forest openly admire;
And Bolingbroke with flattery shall bribe,
Till the charm'd lord most nobly shall subscribe;
And hostile Addison too late shall find,
'Tis easier to corrupt than mend mankind.
The town, which now revolts, once more obey,
And the whole island own my pristine sway!'
She said, and slowly leaves the realm of night,
While the curs'd phantoms praise her droning flight.

AN EPISTLE FROM POPE TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

CONFESS, dear Lælius!† pious, just, and wise,
Some self-content does in that bosom rise,
When you reflect, as sure you sometimes must,
What talents Heaven does to thy virtue trust,
While with contempt you view poor humankind,
Weak, wilful, sensual, passionate, and blind.
Amid these errors thou art faultless found,
(The moon takes lustre from the darkness round)
Permit me too, a small attendant star,
To twinkle, though in a more distant sphere;
Small things with great, we poets oft compare.
With admiration all your steps I view,
And almost envy what I can't pursue.
The world must grant (and 'tis no common fame)
My courage and my probity the same.
But you, great Lord, to nobler scenes were born;
Your early youth did Anna's court adorn.
Let Oxford own, let Catalonia tell,
What various victims to your wisdom fell;
Let vows or benefits the vulgar bind,
Such ties can never chain th' intrepid mind.

* Mr. Pope.
† Pope first addressed his Essay on Man to Lord Bolingbroke, as Lælius.

Recorded be that memorable hour,
When, to elude exasperated pow'r,
With blushless front, you durst your friend betray,
Advise the whole confed'racy to stay,
While with sly courage you run brisk away.
By a deserted court with joy receiv'd,
Your projects all admir'd, your oaths believ'd;
Some trust obtain'd, of which good use he made,
To gain a pardon where you first betray'd.
But what is pardon to th' aspiring breast?
You shou'd have been first minister at least:
Failing of that, forsaken and depress'd,
Sure any soul but your's had sought for rest!
And mourn'd in shades, far from the public eye,
Successless fraud, and useless infamy.
And here, my lord! let all mankind admire
The efforts bold of unexhausted fire;
You stand the champion of the people's cause,
And bid the mob reform defective laws.
Oh! was your pow'r, like your intention good,
Your native land would stream with civic blood.
I own these glorious schemes I view with pain;
My little mischiefs to myself seem mean.
Such ills are humble though my heart is great,
All I can do is flatter, lie, and cheat;
Yet I may say 'tis plain that you preside
O'er all my morals, and 'tis much my pride
To tread with steps unequal where you guide.
My first subscribers,* I have first defam'd,
And when detected, never was asham'd;
Rais'd all the storms I could in private life,
Whisper'd the husband to reform the wife;
Outwitted Lintot in his very trade,
And charity with obloquy repaid.
Yet while you preach in prose, I scold in rhymes,
Against th' injustice of flagitious times.
You, learned doctor of the public stage,
Give gilded poison to corrupt the age;
Your poor toad-eater I, around me scatter
My scurril jests, and gaping crowds bespatter.

* To the Translation of Homer.

This may seem envy to the formal fools
Who talk of virtue's bounds and honour's rules;
We, who with piercing eyes look nature through,
We know that all is right in all we do.

Reason's erroneous—honest instinct right—
Monkeys were made to grin, and fleas to bite.
Using the spite by the Creator given,
We only tread the path that's mark'd by Heaven.
And sure with justice 'tis that we exclaim,
Such wrongs must e'en your modesty inflame;
While blockheads court-rewards and honours share,
You, poet, patriot, and philosopher,
No bills in pocket, nor no garter wear.

When I see smoking on a booby's board
Fat ortolans and pye of Perigord,
Myself am mov'd to high poetic rage
(The Homer and the Horace of the age),
Puppies who have the insolence to dine
With smiling beauties, and with sparkling wine;
While I retire, plagu'd with an empty purse,
Eat brocoli, and kiss my ancient nurse.*
But had we flourish'd when stern Harry reign'd,
Our good designs had been but ill explain'd;
The axe had cut your solid reas'nings short,
I, in the porter's lodge, been scourg'd at court.
To better times kind Heav'n reserv'd our birth.
Happy for you such coxcombs are on earth!
Mean spirits seek their villainy to hide;
We shew our venom'd souls with nobler pride,
And in bold strokes have all mankind defy'd,
Past o'er the bounds that keep mankind in awe,
And laugh'd at justice, liberty, and law.
While our admirers stare with dumb surprise,
Treason and scandal we monopolise.
Yet this remains our more peculiar boast,
You 'scape the block, and I the whipping-post.

* To whom Pope erected a tomb, which he inscribed to her memory, in the churchyard at Twickenham.

LADY HERTFORD,

TO LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes oft have told you my wishes,
Why don't you their meaning explain?

My passion will lose by expression,
And you may too cruelly blame;
Then do not expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
How can you then hope it from me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
'Till yours tell us what they should be.

Alas! then, why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such torments as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over,
What I in my breast would confine.

ANSWERED,

FOR LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON, BY LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one who would love out of rule.

You should leave us to guess by your blushing,
And not speak the matter so plain;
'Tis ours to write and be pushing,
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.

That you are in a terrible taking,
By all these sweet oglings I see;
But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

EPISTLE

FROM ARTHUR GREY, THE FOOTMAN,* TO MRS. MAHONEY,

After his Condemnation for attempting to commit Violence.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread;
I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from severer pain.
My only hope in these last lines I try—
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as sordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait
A servile slave: content with homely food,
The gross instinct of happiness pursu'd:
Youth gave me sleep at night, and warmth of blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast;
My lordly master knew no sounder rest;
With labour healthy, in obedience blest.
But when I saw—oh! had I never seen
That wounding softness, that engaging mien!
The mist of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, desire, despair, and love, arise,
The new creation of those beauteous eyes.
But yet that love pursu'd no guilty aim;
Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame:
I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
And all my wishes were to serve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you sung, my soul devour'd the sound,
And ev'ry sense was in the rapture drown'd!
Though bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
—You knew not that stupidity was love!
But oh! the torment not to be express'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell, that fir'd this breast,

* This man was tried for the offence in 1721. As the lady had wrested the pistol from his hand, and alarmed the family, he was convicted only of burglary, and transported.

When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your side, or led you from the play!
I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
(The flambeau trembling in my shaking hand)
I saw, or thought I saw, those fingers press'd,
For thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
And jealous fury all my soul possess'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
And madness would have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph (for so I would have said),
Turn from those triflers who make love a trade;
This is true passion in my eyes you see;
They cannot, no—they cannot love like me;
Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
Faint their desire, and in a moment past:
They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity and strong champaign.
Too dull to feel what forms like yours inspire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To some lewd brothel they at night retire;
There, pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.
Such are the joys those toasters have in view,
And such the wit and pleasure they pursue;
—And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera night a new address begun,
They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
Die, wretched Arthur, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.
Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
I waited not the aid of slow disease;
The keenest instruments of death I sought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
With one last look to smooth the darksome way.—
But oh! how dear that fatal look has cost!
In that fond moment my resolves were lost.
Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
I saw the languid softness of your eyes;

I saw the dear disorder of your bed;
Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-clothes tumbled with resistless grace,
Your flowing hair play'd careless down your face;
Your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin;
—Fancy improv'd the wondrous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
And hardly, hardly, I forbore the rest;
Eager to gaze, unsatisfied with sight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
—Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremest proof of my desire I give,
And since you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
But when you see me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel consequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch, that could so greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere;
Think when I held the pistol to your breast,—
Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,—
That world had then been yours, and I been blest;
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.—
If these reflections, though they seize you late,
Give some compassion for your Arthur's fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I died in vain.

THE FOURTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

'Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris, &c.'

SHARP winter now dissolv'd, the linnets sing,
The grateful breath of pleasing Zephyrs bring
The welcome joys of long desired spring.

The gallies now for open sea prepare,
The herds forsake their stalls for balmy air,
The fields adorn'd with green th' approaching sun declare.

In shining nights the charming Venus leads
Her troop of Graces, and her lovely maids,
Who gaily trip the ground in myrtle shades.

The blazing forge her husband Vulcan heats,
And thunderlike the labouring hammer beats,
While toiling Cyclops every stroke repeats.

Of myrtle new the cheerful wreath compose,
Or various flowers which opening spring bestows,
Till coming June presents the blushing rose.

Pay your vow'd offering to God Faunus' bower!
Then, happy Sestius, seize the present hour,
'Tis all that nature leaves to mortal power.

The equal hand of strong impartial fate
Levels the peasant and th' imperious great,
Nor will that doom on human projects wait.

To the dark mansions of the senseless dead,
With daily steps our destin'd path we tread,
Realms still unknown, of which so much is said.

Ended your schemes of pleasure and of pride,
In joyous feats no one will there preside,
Torn from your Lycidas' beloved side;

Whose tender youth does now our eyes engage,
And soon will give, in his maturer age,
Sighs to our virgins—to our matrons rage.

THE FIFTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

'Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosa.'

For whom are now your airs put on,
And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?
That careless elegance of dress,
This essence that perfumes the wind,
Your ev'ry motion does confess
Some secret conquest is design'd.

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
To what a train of ills betray'd!
What fears, what pangs shall rend her breast,
How will her eyes dissolve in tears!
That now with glowing joy is bless'd,
Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.

So the young sailor on the summer sea,
Gaily pursues his destin'd way:
Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,
Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll;
In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,
Distracting terror tears his timorous soul.

For me, secure I view the raging main,
Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain:
My votive tablet in the temple shews
The monument of folly past;
I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,
Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

THE LOVER: A BALLAD.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame:
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor are Sunday's sermons so strong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust!
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor yet foppishly low.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champaign and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

I never will share with the wanton coquette,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

SUCH were the lively eyes and rosy hue
Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew;
The gay companion and the favourite guest;
Lov'd without awe, and without views caress'd;
His cheerful smile, and open honest look,
Added new graces to the truth he spoke.
Then every man found something to commend,
The pleasant neighbour, and the worthy friend;
The generous master of a private house,
The tender father and indulgent spouse.

The hardest censors at the worst believ'd,
His temper was too easily deceiv'd

(A consequential ill good-nature draws,
A bad effect, but from a noble cause).
Whence then these clamours of a judging crowd?
Suspicious, griping, insolent, and proud—
Rapacious, cruel, violent, unjust;
False to his friend, and traitor to his trust?

AN ELEGY ON MRS. THOMPSON.*

UNHAPPY fair, by fatal love betray'd!
Must then thy beauties thus untimely fade!
And all thy blooming, soft, inspiring charms,
Become a prey to death's destructive arms!
Though short thy day, and transient like the wind,
How far more blest than those yet left behind!
Safe in the grave thy griefs with thee remain;
And life's tempestuous billows break in vain.
Ye tender nymphs in lawless pastimes gay,
Who heedless down the paths of pleasure stray;
Though long secure, with blissful joy elate,
Yet pause, and think of Arabella's fate;
For such may be your unexpected doom,
And your next pleasures lull you in the tomb.
But let it be the muse's gentle care
To shield from envy's rage the mould'ring fair:
To draw a veil o'er faults she can't defend;
And what prudes have devour'd, leave time to end:
Be it her part to drop a pitying tear,
And mourning sigh around thy sable bier,
Nor shall thy woes long glad th' ill-natur'd crowd,
Silent to praise, and in detraction loud:
When scandal, that through life each worth destroys,
And malice that embitters all our joys,
Shall in some ill-starr'd wretch find later stains,
And let thine rest, forgot as thy remains.

* Arabella, the wife of Edward Thompson, esq. one of the daughters and coheirs of Edmund Dunch, esq. The others were the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Oxenden.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BOWES.

Written extempore on a card, in a large company, December 14, 1724.

HAIL, happy bride, for thou art truly blest!
Three months of rapture, crown'd with endless rest.
Merit like yours was Heav'n's peculiar care,
You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere.
To you the sweets of love were only shewn,
The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown;
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord:
Nor felt the pain that jealous fondness brings:
Nor felt, that coldness from possession springs.
Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,
You trusted—yet experienc'd no deceit;
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew;
No vain repentance gave a sigh to you:
And if superior bliss Heaven can bestow,
With fellow-angels you enjoy it now.

A MAN IN LOVE.

'L'Homme qui ne se trouve point, et ne se trouvera jamais.

THE man who feels the dear disease,
Forgets himself, neglects to please,
The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,
And much he thinks when much he loves;
Press'd with alternate hope and fear,
Sighs in her absence, sighs when near.
The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
Those trifles pass unseen along,
To him a pert insipid throng.
But most he shuns the vain coquette:
Contemns her false affected wit:
The minstrel's sound, the flowing bowl,
Oppress and hurt the amorous soul.
'Tis solitude alone can please,
And give some intervals of ease.
He feeds the soft distemper there,
And fondly courts the distant fair;

To balls the silent shade prefers,
And hates all other charms but hers.
When thus your absent swain can do,
Molly, you may believe him true.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of 'The Irish Howl.'

To that dear nymph, whose pow'rful name
Does every throbbing nerve inflame
(As the soft sound I low repeat,
My pulse unequal measures beat),
Whose eyes I never more shall see,
That once so sweetly shin'd on thee;
Go, gentle wind! and kindly bear
My tender wishes to the fair.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

Amidst her pleasures let her know
The secret anguish of my woe,
The midnight pang, the zealous hell,
Does in this tortur'd bosom dwell:
While laughing she, and full of play,
Is with her young companions gay;
Or hearing in some fragrant bower
Her lover's sigh, and beauty's power.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

Lost and forgotten may I be!
Oh may no pitying thought of me
Disturb the joy that she may find,
When love is crown'd and fortune kind:
May that bless'd swain (whom yet I hate)
Be proud of his distinguished fate:
Each happy night be like the first;
And he be bless'd as I am curs'd.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

While in these pathless woods I stray,
And lose my solitary way;
Talk to the stars, to trees complain,
And tell the senseless woods my pain:
But madness spares the sacred name,
Nor dares the hidden wound proclaim;

Which, secret rankling, sure and slow,
Shall close in endless peace my woe.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

When this fond heart shall ache no more,
And all the ills of life are o'er
(If gods by lovers' prayers are mov'd,
As ev'ry god in heaven has lov'd);
Instead of bright Elysian joys,
That unknown something in the skies,
In recompense of all my pain,
The only heaven I'd obtain,
May I, the guardian of her charms,
Preserve that paradise from harms.
Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

A HYMN TO THE MOON.

Written in July, in an arbour.

THOU silver deity of secret night,
Direct my footsteps through the woodland shade;
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,
The Lover's guardian, and the Muse's aid!

By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,
My friend, my goddess, and my guide.

E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,
The charms of young Endymion drew;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night;
With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too.*

TRANSLATED BY HERSELF.

DELLA notte serena argentea Diva,
Testimon fido d'piaceri ignoti:
Custode degli amanti e delle Muse
Fautrice, reggi me ne' boschi oscuri,
Da' suoi pallidi rai scorto io camino,
Su la verra ed a ve svelo i piu cupi,

* This sonnet is preserved by Count Algarotti, in the seventh volume of his works, and is there mentioned with great commendation.

Pensieri. Ah indora il tacitorno bosco;
Dolcemente serana amica mia
E mia guida, e mia Dea. Bella reina
Tu della sua prodigiosa altezza
Il lusinghiero Endimione attrae,
Del velo ingombra della notre oscura,
Della tua ampiezza in onta e del tuo gelo.

THE BRIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

A Parody on Rowe's Ballad, 'Despairing beside a clear Stream,' &c.

By the side of a half-rotten wood
  Melantha sat silently down,
Convinc'd that her scheme was not good,
  And vex'd to be absent from town.
Whilst pitied by no living soul,
  To herself she was forc'd to reply,
And the sparrow, as grave as an owl,
  Sat list'ning and pecking hard by.

'Alas! silly maid that I was;'
  Thus sadly complaining, she cry'd;
'When first I forsook that dear place,
  'T had been better by far I had died!
How gaily I pass'd the long days,
  In a round of continued delights;
Park, visits, assemblies, and plays,
  And a dance to enliven the nights.

'How simple was I to believe
  Delusive poetical dreams!
Or the flattering landscapes they give
  Of meadows and murmuring streams.
Bleak mountains, and cold starving rocks,
  Are the wretched result of my pains;
The swains greater brutes than their flocks,
  The nymphs as polite as the swains.

'What though I have got my dear Phil;
  I see him all night and all day;
I find I must not have my will,
  And I've cursedly sworn to obey!

Fond damsel, thy power is lost,
  As now I experience too late!
Whatever a lover may boast,
  A husband is what one may hate!

'And thou, my old woman, so dear,
  My all that is left of relief,
Whatever I suffer, forbear—
  Forbear to dissuade me from grief:
'Tis in vain, as you say, to repine
  At ills which cannot be redress'd;
But, in sorrows so poignant as mine,
  To be patient, alas! is a jest.

'If, farther to soothe my distress,
  Your tender compassion is led,
Come hither and help to undress,
  And decently put me to bed.
The last humble solace I wait,
  Wou'd Heav'n but indulge me the boon,
May some dream, less unkind than my fate,
  In a vision transport me to town.

'Clarissa, meantime, weds a beau,
  Who decks her in golden array;
She's the finest at ev'ry fine show,
  And flaunts it at Park and at Play:
Whilst I am here left in the lurch,
  Forgot and secluded from view;
Unless when some bumpkin at church
  Stares wistfully over the pew.'

SONG.

WHY should you think I live unpleas'd,
  Because I am not pleas'd with you?
My mind is not so far diseas'd,
  To yield when powder'd fops pursue.

My vanity can find no charm
  In common prostituted vows;
Nor can you raise a wish that's warm
  In one that your true value knows.

While cold and careless thus I shun
  The buz and flutter that you make,
Perhaps some giddy girl may run
  To catch the prize that I forsake.

So brightly shines the glittering glare,
  In unexperienc'd children's eyes,
When they with little arts ensnare
  The gaudy painted butterflies.

While they with pride the conquest boast,
  And think the chase deserving care,
Those scorn the useless toil they cost
  Who're us'd to more substantial fare.

SONG—RONDEAU.

FINISH these languors! Oh! I'm sick,
Of dying airs I know the trick;
Long since I've learn'd to well explain
Th' unmeaning cant of fire and pain,
And see through all the senseless lies
Of burning darts from killing eyes;
I'm tir'd with this continual rout
Of bowing low, and leading out.
Finish, &c.

Finish this tedious dangling trade,
By which so many fools are made;
For fools they are, whom you can please
By such affected airs as these:
At opera near my box to stand,
And slyly press the given hand,
Thus may you wait whole years in vain;
But sure you would, were you in pain.
Finish, &c.

EPITHALAMIUM.

SINCE you, Mr. H**d, will marry black Kate,
Accept of good wishes for that blessed state:
May you fight all the day like a dog and a cat,
And yet ev'ry year produce a new brat.
Fal la!

May she never be honest—you never be sound;
May her tongue like a clapper be heard a mile round;
Till abandon'd by joy, and deserted by grace,
You hang yourselves both in the very same place.
Fal la!

THE NINTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

1736.

'Donec gratus eram tibi.'

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHILST in each of my schemes you most heartily join'd,
And help'd the worst jobs that I ever design'd,
In pamphlets, in ballads, in senate, at table,
Thy satire was witty, thy counsel was able.

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Whilst with me you divided both profit and care,
And the plunder and glory did equally share;
Assur'd of his place, if my fat friend should die,
The Prince of Wales was not so happy as I.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Harry Pelham is now my support and delight,
Whom we bubble all day, and we joke on at night;
His head is well furnish'd, his lungs have their merit,
I would venture a rope to advance such a spirit.

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

I too have a Harry more useful than yours,
Writes verses like mad, and will talk you whole hours;
I would bleed by the hatchet, or swing by the cord,
To see him once more in his robes, like a lord.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

But what if this quarrel was kindly made up,
Would you, my dear Willy, accept of a sup?
If the queen should confess you had long been her choice,
And you knew it was I who had spoke in her voice?

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Though my Harry's so gay, so polite, and so civil,
You rude as a bear, and more proud than the devil,
I gladly would drop him, and laugh in your ear
At the fools we have made for this last dozen year.

A SUMMARY

OF LORD LYTTLETON'S ADVICE TO A LADY.

'The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear, &c.'

BE plain in dress, and sober in your diet,
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.

SONG.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And languish life away?
While the sighing crows admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

All these dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,
In the glass your face review;
So much weeping sure will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean!
The disease, alas! is common,
Single we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they teach us
Never cured sorrow yet:
Choose among the pretty fellows
One of humour, youth, and wit.

Prithee hear him ev'ry morning,
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning,
I believe the dose will do.

THE SAME,

TRANSLATED BY LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Recipe per l'Excellentissima Signora Chiara Michelli.

Vi consigliate con lo specchio, e il vostro,
Viso mirate—lagrime cotanti
Lo guasteranno, ed i perduti vezzi
Non avranno altra primavera. Io nacqui
Donna qual voi e so qual voi le forza,
Che hanno i vapori e infirmita commune,
Tutte abbiam mal di milza, e non sanaro,
Delle moral le massime piu saggi
Gli minomi neppur de' nostri guai.
Il piu amabile voi tra tanti amanti,
Sceglier vi piaccia, e sopra tutto quello
Chi piu degli altri ha gioventude e spirito,
Io vi prego d'udirlo un ora al giorno,
Ed un altra la sera, e questa dose
Sia bastante rimedio al vostra male.

THE POLITICIANS.

In ancient days when every brute
To humble privilege had right;
Could reason, wrangle, or dispute,
As well as scratch, and tear, and bite;

When Phœbus shone his brightest ray,
The rip'ning corn his pow'r confess'd;
His cheering beams made Nature gay,
The eagle in his warmth was blest.

But malecontents e'en then arose,
The birds who love the dolesome night;
The darkest grove with care they chose,
And there caball'd against the light.

The screech-owl, with ill-boding cry,
Portends strange things, old women say:
Stops ev'ry fool that passes by,
And frights the schoolboy from his play.

The raven and the double bat,
  With families of owls combine;
In close consult they rail and chat,
  And curse aloud the glorious shine.

While the great planet, all serene,
  Heedless pursues his destin'd way,
He asks not what these murmurs mean,
  But runs his course, and gives us day.

BALLAD, ON A LATE OCCURRENCE.

AMONG LADY M. W. MONTAGU'S MSS.

UNGODLY papers ev'ry week
  Poor simple souls persuade
That courtiers good for nothing are,
  Or but for mischief made.

But I who know their worthy hearts,
  Pronounce that we are blind;
Who disappoint their honest schemes,
  Who would be just and kind.

For in this vile degen'rate age
  'Tis dang'rous to do good;
Which will, when I have told my tale,
  Be better understood.

A puppy, gamesome, blithe, and young,
  Who play'd about the court,
Was destin'd by unlucky boys,
  To be their noonday's sport.

With flatt'ring words they him entic'd,
  (Words such as much prevail!)
And then with cruel art they ty'd
  A bottle to his tail.

Lord Hervey at a window stood,
  Detesting of the fact;
And cried aloud with all his might,
  'I know the bottle's crack'd.

'Do not to such a dirty hole
  Let them your tail apply;
Alas! you cannot know these things
  One half so well as I.

'Harmless and young, you don't suspect
  The venom of this deed;
But I see through the whole design,—
  It is to make you bleed.'

This good advice was cast away;
  The puppy saw it shine;
And tamely lick'd their treach'rous hands,
  And thought himself grown fine.

But long he had not worn the gem,
  But, as Lord Hervey said,
He ran and bled; the more he ran,
  Alas! the more he bled.

Griev'd to the soul, this gallant lord
  Tripp'd hastily down stairs;
With courage and compassion fir'd,
  To set him free prepares.

But such was his ingratitude
  To this most noble lord,
He bit his lily hand quite through,
  As he untied the cord.

Next day the Maids of Honour came,
  As I heard people tell;
They wash'd the wound with brinish tears,
  —And yet it is not well.

Oh! gen'rous youth, my counsel take,
  And warlike acts forbear;
Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,
  —For that is your affair.*

Never attempt to take away
  Bottles from others' tails,
For that is what no soul will bear
  From Italy to Wales.

* Lord Hervey was at that time vice-chamberlain.

SONG.

BLAME not that love, too cruel fair,
Which your own charms did first create;
Blame not my silence and despair,—
Such crimes can ne'er deserve your hate:
Why should your eyes first stir desire?
Your matchless wit, why fan the fire?
Repentance comes too late.

Vain are the vows that you complain
Are to another fondly made;
All your advice to me's as vain;
You must not—cannot be obey'd;
My heart can't change, though you command,
Nor can my heart obey your hand;
Love's power none can evade!

VERSES, WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And, heedless of censorious eyes,
Pursue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want molest
The downy quiet of their nest:
No int'rest join'd the happy pair,
Securely blest in Nature's care,
While her dear dictates they pursue;
For constancy is Nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,
Our maxims, our religious rules,
Can learning to our lives ensure
Virtue so bright, or bliss so pure?
The great Creator's happy ends
Virtue and pleasure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd
Th' united essence to divide;
Alike they find their wild mistake,
The pedant priest, and giddy rake.

SONG.

FOND wishes you pursue in vain,
My heart is vow'd away and gone;
Forbear thy sighs, too, lovely swain,
Those dying airs that you put on!
Go try on other maids your art,
Ah! leave this lost unworthy heart,
But you must leave it soon.

Such sighs as these you should bestow
On some unpractis'd blooming fair;
Where rosy youth doth warmly glow,
Whose eyes forbid you to despair.
Not all thy wond'rous charms can move
A heart that must refuse your love,
Or not deserve your care.

IMPROMPTU, TO A YOUNG LADY SINGING

SING, gentle maid—reform my breast,
And soften all my care;
Thus may I be some moments blest,
And easy in despair.
The pow'r of Orpheus lives in you;
You can the passions of my soul subdue,
And tame the lions and the tigers there.

ADVICE.

CEASE, fond shepherd—cease desiring
What you never must enjoy;
She derides your vain aspiring,
She to all your sex is coy.

Cunning Damon once pursu'd her,
Yet she never would incline;
Strephon too as vainly woo'd her,
Though his flocks are more than thine.

At Diana's shrine aloud,
By the zone around her waist,
Thrice she bow'd, and thrice she vow'd
Like the Goddess to be chaste.

ANSWER.

THOUGH I never got possession,
'Tis a pleasure to adore;
Hope, the wretch's only blessing,
May in time procure me more.

Constant courtship may obtain her,—
Where both wealth and merit fail,
And the lucky minute gain her,—
Fate and fancy must prevail.

At Diana's shrine aloud,
By the bow and by the quiver,
Thrice she bow'd, and thrice she vow'd,
Once to love—and that for ever.

EPISTLE TO LORD HERVEY, ON THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM THE COUNTRY,

Where I enjoy in contemplative chamber,
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk and ships of amber.

THROUGH shining crowds you now make way,
With sideling bow and golden key;
While wrapt in spleen and easy chair,
For all this pomp so small my care,
I scarce remember who are there.
Yet in brocade I can suppose
The potent Knight* whose presence goes
At least a yard before his nose:
And majesty with sweeping train,
That does so many yards contain,
Superior to her waiting nymphs,
As lobster to attendant shrimps.
I do not ask one word of news,
Which country damsels much amuse.
If a new batch of lords appears,
After a tour of half six years,
With foreign airs to grace the nation,
The Maids of Honour's admiration;

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Whose bright improvements give surprise
To their own lady-mothers' eyes:
Improvements, such as colts might shew,
Were mares so mad to let them go;
Their limbs perhaps a little stronger,
Their manes and tales grown somewhat longer.
I would not hear of ball-room scuffles,
Nor what new whims adorn the ruffles.
This meek epistle comes to tell,
On Monday, I in town shall dwell;
Where, if you please to condescend,
In Cavendish-square to see your friend,
I shall disclose to you alone
Such thoughts as ne'er were thought upon.

AN ANSWER TO A LADY,

WHO ADVISED LADY M. W. MONTAGU TO RETIRE.

You little know the heart that you advise:
I view this various scene with equal eyes;
In crowded court I find myself alone,
And pay my worship to a nobler throne.

Long since the value of this world I knew;
Pity'd the folly, and despis'd the shew;
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait dismissal without pain or fear.

Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure or affecting praise;
And unconcern'd my future fate I trust
To that sole Being, merciful and just!

WRITTEN AT LOUVERE, OCTOBER 1736.

If age and sickness, poverty and pain,
Should each assault me with alternate plagues,
I know mankind is destin'd to complain,
And I submit to torment and fatigues.

The pious farmer, who ne'er misses pray'rs,
With patience suffers unexpected rain;
He blesses Heav'n for what its bounty spares,
And sees, resign'd, a crop of blighted grain.
But, spite of sermons, farmers would blaspheme,
If a star fell to set their thatch on flame.

CONCLUSION OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

SENT FROM ITALY, 1741.

BUT happy you from the contagion free,
Who, through her veil, can human nature see;
Calm you reflect, amid the frantic scene,
On the low views of those mistaken men,
Who lose the short invaluable hour,
Through dirt-pursuing schemes of distant pow'r:
Whose best enjoyments never pay the chace,
But melt like snow within a warm embrace.
Believe me, friend, for such indeed are you,
Dear to my heart, and to my int'rest true;
Too much already have you thrown away,
Too long sustain'd the labour of the day;
Enjoy the remnant of declining light,
Nor wait for rest till overwhelm'd in night.
By present pleasure balance pain you've past,
Forget all systems, and indulge your taste.

TO THE SAME.

WHEREVER Fortune points my destin'd way,
If my capricious stars ordain my stay
In gilded palace, or in rural scene,
While breath shall animate this frail machine,
My heart sincere, which never flatt'ry knew,
Shall consecrate its warmest wish to you.
A monarch compass'd by a suppliant crowd,
Prompt to obey, and in his praises loud,
Among those thousands who on smiles depend,
Perhaps has no disinterested friend.

WRITTEN AT LOUVERE, 1755.

WISDOM, slow product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears;
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away.
Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

ESSAYS.

A Letter from the other World, to a Lady, from her former Husband.

THIS letter will surprise you less than it would any other of your sex; and therefore I think I need no apology in breaking through a rule of good-breeding, which has been observed so strictly by all husbands, for so many ages; who, however troublesome while they lived, have never frightened their wives by the least notice of them after their deaths; but your reverend doctor will inform you, that there is nothing supernatural in this correspondence; and that the existence of immortal spirits includes a tender concern for the poor militant mortals of your world. I own I was a little puzzled how to convey this epistle, and thought it best to assume a material form some few moments, and put it myself into the penny-post. In my hurry (being very impatient to let you hear from me) I unluckily forgot my little finger, which produced an odd accident; for the wench at the post-office would have taken me up for one of the incendiaries. Already had the mob assembled round the door, and nothing but dissolving into air could have saved me from Newgate. Several ran down the alleys in pursuit of me; and particular care was taken of my letter, in hopes of reading it in the Newspaper. You may imagine I would not have exposed myself to this adventure, but out of the sincerest regard to the happiness of the dear partner of my worldly cares. Without the least uneasiness I have seen you dispose of yourself into the arms of another; and I would never disturb you while you were seeking pleasure in forgetting me; but I cannot bear that you should constrain yourself out of respect to me. I see every motion of your mind now much clearer than I did in my life (though then I guessed pretty shrewdly sometimes). I know the real content that you find in coloured riband, and am sensible how much you sacrifice to imaginary decency every time you put on that odious rusty black, which is half worn out. Alas! my dear Eliza, in these seats of perfect love and beauty, the veriest scrub of a cherubim (some of which have raked cinders behind Montagu house,

as they often tell me) is more charming than you were on your first wedding-day. Judge, then, whether I can have any satisfaction in looking at your crape hood, when I am in this bright company. You know, that in my terrestrial state, three bottles would sometimes raise me to that pitch of philosophy, I utterly forgot you, when you were but some few inches from me. Do not fancy me grown so impertinent here, as to observe so nicely whether you obey the forms of widowhood; and do not think to cajole me with such instances of your affection, when you are giving the most substantial proofs of it to another man. I have already assured you I am exalted above jealousy, if I could have been sensible of it. You have provoked me by a second choice, so absolutely opposite to your first. He is often talking of certain fellows he calls Classic Authors, who I never troubled my head with: and I know this letter will meet with more regard from him than from you; for he is better skilled in the language of the dead than the living.

Essay in a Paper, called The Nonsense of Common Sense.—Published January 24, 1738.

I HAVE always, as I have already declared, professed myself a friend, though I do not aspire to the character of an admirer, of the fair sex; and as such, I am warmed with indignation at the barbarous treatment they have received from the *Common Sense* of *January* 14, and the false advice that he gives them. He either knows them very little, or, like an interested quack, prescribes such medicines as are likely to hurt their constitutions. It is very plain to me, from the extreme partiality with which he speaks of *Operas*, and the rage with which he attacks both *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, that the author is a *Performer* in the *Opera:* and whoever reads his paper with attention, will be of my opinion; else no *thing* alive would assert, at the same time, the innocence of an entertainment, contrived wholly to soften the mind and soothe the sense, without any pretence to a moral; and so vehemently declaim against plays, whose end is, to shew the fatal consequences of vice, to warn the innocent against the snares of a well-bred designing *Dorimant*. You see there to what insults a woman of wit, beauty, and quality, is ex-

posed, that has been seduced by the artificial tenderness of a vain agreeable gallant; and, I believe, that very comedy has given more checks to ladies in pursuit of present pleasures, so closely attended with shame and sorrow, than all the sermons they have ever heard in their lives. But this author does not seem to think it possible to stop their propensity to gallantry, by reason or reflection. He only desires them to fill up their time with all sorts of trifles: in short, he recommends to them gossipping, scandal, lying, and a whole troop of follies, instead of it, as the only preservatives for their virtue.

I am for treating them with more dignity; and, as I profess myself a protector of all the oppressed, I shall look upon them as my peculiar care. I expect to be told, this is downright *Quixotism*, and that I am venturing to engage the strongest part of mankind, with a paper helmet upon my head. I confess it is an undertaking where I cannot foresee any considerable success; and, according to an author I have read somewhere,

> The world will still be rul'd by knaves
> And fools, contending to be slaves.

But, however, I keep up the character of a moralist, and shall use my endeavours to relieve the distressed, and defeat vulgar prejudices, whatever the event may be. Among the most universal errors, I reckon that of treating the weaker sex with a contempt which has a very bad influence on their conduct. How many of them think it excuse enough to say they are women, to indulge any folly that comes into their heads! This renders them useless members of the commonwealth, and only burdensome to their own families, where the wise husband thinks he lessens the opinion of his own understanding, if he at any time condescends to consult his wife's. Thus, what reason nature has given them is thrown away, and a blind obedience expected from them by all their ill-natured masters; and, on the other side, as blind a complaisance shewn by those that are indulgent, who say often, that women's weakness must be complied with, and it is a vain troublesome attempt to make them hear reason.

I attribute a great part of this way of thinking, which is hardly ever controverted, either to the ignorance of authors, who are many of them heavy *collegians*, that have never

been admitted to politer conversations than those of their *bed-makers*, or to the design of selling their works, which is generally the only view of writing, without any regard to truth, or the ill-consequences that attend the propagation of wrong notions. A paper smartly wrote, though perhaps only some old conceits dressed in new words, either in rhyme or prose:—I say *rhyme*, for I have seen no *verses* wrote for many years:—such a paper, either to ridicule or declaim against the ladies, is very welcome to the coffee-houses, where there is hardly one man in ten but fancies he has some reason or other to curse some of the sex most heartily. Perhaps his sisters' fortunes are to run away with the money that would be better bestowed at the Groom-porter's; or an old mother, good for nothing, keeps a jointure from a hopeful son, that wants to make a settlement on his mistress; or a handsome young fellow is plagued with a wife, that will remain alive, to hinder his running away with a great fortune, having two or three of them in love with him. These are serious misfortunes, that are sufficient to exasperate the mildest tempers to a contempt of the sex: not to speak of lesser inconveniences, which are very provoking at the time they are felt.

How many pretty gentlemen have been unmercifully jilted by pert hussies, after having curtsied to them at *half a dozen Operas;* nay, permitted themselves to be led out *twice:* yet, after these encouragements, which amount very near to an engagement, have refused their *billets-doux*, and perhaps married other men, under their noses. How welcome is a couplet or two, in scorn of womankind, to such a disappointed lover; and with what comfort he reads, in many profound authors, that they are never to be pleased but by *coxcombs;* and, consequently, he owes his ill success to the brightness of his understanding, which is beyond female comprehension. The country 'squire is confirmed, in the elegant choice he has made, in preferring the conversation of his hounds to that of his wife; and the kind keepers, a numerous sect, find themselves justified in throwing away their time and estates on a parcel of jilts, when they read, that neither birth nor education can make any of the sex rational creatures; and they can have no value, but what is to be seen in their faces.

Hence springs the applause with which such libels are read; but I would ask the applauders, if these notions, in their own nature, are likely to produce any good effect towards reforming the *vicious*, instructing the weak, or guiding the young? I would not every day tell my footmen, if I kept any, that their whole fraternity were a pack of scoundrels; that lying and stealing were inseparable qualities from their cloth, that I should think myself very happy in them, if they confined themselves to innocent lies, and would only steal candles' ends. On the contrary, I would say in their presence, that birth and money were accidents of fortune, that no man was to be seriously despised for wanting them; that an honest faithful servant was a character of more value than an insolent corrupt lord; that the real distinction between man and man lay in his integrity, which, in one shape or other, generally met with its reward in the world, and could not fail of giving the highest pleasure, by a consciousness of virtue, which every man feels that is so happy to possess it.

With this gentleness would I treat my inferiors, with much greater esteem would I speak to that beautiful half of mankind, who are distinguished by *petticoats*. If I were a divine, I would remember, that in their first creation they were designed as a help for the other sex; and nothing was ever made incapable of the end of its creation. 'Tis true, the first lady had so little experience, that she hearkened to the persuasion of an impertinent dangler; and, if you mind, he succeeded, by persuading her that she was not so wise as she should be.

Men that have not sense enough to shew any superiority in their arguments, hope to be yielded to by a faith, that as they are men, all the reason that has been allotted to human kind has fallen to their share. I am seriously of another opinion. As much greatness of mind may be shewn in submission as in command, and some women have suffered a life of hardships with as much philosophy as *Cato* traversed the deserts of *Africa*, and without that support the view of glory offered him, which is enough for the human mind that is touched with it, to go through any toil or danger. But this is not the situation of a woman whose virtue must only shine to her own recollection, and loses that name when it is ostentatiously exposed to the

world. A lady who has performed her duty as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, raises in me as much veneration as *Socrates*, or *Xenophon;* and much more than I would pay either to *Julius Cæsar* or *Cardinal Mazarine*, though the first was the most famous enslaver of his country, and the last the most successful plunderer of his master.

A woman really virtuous, in the utmost extent of this expression, has virtue of a purer kind than any philosopher has ever shewn; since she knows, if she has sense, and without it there can be no virtue, that mankind is too much prejudiced against her sex, to give her any degree of that fame which is so sharp a spur to their great actions. I have some thoughts of exhibiting a set of pictures of such meritorious ladies, where I shall say nothing of the fire of their eyes, or the pureness of their complexions, but give them such praises as befit a rational sensible being: virtues of choice, and not beauties of accident. I beg they would not so far mistake me, as to think I am undervaluing their charms: a beautiful mind, in a beautiful body, is one of the finest objects shewn us by nature. I would not have them place so much value on a quality that can be only useful to one, as to neglect that which may be of benefit to thousands, by precept or by example. There will be no occasion of amusing them with trifles, when they consider themselves capable of not only making the most amiable, but the most estimable, figures in life. Begin, then, ladies, by paying those authors with scorn and contempt, who, with a sneer of affected admiration, would throw you below the dignity of the human species.

LETTERS,*

&c. &c.

To Mrs. Hewet.†

'Tis so long since I had a letter from dear Mrs. Hewet, I should think her no longer in the land of the living, if Mr. Resingade did not assure me he was happier than I, and had heard of your health from your own hand, which makes me fancy that my last miscarried, and perhaps you are blaming me at the same time that you are thinking me neglectful of you. Apropos of Mr. Resingade—we are grown such good friends, I assure you, that we write Italian letters to each other, and I have the pleasure of talking to him of Madame Hewet. He told me he would send you the two *tomes* of Madame de Noyer's Memoirs. I fancy you will find yourself disappointed in them, for they are horridly grave and insipid; and, instead of the gallantry you might expect, they are full of dull morals. I was last Thursday at the new Opera, and saw Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy, which convinced me that those prudes who would cry fie! fie! at the word *naked*, have no scruples about

* The following Letters are added as a Supplement, that they may not interrupt the series of those already published from Lord Bute's Collection. The originals were bequeathed, with other papers, to Lady Wastneys, relict of Sir Hardolph Wastneys, of Headon Hall. They were chiefly written by Lady M. Pierrepont, about two years previously to her marriage; and exhibit a lively portrait of the manners of a young woman of quality at the beginning of the last century.

† Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Hewet, was the youngest daughter of Richard Bettinson, esq. by Albina, daughter and coheir of Edward Cecil, lord viscount Wimbleton. She married Mr. T. Hewet, surveyor general of his majesty's woods and works. He was knighted in 1719, and settled at Shireoaks, in Nottinghamshire, where he died in 1726. His lady long survived him, and was remarkable for her accomplishments and beauty.

the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentlemen say, you know it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe, I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobé* for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days, but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly; and, to complete this misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor ——— self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeons' plaisters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us, but by the door. Since that time, all our communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c. which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to every thing. This is our secret history—pray let it be so still—but I hope all the world will know that I am most entirely yours,

M. P.

To Mrs. Hewet.

I HOPE my dear Mrs. Hewet does not believe that I follow my inclination, when I am two or three posts before I return thanks for her most agreeable letters; but in this busy town there is very little time at one's own disposal. My greatest pleasure is at Mrs. Selwyn's: I came from thence just now, and I believe am the only young woman in town that am in my own house at ten o'clock to-night. This is the night of Count Turrucca's ball, to which he has invited a few bare-faced, and the whole town *en masque*. I suppose you will have a description of it, from some who were at it; I can only give it at second-hand, and will therefore say nothing of it. I have begun to learn Italian, and am much mortified I cannot do it of a signor of Monsieur

Resingade's recommendation; but 'tis always the fate of women to obey, and my papa has promised me to a Mr. Cassotti. I am afraid I shall never understand it so well as you do—but *laissons cela*, and talk of somewhat more entertaining.

Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7,000*l.* *per annum*, and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine any body's in town. He has presented her with 3,000*l.* in jewels; and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman, for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably, which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife, (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good-natured, as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me, and believe that nothing can put you out of my head.

To Mrs. Hewet.

Arlington-street.

I DO not doubt, but that before this time, my dear Mrs. Hewet has a thousand times called me ungrateful, and as often repented of the many kindnesses she has done me in

the country. *Les apparences sont trompeuses*—I am as much your servant as ever, and think of you with the friendship and acknowledgment I owe you. A train of disagreeable events have hindered my having one leisure moment; and at this very time my poor head is distracted with such a variety of *gallimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking 'till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses: however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's-street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairmen to carry them both away, perfectly representing, both in love and nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked, our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.

The next most extraordinary adventure, is the famous quarrel between her Grace of Hamilton with Captain Hero; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of so surprising an event.

Deaths nor marriages I know of none, but Sir Stephen Evans, that hanged himself, and my sister Evelyn, who will be married next week. The post bell rings; my next shall be longer, with some account of your fair family.

To Mrs. Hewet.

I SUPPOSE my dear Mrs. Hewet has by this time resolved never to think more on so insensible and ungrateful a creature, that could be so long in returning thanks for such a letter, and has repented of past favours. I cannot blame your resentment, appearances are so much against me; and yet I am not so much to blame as you imagine. You expressed a desire of seeing a second part of the Atalantis. I

had just then sent to London for it, and did not question having it last Saturday. I hoped that a book you had a mind to see might atone for the nothingness of my letter, and was resolved not to send one without the other; but, like an unfortunate projector as I am, my designs are always followed by disappointment. Saturday came, and no book; God forgive me, I had certainly wished the lady who was to send it me hanged, but for the hopes it was come by the Nottingham carrier, and then I should have it on Monday; but, after waiting Monday and Tuesday, I find it is not come at all. Now, madam, I do not question your forgiveness, and hope, that when I do not write to Mrs. Hewet, there is some unavoidable cause for my silence. Your news and your book very much diverted me; it is an old, but very pleasant, Spanish novel. When we leave this place I am not able to tell you. I have no reason to wish it, but since I cannot see you, that it may be in my power to write you more entertaining letters. I had some last post told me that Lady Essex Saville was going to be married to Lord Lonsdale. I won't swear to the truth of it, for people make no conscience of what they write into the country, and think any thing good enough for poor us. There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth ran a foot-match in the mall of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat. I pray God you mayn't have heard this already. I am promised a cargo of lampoons from the Bath, and if they come safe, you shall share them with me. My dear, dear Mrs. Hewet, could I contribute any way to your diversion, it would be the height of my ambition.

To Mrs. Hewet.

Nov. 12.

You have not then received my letter? Well! I shall run mad. I can suffer any thing rather than that you should continue to think me ungrateful. I think 'tis the last of pains to be thought criminal, where one most desires to please, as I am sure it is always my wish to dear Mrs. Hewet.

I am very glad you have the second part of the new

Atalantis; if you have read it, will you be so good as to send it me? and in return, I promise to get you the key to it. I know I can. But do you know what has happened to the unfortunate authoress? People are offended at the liberty she uses in her memoirs, and she is taken into custody. Miserable is the fate of writers; if they are agreeable, they are offensive; and if dull, they starve. I lament the loss of the other parts which we should have had; and have five hundred arguments at my fingers' ends to prove the ridiculousness of those creatures that think it worth while to take notice of what is only designed for diversion. After this, who will dare to give the history of Angella? I was in hopes her faint essay would have provoked some better pen to give more elegant and secret memoirs; but now she will serve as a scarecrow to frighten people from attempting any thing but heavy panegyric; and we shall be teazed with nothing but heroic poems, with names at length, and false characters, so daubed with flattery, that they are the severest kind of lampoons, for they both scandalize the writer and the subject, like that vile paper the Tatler.

I believe, madam, you will think I have dwelt too long on this business; but I am in a violent passion about it. My dear Mrs. Hewet, is it impossible you should come here? I would not ask it if I had a coach to wait upon you; but I am not born to have any thing I have a mind to. All the news I know is, that Mrs. Reeves is married to Colonel Sydney (if you know neither of them, I'll send you their pictures at full length); and that giddy rake Cresswell, to a fortune of 2000*l.* a-year. I send you the Bath lampoons—Corinna is Lady Manchester, and the other lady is Mrs. Cartwright, who, they say, has pawned her diamond necklace, to buy Valentine a snuff-box. These wars make men so violent scarce, that these good ladies take up with the shadows of them. This is the sum total of all the news I know, and you see I am willing to divert you all in my power. I fancy the ill spelling of the lampoons will make you laugh more than the verses; indeed I am ashamed for her who wrote them. As soon as possible, be pleased to send me the second part of the Atalantis, &c.

To Mrs. Hewet.

TEN thousand thanks to you for Madame de Noyer's letters; I wish Signor Roselli may be as diverting to you as *she* has been to me. The stories are very extraordinary; but I know not whether she has not added a few *agrémens* of invention to them; however, there is some truth. I have been told, in particular, that the history of the fair unfortunate Madame de Barbesierre is so, by people who could not be suspected of romancing. Don't you think that the court of England would furnish stories as entertaining? Say nothing of my malice; but I cannot help wishing that Madame de Noyer would turn her thoughts a little that way. I fancy she would succeed better than the authoress of the new Atalantis. I am sure I like her method much better, which has, I think, hit that difficult path between the gay and the severe, and is neither too loose, nor affected by pride.

I take an interest in Mr. Selwyn's* success. In a battle like that, I think it may be called so to come off alive. I should be so sensible of any affliction that could touch you or Mrs. Selwyn, that I may very well rejoice when you have no occasion for any. Adieu, madam. This post has brought me nothing but compliments, without one bit of news. I heard the last, that Lord Stair was wounded. You can tell me whether to believe it or no.

Excuse my dulness; and be so good as never to read a letter of mine but in one of those minutes when you are entirely alone, weary of every thing, and *inquiete* to think what you shall do next. All people who live in the country must have some of those minutes, and I know so well what they are, that I believe even my letters may be welcome, when they are to take them off your hands.

To Mrs. Hewet.

I HAVE a thousand thanks to give to my dear Mrs. Hewet for her news, and above all the letter; and I would not have delayed them, but your messenger was in haste, and I was resolved to write you a long scribble. My advices

* Major General William Selwyn, of Matson, in Gloucestershire, who married Albinia Bettinson, Mrs. Hewet's elder sister.

of Saturday say, that a peace will positively be concluded. This comes from the same hand that wrote so contrary on Thursday, and I depend very much on the intelligence. I am charmed with your *correspondante*, for I hope it is a woman; and if it is, I reckon her an honour to our sex. I am in no fear of the reflection you mention; and, as I am perfectly innocent, God knows, I am far from thinking I can be suspected. Your news, and no news, I know not what to make of at present. My domestic affairs go on so ill, I want spirits to look abroad. I have got a cold that disables my eyes, and disorders me every way; and, after much contestation, I have submitted to take medicine. You see how stupid I am; but I have the oddest jumble of disagreeable things in my head that ever plagued poor mortals; a great cold, a bad peace, people I love in disgrace, sore eyes, the horrid prospect of a civil war, and the thoughts of a filthy potion to take. I believe nobody ever had such a melange before. My companions are your servants. I had forgot the Spectators: one is not worth mentioning, the other is so plain and so good sense, I wonder any body of five years old does not find out that he is in the right.

To Mrs. Hewet.

I WOULD have writ long ago to dear Mrs. Hewet, but I waited for the good news of saying when I might hope to see you, which I now despair of for this long time. We go, next week, into Wiltshire, which will be quite a new world to us. I was about eight years old when I left it, and have entirely forgot every thing in it. I am sorry we shall not see you, though I am still in hopes we shall return into Nottinghamshire the latter end of the year; but all that is supposals, and I have no ground to believe it, but that I wish it very much. You can expect no news from one who has nothing at present in her head but packing up, and the ideas that naturally come upon going to a place, I may almost say, I never saw, so perfectly have I forgotten it. Be so good when you see Mrs. Levenz to ask her if she received my letter; if she did not, I am sure I must suffer very much in her opinion, and appear very ungrateful, after her inquiry when I was sick. Mrs. Hewet should never

talk of being rivalled; there is no such thing as not liking her, or liking any body else better. It is a provoking thing to think, so many tedious years as we have passed at Thoresby, we should always be asunder so many dirty miles, and the first summer you come nearer, I am tossed to the other side of the world, where I do not know so much as one creature, and am afraid I shall not meet with such agreeable neighbours as in Nottinghamshire. But destiny must be followed, and I own, was I to choose mine, it should never be to stay perpetually in the same place. I should even prefer little storms to an eternal calm; and though I am displeased not to see you, I am not sorry to see a new part of the kingdom.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, preserve me your friendship wherever my fortune carries me, and believe that I am equally in all places yours. M. P.

Continue your direction to Arlington street.

To Mrs. Hewet.

TILL this minute I was in hopes of waiting on dear Mrs. Hewet before we left the country, which made me defer writing; but now positive orders oblige us to go to-morrow, and the horses must rest to-day, so that this paper must give you thanks for me, for all the many favours which could not have been bestowed on one who could have had a more quick and lasting sense of them. When I am in London, I will certainly send you all that passes, though I fancy you have it from people better both at writing and intelligence.

Mrs. C. whose character you desire to know, is a lady who has made a great noise in the world; but I never thought she would come to make such a figure in it. The lord she has snapt made a lampoon on her last winter. For my part, I never heard her speak in my life. She is generally thought handsome. If Miss Selwyn (as I wish she may) supplies her place, there will be one much handsomer.* Amidst the hurry of taking such a journey to-morrow, I am sure you will forgive my letter's being no

* At St. James's, of the bedchamber.

longer: you know people can never leave your company, or writing to you, without regret. Write to me where to direct to you, and direct to me in Arlington-street, near St. James's, London.

To Mrs. Hewet.

MOST of the neighbours hereabouts have been to see me, but they are very few, and few of those few that are supportable—none agreeable. This part of the world is so different from Nottinghamshire, that I can hardly persuade myself it is in the same kingdom. The men here are all Sylvias, no Myrtillos. If they could express themselves so well, they would say, like him,

> 'Mille uimfe darai per una fera
> Che di melampo mio cacciatu fosse
> Godasi queste gioje
> Chi n'ha di me piujusto, io non le scuto.'

Though they cannot say it in Italian verse, they often speak to that purpose in English prose over a bottle, insensible of other pleasures than hunting and drinking. The consequence of which is, the poor female part of their family being seldom permitted a coach, or at best but a couple of starved jades, to drag a dirty chariot, their lords and masters having no occasion for such a machine, as their mornings are spent among hounds, and the nights with as beastly companions, with what liquor they can get in this country, which is not very famous for good drink. If this management did not hinder me the company of my *she* neighbours, I should regret the absence of the Pastor Fidos, being of the opinion of Sylvia in Tasso:

> 'Albri segne idiletti di l'amore
> Se pur v'e ne l'amor alcun diletto.'

I would fain persuade you to practise your Italian. I fear I shall forget to speak it, for want of somebody to speak it to. Amongst the rest of the advantages I should have in your conversation (if I should be so happy as to be with you), I would endeavour to improve in that polite language. I find you are very busy about politics; we are the same here, particularly in the pulpit, where the parsons

would fain become as famous as Sacheverel, and are very sorry that they cannot have the honour of being *tried* too. For my part, I content myself in my humble sphere, am passive in their disputes, and endeavour to study my Italian in peace and quietness. But people mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes them disposed to quarrel, or there would not be so many disputes about religion and liberty, by creatures that never understood the first, nor have, or are likely to have, a taste of the latter.

'Crush'd by the stint of thirty pounds a year.'

To Mrs. Hewet.

I WOULD willingly return dear Mrs. Hewet something more, for diverting me so well, than dry thanks impertinently expressed. 'Tis reported that Lady Charlotte Finch is to marry Lord Conway, and Lady Margaret Tufton Lord Brooke.* Beside the dismal changes of state, this is all I know. I fear I write nonsense; but it happens miraculously to be in a room full of company, and if I omit this opportunity, I know not when I may have another of sending. Mr. Sterne, the *titular* bishop, was last week married to a very pretty woman, Mrs. Bateman, whom he fell in love with for falling backward from her horse * * * * * * * * * * * leaping a ditch. Mrs. White, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs. More, are all with me; and I am so embarrassed with my civilities *tour à tour*, that I have hardly calmness of spirit to tell you, in a composed way, that I am your thankful humble servant. M. W. M.

To Mrs. Hewet.

York, Nov. 1713.

'TIS not owing either to insensibility or ingratitude, that I have not yet returned my thanks to dear Mrs. Hewet for her obliging letter; but the weakness of my sight will not permit me to express the dictates of my heart, and I am forced to sit by the fireside and think you a thousand

* These intended marriages never took place.

thanks, when I would be putting them upon paper. I rejoice that Lady Harriet has shewn some sensibility, as unworthy an object as she has chosen; yet I think 'tis better than (as I feared she had) dutifully making over all her senses along with her fortune, for the use of her grace; I thought her other faculties as imperfect as that of hearing. I am glad she is not such a stock as I took her to be. I beg your pardon that I must write a letter without news, but I do not know one bit, if it were to stand one instead of my neck verse. I am here waiting the meeting of the parliament, and am persuaded you will be in London before me; if not, I will endeavour to see you. You talk of the Duke of Leeds—I hear that he has placed his heroic love upon the bright charms of a pewterer's wife; and, after a long amour, and many perilous adventures, has stolen the fair lady, which, in spite of his wrinkles and grand child, persuade people of his youth and gallantry. You see what stuff I am forced to write, but to such I am compelled, excepting I should entertain you with York loves and piques, which would be as dull to you as what passed at the last wake. 'Tis impossible to laugh at what they do, without having first laughed at what they are.

I am, madam, yours,

M. W. M.

This is abrupt; but the post will wait for no man.

To Mrs. Hewet.

Adrianople, April 1, 1717.

I DARE say my dear Mrs. Hewet thinks me the most stupid thing alive, to neglect so agreeable a correspondence; but it has hitherto been utterly out of my power to continue it. I have been hurried up and down, without intermission, these last eight months, wholly taken up either in going post, or unavoidable court attendance. You know very well how little leisure it is possible to find on either of those employments. I like travelling extremely, and have had no reason to complain of having had too little of it, having now gone through all the Turkish dominions in Europe, not to reckon my journeys through Hungary, Bohemia, and the whole tour of Germany; but those

are trifles to this last. I cannot, however (thank God,) complain of having suffered by fatigue, either in my own health or that of my family. My son never was better in his life. This country is certainly one of the finest in the world; hitherto all I see is so new to me, it is like a fresh scene of an opera every day. I will not tire you with descriptions of places or manners, which perhaps you have no curiosity for; but only desire you would be so good as to let me hear as oft as you can (which can be no other than very seldom), what passes on your side of the globe. Before you can receive this, you must consider all things as six months old, which now appear new to me. There will be a great field for you to write, if your charity extends so far, as it will be entirely disinterested and free from ostentation (it not being possible for me here to boast of your letters), and it will be very beneficial to your precious soul, which I pray Heaven to put into your head to consider and practise accordingly. M. W. M.

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